

Saturn's Flea Collar

"The Fall Of Nakkiel"

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The moon cries - her tears of light
Fall upon the thirsty grass.
To welcome our feet - dancing
On this sacred ground.
Earth licks her dayburnt wounds -
Pouring out the sweetest dew,
Feeding our hungry eyes with
Images of fallen angels.
Seven stones of silver, a crown for you and me.
The lover's words of sin and pleasure
The chains that let us see.
The tree of good and evil, the snakes
That crawls from path to path.
All of them are with us here to whisper
Songs of lust and wrath.
Farewell to daylight,
Hail to the hallowed night.
Spread out your wings,
The sun is dead and gone.
Only the night will call,
Call and let you come.

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