

Akhkharu

"Garden Of Desire"

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Bitten by the serpent of desire
One passion cannot be quenched
Writhing in sweet sinful bliss

Envelope me in your dark beauty
Your body sings to me the song of seduction

I bequeath myself to you
Together we are as one
The chill of winters frost
Cannot soothe the fire within

Behold the ravens flight
As he cuts through the darkness of night
As our flight of carnal lust
Eternal bliss

Draped in ecstasy we kiss
The god of lies looks down in shame
As we gladly devour the fruits of erotic desire

My senses filled with the sweet smell of wine
And the scent of you as I caress your pale skin

Taste the crimson flow cut from my flesh
And revel in the power of which is wroughts

Bring me to the garden of desire
Enchant me with your touch
We dance upon the mists of time
Join me in immortal bliss

The essence of night burns in you
To warm this the blackest of hearts

As the wolf on the hunt
I come to thee
Thou art my prize
Of which I hold the highest

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