

# Enochian Crescent, When Tears Run Dry

I believed in me  
Young Blood coursed in my veins  
Innocent and naïve  
No Harm befell my path

I'm A Cut on A Teary Cheek  
Dark Whore, The Salt in your Wounds  
Lust, Death and Bitterness, thus am I?  
Yes, even angels Weep for my kiss

Sumentes Calicem Principis Inferorum

I'm wrest Askew  
When your voice Died (I did too)  
My Tears ran dry  
And my song was Left Unsung

Sweet Pain, It can be anything  
With the love we make, we Fall from grace (again)  
Celebrate your Flesh, Liberate your soul  
I am The Fire, I'm everything, I am...

Initation to Infernal Sacrament  
Invitation to eternal life

Vinum Sabbat, The Infernal Sacrament  
Invitation to A Carnal life

Sumentes Calicem Principis Inferorum

Oh, beautiful one  
Let me drink from your fountain  
Fill my mouth with your waters  
For words they are  
Drained from me...  
...Drained from me...