

Malk De Koijn

"The Cry Of Adelain"

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Raised from the tomb of the sun
Where the pure is primitive
As primitive as Saturnus and Cronos
She is the stars' veil

Created in the Horus-Aeon
Inside the rain of opium
And distilled from the celestial nectar
She's young and woman

In your forms
The nymph's seduction
Death and life,
I want you,
Babylon's whore

Princess of ecstasy
Child of vulgarity
Goddess of innocence
Daughter of desire
Mother of illusion

She lives in an incestuous romance
Beautiful symphony of the cursed
Your sanctuary are the woods
Flying in the universe of delirium

Muse of profane poets
Your dogma and law are the sin
In your lips: the black magiks
In your spirit: the spell of Caim

Eyes of tantric nature
As inspiring as the hills of Kanchenjunga,
Explicit female desire
Dawn of the unmistakable blood

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