

# Entwine, My Mistress

Throughout these woods a flaming dress of hers  
caress my soul as the morning mist will come  
The voices make me feel how I am embraced  
By ecstatic sounds of love that she gave me

This mo(u)rning makes me sad, my mistress won't be here

I see my mistress by the riverside  
She feeds my desire with kisses of nature, blood and wine  
Those falling leaves in frigid autumn day  
Reminds me this won't last forever, not a day

This mo(u)rning makes me sad, my mistress won't be here