

# Swallow The Sun, Deadly Nightshade

The strength of her pulse is breaking her chest  
She's getting wet from this feverish writhe  
The midnight's cruel for a lonely girl  
When the unknown slowly undresses her breasts

The voice - and her eyes wide shut  
Her fever burns a mark on her bed  
The path that she runs among these silent trees  
Leads her body for me to claim

The veil of fog covers her velvet skin  
As she kneels naked under the moon

The whispers from her lips and her screams  
Invite me to her ecstatic flame, over and over again

Her bed is covered in dirt and leaves  
And she's burning down on her knees  
Midnight's cruel for a lonely girl  
And she's getting wet from this feverish writhe