

Inkubus Sukkubus "Storm"

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Dark'ning sky, the senses tremble
Song of Thor's resounding rumble
Nature holds her breath in waiting
Calmly all anticipating
Flee in haste or wait her coming
Taste the sweetness of her fruit
Salient fingers start their drumming
Thrill now heaven's power's made loose
Wash me, soothe me, come cleanse my mind of
mundane things
Awaken the senses, electrify my nerves and skin
Deepening, speeding rivers racing
Groaning roots to ground are bracing
Her magick is the power of change
She leaves no single thing the same

Wing and rain and lightning change me
Work your spell to rearrange
Swell the rivers, drain my ego
Bend the trees and strengthen will
Wash me, soothe me, come cleanse my mind of
mundane things
Awaken the senses, electrify my nerves and skin

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