

Novembers Doom, Aurora's Garden

Sipping wine from the grail of vitality I seek the answers. Chosen few have smelled this nectar And fewer have tasted its erotica The focus of my journey Will shine the light of harmony. Lick the drops of wine that trickle from my lips. Taste its sweetness For you are closer to your God And I am a warrior of lost souls. Could I be the God you seek? No. I am but a lonely man. A fool in the eyes of the infinite. I crave the light of those who drink of my grail. I get no response. A man with no tongue speaks no truth Although, a women's scent speaks a thousand words. Do you understand me now? It is I who wallows in Aurora's garden. You must leave I now seek tranquility. Can this be found in the arms of you? No. I think not. Smell upon my rose. Its fragrance is of a virgin, pure and sweet. Its petals, soft like skin. Caress it. Enjoy the feeling of life in your fingertips. Hold me close Let our bodies become one. For then we are strong. Fear not, the pain will soon be gone. A life of pleasure now begins. Here in Aurora's garden.