Haunted

Type O Negative

A swollen sun melting in the horizon
Between the sheets where I wait for her to comeA living flame, impossible to resist
Burning me deep with every bite, kiss and lickOoh, I'm haunted
Ooh, I'm haunted
Ooh, I'm hauntedInvades my sleep with tumescent intentions
Hades, I'm sure must be missing a demonI hate, I hate the morning
I, I hate the morningFrom the panes a green mist swirls
Is it a shadow of reflection?
This apparition in moon beams bathed
A voice like wind through trees beckonsCool rain on hot summer stone
The odor fills my presence
Of freshly dug grave and death and night
These things are her essenceNocturnal mistress, spirit lover
Your mouth of wine and wooksmoke taste
My goddess of the violet twilight
You are lust incarnateIn the sweat of my bed
The eastern sky hints of dawning
Alone and awake but exhausted I lie
Oh, how I hate the morningI hate the morning light
I hate the morning lightOoh, I'm haunted
Ooh, I'm haunted
Ooh, I'm haunted

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