

The cold nights have awakened Me  
The soft winds to undress Me  
The nails of two witches hav touched Me  
Their caress cuts like the sharpest ice

Yes it is their way, this so mysterious way  
of welcoming Me, welcoming Me  
Their way to remember  
Distant nights of Passion and Doom  
Where, naked, have I bathed in velvet waters  
Witnessed by an accomplice smile inside an innocent Moon

Serene were the beings who guided Me  
Empty were the hands which undresses Me  
To carve strange symbols unknown to Me  
but lay so dearly inside of Me

This is my way, this so mysterious way  
of welcoming She, welcoming She  
My way to remember  
Distant nights of Passion and Doom  
Where we both wore flesh crowns to defy  
The skies in their blue and so vague tyranny

We are mute villains  
drinking of Love as insolent Vampires  
Valsing through stars and skies  
at that and all to come Winter nights

Like neophyte ravens in the strangest nest  
Charmed by the wilderness of this strange host  
Drawing naivety with our blood and semen  
Ritually engraved in our hearts and chests  
Marks of a pain, signs of a love crime  
That will forever and never last

It is our way, this so mysterious way of loving  
of welcoming thee, welcoming thee  
Our way to remember  
Forever lost nights of Passion and Doom  
Remembrance served in cups .of sorrow and pride  
For all the eternities we'll still cry  
For having lost amidst the stars our bride  
Untouchable in her smile, inside the great Silver Eye  
Every night she is condemned to shine