

ArthemesiA, Whore of the Satan's Night

O, that sweet Scent of the Midnight Rain,
that Pure Odour of the Witching Hour.
Who is that One, Who has Bewitched Me,
and Made Me Look like a Fool?
Who is that One, Who has Bewitched Me?

Art Thou Hiding Behind Those Spiritual Trees,
Those, Whom art Dancing Their Unknown Dances?
Or art Thou Chained Between Those Colours,
those Strange Colours from the Aeons Past?
Or art Thou Just Playing with Me?
Playing these Games of Darkness and Death.
Whore of the Satan's Night!!!
Why was That Kiss of Thine,
that Stone Cold Mark into the Soul of Mine?
Phantasms are Carved into my Heart now,
these Images of Serpents, Crawling
Deep,
Crawling Deep.
O, Angel Of Death, Bare Thineself to Me!
O, Whore of Satan's Night, so Pale is Thine Lust!
O, Beast of the Masquerader of Hell,
Black is Thine love for Me!