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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