

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..."