Act III Carnal Delight In the Vortex of Evil

Opera IX

The way leading to him is
unknown and steep
And the bodies rests of those
who didn't deserve him make it slippery
But it is at the borders of my
soul, so I know the secrets to
walk along it staying unhurtThe threshold of his abode is
barred by a tangle of infected thorns
But my soul keeps its keyHis throne is shielded by 12 servants' stare
But he has called me, I felt him calling me
And he has given me the power to bewitch themHis rooms are icy
But he warms my naked body with
his breathThe throb and the blood flow suspend
In the presence of himHis eyes, diabolical larvas his pupils, scan me
His glance captures me and penetrates my breastGoblet of delicious vermilion wine
I give myself up to his grim embraceThrob of deathHe is the storm
He is the breeze
He is the aurora
He is the twilight
He is the everlasting mind in
the timeless abyss
He injures and sates my lips
He lessens my hunger
He appeases my thirst
He is fire burning my flesh
He is icy snow settling in my wombRod of viscid serpents
Death and blood excite him
And my blood is the balm for his
ecstasy and his voracious delightPutrid carrion with burnt seales
Obscure seducer with smooth
scented skin of infantNow I know you
But he has always known me

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