

Barathrum, Bride of Lucifer

silence voice with whistle of the wind
through dim nocturnal, misty air
melancholic crying of the wind
full of agony and despair
those graves with those old trees near
and the silent humming in the air
weak mortals stiffen by the fear
if do they walk by night here

spirit of that place is filled with fright
come here dark beauty of the night
to the realm of the night out from the light
come here to be my bride

under the lunar silver glow
come to me and let me show
my kingdom and my silver throne
of realm of darkness of my own

seal this part with the kiss
kiss the beast and you won't miss
the world of mortal and the weak
come now and give me yourself

you are the bride of lucifer
my mistress in thin black dress
you are the bride of lucifer
bride of the prince of darkness
you are the bride of lucifer
you are the bride of mine