

Beneath Desire

Kryoburn

pull me under
be with the pleasure
pull me under
beneath desire
pull me under
be with the pleasure
pull me under
beneath desire

stars of serpents blinding open eyes
thought provoked by a distance gaze

the violated womb shall bare a life
a life to only fight and die
only fight and die

corpse of vega is rotting forever
yet for her it seems that time stops
haunted always by a ghost of the past
in the blacken depths of the sky

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old
the ways of the sure
dead
the ways that are told
old
the ways of the sure
dead
the ways that are told