

## Malk De Koijn

### "Under Delight Of The Black Candle"

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It's night !!! Now lift up more the voice of my wicked soul  
It's night !!! Awake up all lunar songs... to where goes the tears of my eyes  
And feathress? Walking in the olds and poetic catacombs  
It's night !!! Now lift up more the voice of my wicked soul  
It's night !!! Awake up all lunar songs  
To where goes the tears of my eyes and the feathress of my hear?  
Walking in the olds and poetic catacombs, with horse screams of wrath and to  
Fell that run up the noise by long galleries  
I went in search of black candle, where emanated an immaculated light  
Oh, dark and pale twilight, perpetuate this moment for what the seldom blaze of  
The black candle never extinguish  
Under Delight of the Black Candle  
I'm the coffin replete of malicious and angelical visions of life. I'm the  
Misery, I'm the necromantical hunger, I'm the desire of to desire, I'm the malign guest  
Your magic is replete of spiritual force, that's donated for yours bewitched.  
Oh, necromantical candle, oh ancient candle, make the solitude been my eternal  
Homeland  
Zombie, now I am a zombie who see the moon like a symbol of my existence.  
Seemed  
Me as motherly... waiting for yours faithfull sons  
To where goes the chalice replete of blood and pure tears of the virgin?!? I go  
Feeling the astral light that's sended by mystic chandelier in the room, where  
Sleep a beautiful woman dressed with sadomaniac adornments and ready to be impaled  
I love you disgrace !!!

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