

# Nefilim, Melt (The Catching of the Butterfly)

As she crawls from my hands  
Her eyes I think they've found me  
Matter  
Blood  
Her features cease to be traced

Oh forgive me

Now have your place with god  
Innocence can be hell  
Of the perfumed and penetrated flesh  
She's melting, melting away

Of the passions that see and destroy us  
This subtle fire, the secret flame  
Torture by desire  
Transformation from flesh to spirit

Melting, just melt away

There's a stillness  
Between the light and me  
Nothing but dreams and decay  
And the angel  
Whose wounds are my lamentation  
Oh just melt away

Melting, Melting away.....