

Crimson Moon **"Her Cursed Kiss"**

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Raven-haired, and of my darkest dreams
Her pale touch is like the Winter's cold.
Like the forest, she obsessed my soul
... and her grip will not let go.

And in her heart flows immortality,
for she is of Lamia blood.
And through my dreams she came
to my soul for thy blood (essence) summoned her
name.

In rapture I embrace the bliss
of sins of the flesh
Immortal, I drank from her soul,

from her very veins.

I indulge in the sins of lust.
And the shadows dance, to the chaos of her trance
As the flames within her showed her fire.
Wicked are her ways, of giving to thee, the ecstasy I
desire.
And Cursed is her Kiss that is forever more
for it's aftertaste is bitterness.

(By Vampir Scorpios July 1st 1997 Â© Serpentlust Arts)

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