

Entwine "My Mistress"

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Throughout these woods a flaming dress of hers
caress my soul as the morning mist will come
The voices make me feel how I am embraced
By ecstatic sounds of love that she gave me

This mo(u)rning makes me sad, my mistress won't be
here

I see my mistress by the riverside
She feeds my desire with kisses of nature, blood and
wine
Those falling leaves in frigid autumn day

Reminds me this won't last forever, not a day

This mo(u)rning makes me sad, my mistress won't be
here

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