

Darkseed

"The Blood On My Hands"

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blood
you open the door
to
into the bride's room
it's
the secret it's decay
born
from fleshe's deepest need

rose upon my altar - im the rose on your altar
until two fades into one and one is death god!
as my fingers run through your thighs - I feel your
fingers in my thighs
smearing my seed over blood over death - smear your
seed over me

at midnight rutting bride
reaching for blooms beyond the veil
tell you my secret
god died for fleshes need

please come you shivering bride
the devil must feast for lust of the dead
lust slashes hate
immaculation of dreams

born from blood crying red
can your hear the strike of azraels' wings

as your man I'm gonna take you
I'll possess you entirely
musti, so gods will, cut your throat
my dove and drink your blood

and your twitching foaming death
suck your entrails
your bashful modesty
your cries build a coffin of laughter and lust
beneath my bleeding hands...

rose on my altar

until two fades into one and one is me
god!

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