

Marduk, Opus Nocturne

Night sprout up through the pale weakness of the day
Choked is the warmth and it's feeble loving light
Why my heart it pounds? Is it you my dark mistress say?
Worship you I do and you me newer fail on delightful night
Foolish and weak is any human love, but my bride not this
in life and so in death for you I shall fight
Your cold breath caresses me of my mind and into my wish
You I can love for you are me oh precious night