Graven Idol

Primordial

Her scent comes to me
As the night breathes
Her countenance grave
A waxed pallor, that lays every tomb
open to the sky
So she sees and ever watches
The stars revolve and dance for her
A velvet dream of crimson revolt
The rites of all... deliver her kiss to me
I ascend... erotic miseryWe are blood to the bloodless
We are honour to the honourless
and We are gods to the godlessThe cruel day hurts my eyes... it is night I ever long forIf sorrows sweet gifts have offered me thus
I am all that has been and cannot refuse
As her smile has ushered in the night
So many countless times before
I hear a foot on the stair...
I turn and she is there.
With all the gifts of the grave to offer meHow can I refuse
A graven idol such as thee

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/