

Nightwish, Passion And The Opera

Princess of lust
Dignity put to dust
A virginal sight
Their apple to bite

Drink from my thighs
The rain of lies
A sight so cursed
Breasts which never nursed

An Aphrodite for mortal souls
Playing hide and seek in lecherous roles
Their erotic hour my tearless weep
Their satisfaction my infinite sleep

Naked limbs reflecting from the moon
I'll be there for you soon
First wish for this night:
Let me be your delight

Body of a virgin
Soul to the Devil's kin
Your God is me
In all that you see

An Aphrodite for mortal souls...