

## Into The Arms Of The Night...

Silentium

Shiver, limbs, my shoulders  
The coldness stroke through me  
Awaken from my slumber  
Her darkness spoke to me

The temptress in the dark  
Just lay beside me  
Come, torn my aching heart  
Just let her breath through me

Driven from my Eden  
Bend, with shame as burden  
As mornlight stroke it clear  
And nought was left but fear

She spoke to me in pictures  
Of night 'tis all her essence  
What pleasure the night devoured  
Shall thorns of light make mar

The temptress in the dark  
As you lay beside him  
Gone, torn my withered heart  
Just let her dream of me

Into the arms of the night  
To feel your touch  
yet one more time  
Wither his heart,  
as withered mine  
To feel your kiss,  
just one more time

Into the arms of the night  
To feel your touch  
Wither his heart, with mine  
To feel your kiss  
Just one more time

"...In these times, passion hath become more  
than any spirit, haunted or divine;  
flesh hath become the image;  
and our lust as the sacrament of it all..."