

Wings of Desire

Inkubus Sukkubus

A chariot a-falling from the sky
A burning star descending in the night
From another world and from another time
Too many lonely nights and too much of the wine
Like an angel shes riding on the mist
Her song of love will carry you to bliss
The holy grail is in her grinding hips
Just like a devil she will kill you with her kiss
A million years lost on the astral plane
Now she is back here once more and again
You are the harvest, shes the reaper of the corn
She will be your dusk and she will be your dawn
Like an angel shes riding on the mist
Her song of love will carry you to bliss
The burning lips consume you in their fire
Dark angel lift you on the wings of her desire
Like an angel shes riding on the mist
Her song of love will carry you to bliss
The holy grail is in her grinding hips
Just like a devil she will kill you with her kiss
Like an angel shes riding on the mist
Her song of love will carry you to bliss
The holy grail is in her grinding hips
Like a devil she will kill you, kill you with her kiss
Like an angel shes riding on the mist
Her song of love will carry you to bliss
The holy grail is in her grinding hips

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