

# A Romance With The Grave

The Vision Bleak

Up on the hill  
In picturesque light  
Lies peaceful, still  
A burial site

The gateway creaks  
I scare myself  
Some doubtful peeks  
The clock strikes twelve

Ancient ground  
And mossy rocks  
A smell unsound  
A grave unlocks

Oldest sin...  
Palest skin...  
Ageless grin...  
...death!

Ruthless Lust  
Without disgust  
Dirt and dust  
A romance with the grave

The fog lies thick  
And moon does rise  
Her antique chique  
Glares in my eyes

A first shy kiss  
And silent moans  
In the abyss  
The coffin groans

In close embrace  
Desires deep  
And for her grace  
In joy I weep

Oldest sin...  
Palest skin...  
Ageless grin...  
...death!

Ruthless Lust  
Without disgust  
Dirt and dust  
A romance with the grave