

Mare of My Night

Týr

The cold of night falls on a fleeting evening's air
As I lie down beside the sweet scent of her hair
The night steels inside and soon I sail the seas of sleep
Where ancient shadows slither in the darkened deep

My goddess withdrew and a nightmare came true

The mare of my night
Painfully she lies upon me
In my darkest hour she is there
A religious rite
Lustfully she goes down on me
In her eyes I see the fires flare
The mare of my night

Terror takes me now she rides me like a mare
I slide in ever deeper sweat-drenched in despair
I pray she won't play the painful passage on my flute
She sucked me dry and left me nameless in the nude

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