

Willow Wisp

"Copulation In Thy Paranormal Forest"

Visit "[Copulation In Thy Paranormal Forest](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Copulating in the spiritual forest
Whilst thy embers and twine entwined
Celebrating pagan joining, dreadful to the holy
A union of blemished flesh-anticipating new design
Her perfume was a mix of mandrake and poisonous
leaves
A noxious scent to mere mortals
Yet its alluring fragrance attracted me through the
breeze
I discovered her lying provocatively
Upon the stump of a fallen oak
Her milk white flesh covered in a funeral shroud
A gothic romance-enticed to provoke
Entering her wantonly
Crushed berries spilled messily from her vagina
From the depths leviathan smirked
As thy moon ebbed the ocean tides
My bewitching mistress became as wolf
Clutching her hipbones, she promised to provide
Demoness her paint applied strategically by azazel
Id assume she was sent from heaven
Yet she resides luxuriously
In a jewel covered castle in hell
In desperation, I hold my orgasm at bay
Vampirising each other, biting deep and hard
The deceiving fog shrouds orgiastic deviltry
And the trolls and faeries pay us no regard
A Victorian 18th century cemetery
Held the confines in which we conducted our fare
And death appeared to endorse us
Riding atop a gorgeous black mare
Crimson cascading in torrents
Canines pricking our jugular veins
And our lewd, lascivious behavior warrants
A need for those deranged
We culminated our ritual
By fucking in the coffins of those newly disinterred
Set up an audience of Christian skeletons
To applaud the absurd
Torches aligned with the finest incense
Hallucinogenic aphrodisiacs ingested
Involved in the tradition of occultic sex

Which the church has always detested
Aren't thine drunk on spurt wine
And baffled by drugs-Lady Fair?
Shall thou beg for more of my plow
Or the violent pulling of platinum hair?
Once delicious aristocrats rose, virtually transparent
Yet still visible were their tattered noble clothes
Rich heritage apparent
Fortunately they sold their souls
To watch pornography
And throw roses upon our dramatic paroles
Aroused by our version of tracheotomy
Nearing climax A pack of wolves began baying
Towards the nocturnal sun
Thirst corrupt they descended upon my harlot
To lick her wound, dripping with blood and cum
Twas upon a midnight dreary
Our legend became subject for inquiry
Thrice repeated our love completed
Ghost paths carved- a story never repeated

Visit [Willow Wisp](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.