

# Black Countess

## "The Queen Of The Fourth Dimension"

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She is leading me by the hand  
Along the distant paths of the universe  
Rounding the spiral of time  
Through the horror and beauty

Am I going in a dream or reality?  
I don't know  
I follow her white misty figure  
I see the arising of illusions  
And the appearance of parallel worlds

She is leading me by the hand  
Passing by old tombstones and graves  
And ugly rotting corpses  
Look at us with a dead cold glance

But now I see the colours are iridescent  
She is leading me to them  
And horror turned into beauty  
I'm in the field full of flowers  
And see the visions  
Of spectral naked women around

And she is among them  
My mysterious Queen  
She is asking me to go on  
And I'm following her white misty figure

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