

Night Of A Succubus

Wine From Tears

Moon has reflected into her eyes
In wavy hair, obscurity of night flies

And there, there, on the hill
She keeps alluring me
In her pathetic eyes
I see my pain... The truth and lies

I scratch by nails the windows, painted black
And watch her dark mess through the crack

She walks among the graves
Under the moon and rains
The fire cares her face
Dancing in twilight's grace... Tonight

I damn myself, I damn my life
Tempted and blinded like a fool...
Beholder of amazing night witch

Her sight is breaking off a mist
Being thawn in gloomy light of twist
I am chained to a window crack
There is no salvation, and there's no way back

My fingers are bleeding and hurt
Behind the wall I hear the words
The key is unlocking my door
My executioner came, It is a confirm

Her reflections are everywhere
She seems to be true
I hear the bells of my death
But it has no value

Now, my death is amusing the crowd
But I don't, I don't here them loud
I'm free, I'm going to her
To the hill to meet her and to serve