

H.i.m. (his Infernal Majesty) "Serpent Ride"

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For all the rains of the dream
She is the highness
Oh, when she comes to me
Feels within me will die
Was the dark side of the moon
We climbe
She sends me a tears, away through the silverest star
lights

I dont wont to wake up this time
Im alive on this serpent ride

In the grace of our love
We writhe, in pain
Rather into this solar fog
Where is the rise
The crop of her love taste like wine
I answer her (...? ? ?) with a pride

That is not dead wich can eternal lie
Yet with strange aeons death may die
In your highness, lies the world where I dont wanna go
Said you changed, but I dont belive in miracles
Since you conquer my heart will never be a part
One day well close our eyes, open them again
And discover each other

Sun open on my eyes
She treapt me inside
From her lips close will

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