

Mordred, Esse Quam Videri

Faster than the earth is turning
Looking up my eyes are burning
At night alone I'm walking
Black cat clever stalking
In the grotto impatient waiting
Before long I see your face and
Whisper a word of greeting
Secret lover's midnight meeting

Chill wind our bodies biting
Whipping round like bolts of lightning
Full moon to some is frightening
Senses reeling pulses tightening
In your arms passion rising
Looking deep into your eyes and
Body movements hypnotizing
Scratching biting screaming crying

As I'm raised out of my body
I'm looking down from above
To be rather than to seem

Eyes meet no word is spoken
Bruised backs and bodies broken
Sitting back the pipe we're token
Bullets shot barrels smoken
Hot sweat our bodies gleaming
In our heat and passion steaming
Laid back to sleep I'm sinking
Of the nights events I'm thinking

As I'm raised out of my body
I'm looking down from above
To be rather than to seem
As I'm raised out of my body
I'm looking down from the sky
To seem rather than to be