

Abrahel

"Black Lips Of Sexual Doom"

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Between people of towns and villages
Where the roads are steep and stony
There's a legend but many have seen
A dark nymph with black lips.

In woodlands, hills, and near the rivers
In pasturelands and crops
Many shepherds and peasants have seen
A dark nymph with black lips.

Sheltered by the leafy cloak of the forest,
By the night, by the mist, by the rain...
More sly and more silent than a wolf
It's told that her feet don't touch the ground.

She wears a large diaphanous black dress
She doesn't show but insinuates
A pretty beauty out of this world
Voluptuary lasciviousness.

Her skin is whiter than the goat's milk
And her voice is sensual and charming
Over her back hangs a large flowing black hair
And her smile shines brighter than the sun.

Sheltered by the leafy cloak of the forest,
By the night, by the mist, by the rain...
More sly and more silent than a wolf
Who sees her never comes back alive.

Sweet mainland siren your chant spells and captivates
You've got a mission on Earth, don't miss yourself on
details.
Your capture lies paralysed then now you know what to
do...
Oh mighty spider from hell, bearer of sexual doom.

Of sexual doom...
... doomed to die by a come...
... a bestial orgasmic final blow...
... you kill but present the best of deaths.

A bestial orgasmic final blow...
... before the beast appears to nourish.

It's hard to work for a man day after day alone.
The loneliness burns all the pressing needs of a male.

Beware my demon just when you to turn into human
state
Because you turn into mortal and you acquire their
defects
But, who wouldn't yield to your rapturous scent?
And to the loveliness of your wild-eyed face?

Lots of religious men who broke the vow of chastity
Were found dead without testicles and penis on high.

She is the lustiest Succubus
And her name is Abrahel.
She is the lustiest Succubus
And her name...

Sheltered by the leafy cloak of the forest,
By the night, by the mist, by the rain...
More sly and more silent than a wolf
The curvy highway down to perdition.

Between people of towns and villages
Where the roads are steep and stony
There's a legend but many have seen
A dark nymph with black lips.

In woodlands, hills, and near the rivers
In pasturelands and crops
Many farmers and muleteers have seen
A dark nymph with black lips...

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