

Crimson Moon

"The Withering Rose Of Purity"

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Into the Moonless night I spit forth the venom of thy
spell.
A curse unto thy Adversary whose essence, shall wither
away.
... and so shall the Rose of Purity, wither.

I am the freezing touch that takes life away,
I am the one whose soul is unclean.
A master of dreams, awakened to the night
I haunt the Astral and reap the mortal life

Through the moonlight's mist
I come to your soul
and beseech you with the kiss
of bitterness and woe.

Below the depths I dwell,
in lust for the crimson sin.
As the rose purity turns to ash,

I remember the taste of blood in my mouth.

Veiled by the Night
I enter your soul,
which withers from purity I defile
I am the dreams of lust and desire,
a demon of sins of the flesh.
Cold as the Winter's breath, Internal as the forbidden
wine.

The virgin flesh of a maiden, like the flowering white
rose.
Defiled by the lust which hungers, penetrated in a thirst
for sin.
To be one with Darkness, I transcend.

(By Vampir Scorpios Spring 1997 Â© Serpentlust Arts)

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