

Malk De Koijn

"Devil Bride, Our Erotic Dark Desires"

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Grief...

...It's our splendor.
An archaic tragedy of
Our erotic dark desires,
I'm insane, totally insane

Nobody in the funeral,
Nobody cries to the solitary coffin
This lies under the candle's flame,
The flame dance as a sinuous and seductive body of
A viper woman

There are not flowers in the sad grave,
There's a sweet and empty forgetfulness sensation,
The blood is the essence of the life,
An endless anxiety, without course,
But there are still statues in marble of forlorn angels
They console the fertility of your bosoms,
They'll give as gift a black rose for you
But also there is not black flower,
Just a thorn of a cursed rose
Pricked in your angelical finger
And beautiful, the blood will drain

And my tortuous and serpentine tongue will dry this
red tear,
When my chains involve you,
When your long and gold hair interlace
With strange force in my hands,
My journey will be long, but my time infinite
The angels aren't immortal.

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