

# Craft Her Spell

## Darkseed

Enchanting mighths 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

Lyrics provided by  
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