

Thorns Of The Carrion "Carmilla"

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Her eyes they burn, black as night
Like dreams draped in sylvan horizon
As shadows over the deep forest
She arrived in peaceful sleep..
Forgive me not, for I welcomed this deceit

I forged the joy, In the ruins of...

Among the broken stained glass I found life
The crumbling stones were as my youth
In ivy they laid as lilies upon the streams
For I saw the black swans as beauty
The hallowed view, the winding road of time
I dreams in gray, I dreamed alone...

Yet still her eyes spoke to me the sadness of
A life, of fear, of sorrow, the portrait of silence

And all I knew was sadness in the *pall* light of death
The funeral march passed as slowly as autumn days
The hymn was sung so bittersweet

so like winters tragic song
I shed somber tears of pride, yet she wore no pain

Yet still her eyes spoke to me the sadness of
A forgotten time of happiness that an never again be

Carmilla, I saw your face in the candle's flame
Carmilla, I felt your gaze and your languid embrace
Carmilla, I heard your laugh across the darkened walls
Carmilla, I knew your grin in the twilight of my death

Yet still her eyes spoke to me the sadness of
A weary heart for life and the scarlet tears we shed

The ruins of life lay within the tears
Yet still her eyes spoke to me the sadness of
For all she has loved, all she has known, At last must
die...

