Morbid Lust

Tsjuder

Sepulchral whispers in the night
So silent, so cold
Carried by a funeral wind
Seductive hellish desires
Her carnal tomb voice haunts me still
As I enter the city of death
Her lifeless breath
Restless morbid lustIn a coffin lies my beauty
Alone and awake waiting for me
Dressed only in white silk
The ravenous grim and
Those black eyes of yours
Your bluish skin for me to hold
My flesh hunger for the tomb world
For a kiss of your cold lips
Cold steel my veins are open
In a cold forgotten mausoleum
Where only the funeral wind blows
Where only death and grief blooms
Finally my flesh and bloodline ends
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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