

Circus Maximus

"Perishing Nights"

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As the wolves howl
And the moon penetrates the driving clouds
When the trees cradle above a murmerous cascade
Your stature approaches closer and closer
An Osculum Infame

Your scent is still present
In this place so dark, so pure
At a bed of leaves I still see your shadow
In the sinister shade of a horned moon

Ishtar, my witch, my burning Goddess
Every woman bears your mark in her soul
As the rustle of leaves and the rustle of flames
Inflame your transistory (yet eternal) existence

I embrace your light
It shines through the leaves of trees so old
As the beckoning of bells in the freezing night
Makes us forget about the cold

As the wolves howl
And the moon penetrates the driving clouds
When the trees cradle above a murmerous cascade
Your stature disappears slowly and grave
An Osculum Infame

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