

Morbid Lust

Tsjuder

Sepulchral Whispers in the Night
So Silent , So Cold
Carried by a Funeral Wind
Seductive hellish Desires
Her Carnal Tombvoice haunts Me still
As I Enter the City of Death
Her Lifeless Breath
Restless Morbid Lust

In a Coffin Lies my Beauty
Alone and Awake... Waiting for Me
Dressed Only in White Silk
The Ravenous Grim and Those Black Eyes of Yours
Your Bluish for Me to hold

My Flesh hunger for the tombworld
For a Kiss of your Cold Lips
Cold Steel... My Veins are open
In a Cold forgotten Mausoleum
Where only the Funeral Wind blows
Where only Death and Grief blooms
Finally My Flesh and Bloodlife Ends