

The Senior Lover of Diamanda

Nightfall

No more fucking lies
Weak face truth denies
Solid cold embrace
The expression of grace

Teach me life to taste
Experience of crest
For life is nothing more
But tears for things we think we adore

Tell me sweet lies, Command
I wanna hear your price, I come
Spirit-flesh collide, the birth of Carnal Sun

I am a snake
That slips into your lake
Archaic feelings die
Self control deny

Die day, die
Don't leave me oh dear night
A tragedy would be
With others eyes my dreams to see