

Embraced, Sacred Tears

Hear the raven calling the final hour has struck
The blackclothed bride facing destiny without fear
Far at last she is to begin her own requiem
The utter ceremony of the last ones
Forever trapped in the grey mist of misery
Fragments of the past flashing before her eyes
As she enters the century gates

The old candles are burning in the vault
The smell of dying flowers and rotten flesh
Surrounds her as she finds her way among the coffins

In the amber light of the candlelight
She sees the silhouette of the altar of a thousand roses

Fallen beyond all grace deeper and deeper
The sound of her own blood dripping
Like sacred tears from a bleeding rose
An amorous requiem where she cries her sacred tears
Until she reaches the other side

Caressed by the morning wind as it gently touches
And undresses her shivering body
With gloomy eyes she invokes the other side
And wraps her existence in oblivion

The wine in her veins has become sour
But still it hurts for her to drain her heart
And sacrifice the most sacred tears of them all

A scream of pain and pleasure
makes her body turn into convulsions
As the cold steel of the blade cuts deep into her flesh

Fallen beyond all grace...

Hear the raven calling, the final hour has struck
For on the altar of a thousand roses
Lies the dying bride
Awaiting the demons arrival
In the sign of the pentagram
Invoking the demons to rise
And take her to the other side

As the night falls the ritual ends
her heart is now empty she is almost asleep
her sacred tears are forever lost
The wind has stopped mourning
And the raven is gone
Her soul is no longer condemned
To everlasting pain

Fallen beyond all grace...

In the amber light of the candlelight
The ground is turning red
her naked body now lies pale on the altar
And as she closes her eyes
She sighs and falls asleep