Masquerade In the Flames (Another Black Friday)

Abyssos

The dungeons are calling our names,
inviting us to a masquerade in the flames,
once again lust will spread its wings
and carry us through the northern winds.
Open the gates,
to where it's all supposed to end
and let us all in... daimons, whores, witches and fiends.Swoop through the frozen landscape
of red memories almost forgotten,
In rapid re-run:
a crimson river of rich wine let loose on tiles.Hideous sihouettes flicker in the candlelight,
shapes of evil, we are all born of dayfright.
Ever since the banquet I've waited for her burn,
might she be here, can this be the night of her return?There, right before my eyes she stands, my dark witch.
Dressed in her funeral shroud, as black as pitch.
Carved symbols in black, scars that never heal.
All over my body, for a thousand years I bore her seal.
Come forth and lick the blood from my nasty wounds,
still so young though she's older than the moon.
Carved symbols in black, scars that never heal.
All over my body, for a thousand years I bore her seal.She chased the moonlight out on the fields,
a dance most sombre and seductive.
She told me twisted stories from her past,
and said: - "take this stake and end my life, but do it fast".
Blood-drenched feathers against what's once been raped,
beautiful, innocent but still not too old
for what it is shaped.
How can you die right before my eyes?
I always thought you were one of us,
one of the immortals.Open the gates,
to where it's all supposed to end,
and let us all in...
Open the gates,
to where we once were supposed to sin,
and let us all in...

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