

Le Figlie Della Tempesta

My Dying Bride

Before I go down
Cleave to me
Kiss and drown
Weave your web of lies
Catch the drifters by
The wind brings them in
To your den of sin
Caught by your divine spell
Locked within your wishing well
Ice as eyes lured my soul
Look of lust froze me cold
Many lies holds your body
A true feast for all to see
Men will fall to her song
Women too, won't last long

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