

Haunted

Type O Negative

A swollen sun melting at the horizon,
Between the sheets I wait for her to come.

A living flame, impossible to resist,
Burning me deep with every bite, kiss and lick.

Oh I'm haunted
Oh I'm haunted
Oh I'm haunted (by her).

Invades my sleep with tumescent intentions,
Hades I'm sure must be missing a demon

I
I hate the morning
I
I hate the morning.

From the panes a green mist swirls
Is it a shadow of reflection?
This apparition in moon beams bathed
A voice like wind through trees beckons.
Cool rain on hot summer stone
The odor fills my presence,
Of freshly dug grave and death and night
These things are her essence.
Nocturnal mistress, spirit lover,
your mouth of wine and woodsmoke taste
My goddess of the violet twilight
You are lust incarnate.
In the sweat of my bed
The eastern sky hints of dawning,
Alone and awake but exhausted I lie
Oh how I hate the morning.

I hate
I hate the morning (light),
I
I hate
I hate the morning (light).

I hate
I hate
(Morning light).