

Fireworks

"Morgana"

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Dear heart, I think the young impassioned priest
When first he takes from out the hidden shrine
His god imprisoned in the Eucharist,
And eats the bread, and drinks the dreadful wine,

Feels not such awful wonder as I felt
When first my smitten eyes beat full on thee,
And all night long before thy feet I knelt
Till thou wert wearied of Idolatry..

You are my lady. my dark desire
Follow the call. of your beloved
Like a dance. dance in the fire
Follow the call. of your prince
Through the forest. I'm awaiting for you
Oh your white neck. your veins
I'm awaiting. my thirst is great
Oh your hot blood. on my mouth

Tonight we'll become one
Lost souls in black
A dark embrace of lust
A dark enchantment
A dark sensation of eternity

Tomorrow you'll see a new world
With your eyes of vampire
You will taste the blood of your victim

Oh Morgana. my dark lady
My dark desire
Tonight will become immortal

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