

Ophis "Caressing The Dead"

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I touch her white skin
Whiter than milk
Softer than the silk
In which she's lying in
Her scent is strong but sweet
Her fingertips so cold
I touch her sleeping head
I'm caressing the dead

The darkened light of candles
Is shining through the chamber
Although so ever silent
My heart does feel like ember
Peaceful they sleep Inside a breathless sphere
Although I know it's mad
I'm caressing the dead

I'm dwelling in the crypts
I rest between the coffins
I'm hiding from the living Inside my underworld
Hate their world of lies and terror
Mistreatings, hate and jealousy
Now I live in silence
The dead my only friends

Necromantic, I fondle her fingers
Eyes so endless, staring at me
Never feel my sorrow
Never feel my pain
Never feel the torture
Don't feel anything again

Among the perished I seek health
Eternal peace
Behind the blackened slumber...

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