

## **Cirith Gorgor** **"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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