Therianthropy

Septic Flesh

"If I can smell your scent, if I can hear you breath,
If I can use your skin, you are there for me.
If you can think of me, if you can dream of me, if you can sens
e me , I am still there... in you!"

Mirror world. Mystery. Beyond the wall of skin.
Ecstasy, bond of souls, so clear as time withdraws.
Astral life runs through me... our sacred unity.
Alien thoughts, web of souls, the eldest tree, immortal.
A chord that binds the whole, darkness surrounds us all.
Your shadow follows me, your thoughts reflecting in me.
From dusk until the dawn a shape of things to come.
A lunar fantasy? A different kind of me?

Duality!
Mirror world. Mystery. Beyond the wall of skin.
Ecstasy, bond of souls, so clear as time withdraws.
"If I can use your skin, you are there for me"
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"If I can smell your scent..."
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A chord that binds the whole, darkness surrounds us all.
Wolf's shadow follows me, strange thoughts reflecting in me.
From dusk until the dawn I shape of things to come.
Is it my fantasy? A therion in me?
"If I can use your skin, you are there for me.
If you can think of me, if you can dream of me,
If I can smell your scent..."

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"If you can think of me, if you can dream of me,
If you can sense me I am still there... in you!"
"Can you feel me? Can you hear me?"
Duality!
"Can you feel me? Don't you fear me?
If you can think of me, If you can dream of me...
Can you feel me? Can you hear me?"
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"Can you feel me? Don't you fear me?
If you can think of me, If you can dream of me..."