

## Beneath a Bronze Sky

Primordial

Awaiting the dawn...

Lilith my bride... a love of sin so deep  
wounds of lust won't ever heal  
Stigmata... I yearn for thy crimson taste  
rape my senses... upon your cross I'll weep  
but shall this longing ever satiate

I writhe, I twist... convulse in ecstasy  
bring me to ritual, bring me to life  
fornicate, profanate, procreate...  
spawn of he who am I  
eternity for your touch I pray

it is nights as black as these who have made me  
am I to pay the wage of sin?  
beyond the stars a fire shall burn for me  
I turn my face to a new age  
lucifer. what tidings doth thou bring?