

Dawning / For A Sweet Girl

Frown

It seems those years
I've been lying on a spell-bound bed
Haunted, disapointed, down
Like a daemon obsessed
Waiting for dawn
I've been writhing, feeling her scent
It seems the night has brought her unrest
She was kissed, caressed, loved
Sweat screaming in mourning
I've been writhing, feeling her scent
She was a swear
She was my girl
And i was that saint lucifer
Beautiful and wilful
She was the one who burned me at the stake
Lacked by vision
Kneeling on her bed
Dark cloudy eyes
Forseeing obsession