

## 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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