

Aion, Nightmares

She's picking up from vapours of a night
She's flowing to your house white garments
Are waving on the wind
She's whispering sensually you can smell her
Fire is going out
Coldness is flooding chambers
Lady nights is coming to satisfy her ghostly soul
She desires your fear and pain
You'll give her that all
She'll tear
Your soul apart pieces
Now you know about it
She's a queen of the night
And you are her miserable intended
She's a queen ...
When your flesh stops shaking
And your mind begins to cry asking about mercy
She'll go away to force her way
In the other home in the other mind