

Twilight Breath of Satan

Sargeist

The freshly interred corpse
Greets with a rotten fragrance
Sweet scent of death and decay
Caressing the catacomb
Ghastly face of bone
Where her smile had been
Ravished while she lived
Desecrated in death

Twisted thoughts , necrolust
What she had best to offer
Is now but a blackened hole
No more pleasures of flesh
Sick memories are stirring
Through a black looking - glass
Deep in the demented mind
She still laughs with joy

One final graven kiss
From her imaginary lips
Tormented chattering
Echoes in the dark
Her bones and a shotgun
Laid on the wooden table
Both barrels full of Satan's breath
For the last twilight rite