

Order Of The Ebon Hand "To Gremory"

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Enter Princess of Lust
The Lady Dressed in Red
A mantle in desire
Of carnal subconsciousness

These arrows
Are merciless
For pleasure and pain
Stunned by Your charms
Men abandon their efforts
Cast off their armor
Lower their weapons
And ready
their chests to take the blows

Gremory
One Glance, to conceptualize
The Evil Inside...

Captured!(by a)look so strict
Feel my muscles stiff
A naked child before Thee
Sister, Daughter
Lover, Mother
Wife, of all to be
Of all the females
I will only Love Thee

To Gremory

We are dragged by Your Net

Reach out for Your touch
Grasping from Your cloak
And Spin at Your Whim

Countless forms for Countless Names
Each one for, each of our minds
Your gifts are longed, Queen of the Succubi
Trembling Ecstasy, I' m begging on my knees
For one last caress, only one more
To satisfy, my burning blood

Glorious Vanity!
To wed the mirror image
of the opposite sex
You found within me
Wife, of all to be
Of all the females
I will only Love Thee

To Gremory

Wife, of all to be
Of all the females
I will only Love Thee

To Gremory

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