

Valhalla, Eclipse

Eclipse

(M/L: Ivan. V.)

"Blaze: tell me your sin."
whispers the wind.
Blind is the sun for the moonlight charm.
right to your doom;
love for the moon.
Love for the moon!.
Look at the moon in the sky,
the bright of her eyes
and the blush enlightening her face.
Hidden her nudity in gauze,
in cotton, in white:always dazzling.
She's trapped the blaze.

Oh, my sun, long for this you will never have
sad is your bliss
for the sweetest disease
of desire's in your own.
deadly is your wound.
Maybe today'll be the night
of the light...
maybe...

Magic becoming Eclipse
when her lips settles over his lips.
Senses becoming a prize
when his look get lost in her eyes.
Weaven two threads in the loom
when the sun's hidden into the moon,
joining together in one
when the moon's laying over the sun.