

Naumachia "Sanguine Harvest"

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The dark chevalier awaits the dusk
To follow the scent you would mask
With immortal affection his tongue he dips
In the sanguine little pond that monthly drips

Let your softer lips dew his
With a mighty bloody kiss

When you lie to rest at night
Don't clog the sanguine flow
Summon the immortal knight

Before you give in to dream

Hair spread on the pillow, her limbs apart
She wants to give in to ravennish art.
The monthly crimson drops let free to flow
Set up a sanguine bait He must follow

Summon the dark duke for the harvest of blood
Let him taste the crimson lips ready to flood.

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