

Aesma Daeva, Artemis

In your name, cruel sacrifice, embrace my art.
Love let me go.
In your name, cruel goddess touch,
embrace this song, the wind, thy womb.
Virginal steps to be born,
embrace this flesh I need to know.
Under dark moon wolf-skin throne flowered thy nymphs.
Let flow thy womb.
I don't need anyone.
I don't love anyone.
Embrace the art of letting go.
Away washed in velvet tide,
I tremble as I kiss your shores.
I lay upon endless sands,
worship a voice beyond my own.
On the plains of Nysa I die;
when I arise, I mourn alone.
Your love fails me far from home.
Embrace my art of letting go.
I don't need anyone.
I don't love anyone.
Artemis, please be kind to me.
My own wolves will soon devour me.
Artemis, please be kind to me.
My own wolves cruel' devour me.