

De-Sire

"Chapter XII: ...an Autumnal Night Passion: Movement I"

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Autumn, wicked sanctuary of devastated
And Mysterious landscapes...
My portrait of death framing night passion
A fire with desire...

Oh, this fatal passion condemning me
To love such gracious creature
Come to me, oh night,
Mistress of endless mourning
Majestic fade of day
To whom in a blood drenched cry
I confess all my pain, all my agony

You bring shrouded in your dark cloak,
Dark from all the grief,
From all the weeping...
You bring such an imposing woman...
Such deadly woman...
Came out from a dream
In a autumnal night...
In an autumnal night passion...

How deep, how graceful, how fiery,
How vibrant...
Is this devotion I feel for you,
Dee inside me...
I lay down wrapped in your body
Your blaze setting me on fire
I lay down wrapped in your body
Your bed my last refuge

Your body... Your nude body...
My temple of love... Temple of love...

"Tens a fragrnica,
O perfume de uma flor
Nesse teu corpo despido,
Templo do amor...
Onde meu ser chora
Por teu doce e sensual momento
Eternizado na chama do desejo,

Na lgrima do sofrimento..."

What are you?

Are you the angel who enchants me

Or the demon who seduces me?

Your chant casts a shadow over me...

Your fire reduces me to ashes...

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