

Londa Larmond

"Claire's Horrors"

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Spirits seem to drift up through a darkened sky
Drifting through dead branches in the night
While in the moonlight we
Go down upon our knees
Entwined together only we can see their beauty

Beneath the stars a bell begins to toll
For reasons which we really shouldn't know
So take a walk with me down to the cemetery
Wrap me in darkness, Claire make love to me

I am thunder
I am rain
I am pleasure
I am pain

Only in darkness can there be light
Tell me angel have you prayed tonight?

In the dark I know you all so well
Beauty from Heaven wrapped 'round souls from Hell
So take a drink from me
My sacrifice to thee
Damned fallen angels,
Always blessed with me.

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