

Inkubus Sukkubus "Wings Of Desire"

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A chariot, a-falling from the sky
A burning star, descending in the night
From another world and from another time
Too many lonely nights and too much of the wine

Like an angel she's riding on the mist
Her song of love will carry you to bliss
The holy grail is in her grinding hips
Just like a devil, she will kill you with her kiss

A million years lost on the astral plane
Now she is back here once more and again
You are the harvest, she's the reaper of the corn
She will be your dusk and she will be your dawn

Like an angel, she's riding on the mist
Her song of love will carry you to bliss
The burning lips consume you in their fire
Dark angel lift you on the wings of her desire

Like an angel, she's riding on the mist

Her song of love will carry you to bliss
The holy grail is in her grinding hips
Like a devil, she will kill you with her kiss

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