

## Native Soil Venus

Dew-Scented

The sea of perdition down there  
Where I used to lay  
Black the sky while I stare away

The affection I lost, only tears remained  
Monumental, and I bleed for your soul

Sip the nipples of woe  
Inside sounds a rake  
Seize the days I revel in my sphere

Trips into infinite twilights confessing my past  
Mortal scorn, and I bleed for your soul

Scent, delicately scenting wounds  
Serenity in flames, ail  
My native soil is turning into stone

All devotion I need is pure silence as law  
Mournful time and I bleed for your fucking soul

Pure silence as law and I bleed for your soul  
Divine shall be my comeback to venus