

Adorior

"The Scarlet Hordes Of Autumn"

Visit "[The Scarlet Hordes Of Autumn](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

So enter night sweet babe.
For I embroider thee with pitch.
Close thy eyes and sleep till dawn.
And I'll go onward.
Stitch, by stitch
Children (of a later eve).
Hand from splintered, swollen, tiny, limbs.
The breeze gently swaying, their bluing torsos.
Deafening moans, null the dying, into a deeper place.
Where it is hard for even demons to wake.
Precious months, swallow hard.
The rotting substance of dear life.
While the dismal Barth of Orthodox.
Slashes to sip,
Careful not to drip,
Fondling, while his fingers slip.
Skinless infants bound, by searching roots
Undulate, in adult sensuality.
Servants, to the mindless rhythm of pain.
"We are, the Scarlet Hordes of Autumn", echoes,
The wild wild wood.
Where the jackals play.
"We all remained, that went that way".
Don't stray from the path.
He's waiting for you.
To smooth, the red sweat, from your shoulder blades.
- Don't stray!

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