

Craft Her Spell

Darkseed

Enchanting nights overwhelming me
with skin pale as fiery snow
and eyes dark as night...
My growing heart-bleeding...I craft her spell
A rising fountains of lust
One more staring glance
and my favour will never rust! I am armed to suffer with quietness of spirit
Soft stillness with the touch of night's sweet harmony
She seeks my life
Her love drops a gentle rain from heaven
A day when the sun is did
Give me light, give light
by these blessed candles of the night
The night methinks is the daylight sick

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