

Abyssos, Misty Autumn Dance

Your womb always bled the sweetest of blood
Let me taste it, let me smell your inner lust
Leaving bloody marks of my dried out lips
All around your vagina, down on your hips

I may be old
But still I breathe
Therefore I am
I may be old
But still I move
And lead this dance

I smeared your dirty wings with an ancient oil
Made out of serpents, bats and soil
Take your broken wings and try to fly again
Down into the abyss, through the eternal flames
Behold the beautiful landscape below
Watch it with respect and see what it has to show
This is where the future meets the past
Where the time stands still and the first becomes the last

I took a piece of your heart
I took a piss on your soul
I spit on your feeble church
I disgraced your holy whore

I want to see the daughters of the moon
Dance on the blood-red tide
Wearing nothing but their funeral dress
So innocent, with nothing to hide

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