

Nevermore, Garden Of Gray

When the moon is high across the garden
That's when I'll come to you
When the nightshade blooms in your eyes
Let my sin pour in you
When the forest sings like an angel's choir
I'm coming nearer

I want to feel your flesh enrapture me
And live the politics of ecstasy

In the garden there is no fear
In the garden of gray we can disappear
In the garden where I can feel
In the garden, to touch you is so surreal

If the moon should pour out of the sky
And fill your livid pools
If you lay your hands on me gently
You won't be misconstrued
When you feel the shiver of lust grow deeper
I'm coming for you

I want to feel my senses sing to me
You are the music in my ecstasy

I want to love you in the garden of gray
Where we can stop the time and drink the ecstasy
And when it's done, just traces of the glow
The sparkle in your eyes is ecstasy