

Septic Flesh, Succubus Priestess

She dances with the moonlight
In a ring with the silent forest
and the stars' jewels
embroidered in her ethereal garment

From silver lips chameleon thoughts
transmitted to the deepest cave
the sanctuary of the sleeping dragon
Slowly recovering its wounded mind
from the false reflections
of a broken mirror

I will cross the moat
that keeps our worlds apart
May your nebula hands be my shroud
Succubus Priestess
In me you taste your past
In you I experience my future

Her touch is the cold breeze
that numbs my carnal disguise
and makes the glow inside
to blaze up and spread

Torches blend with misty blue
to celebrate the birth
our bond is sealed in red
our kiss is the everlasting moments