

## Lord Vampyr "Carmilla... Whispers From The Grave"

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I still feel her scent, the wind that caress her hats,  
The winter renders me sad, task to her pale skin  
In the nights of storm  
The rain designs her face on the glasses of the window  
of my room!

I walk between the trees, I feel your presence  
Yours tomb is covered from the leaves  
I remember your sweet smile, your deep looks  
As in a dream. I hear. whispers from the grave!

Carmilla. whispers from the grave!

Wide awake me in my bed.  
But my hands are dirty of earth  
I feel it's scent on my skin  
Two bleeding holes on my neck

She has carried to me in the reign of darkness  
I feel myself to suffocate.  
I can see also in the dark of my room  
Now I'm a vampire

I walk between the trees, I am coming from you  
Now. your tomb is open  
I'm awaiting for you, your sweet lips  
It's not a dream. I hear. whispers from the grave

Carmilla. is being raised from the tomb  
Come to me. my dark love

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