

The Blasphemer

Bethzaida

I am the shadow's darkness
I am the sweetest pain
I am the curse of heaven
I am sweet tender hell
I bring you cold winter
Upon the mountains high
But what I crave from you my love
 Will never satisfy
 As nothing stands before me
 I leave nothing when I am gone
I come with the cold wind from north
 And I always must go on
 I bring you nights of passion
 Between walls made of wood
And when I have to go I whisper
 "I thought you understood"
 Take comfort as I leave you
 one day I will return
 Continue where we left off
 You have so much more to learn
Why is the night so brief ? What we could accomplish in a small
 eternity,
two in darkness. The sun hidden behind the horizon. Forever darkness...

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