

Cauldron Born

"Dreaming With The Incubus"

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It was back in the time of Victorian splendor
When into the nightmare of lust she fell
Like the flower in November she could not surrender
Across the dark countryside she seemed to sail

She always walked in the light she was purer than white
For no one her head would turn
The young court magician his glance cast aside
Her heart cast in flames to burn

Dreaming With
Dreaming With
Dreaming With
The Incubus

It was back in the time of Victorian splendor
When into the eternal sleep she fell
Like the Earth in December she could not surrender
And into the pitch of nighttime she sailed

Slipping into shadow slipping out of sight
Darkness provides what can't be given in light
She shivered at his touch his heart was cold
Not of the kind that flesh would hold

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