

## **Chants Of Maldoror "Himmel Balsam"**

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The frozen surface is standing down  
Under clouds of wishes and  
Bleeding desires  
Uncertain fingers touch on the bud  
Disclosed, it re-echoes the spiritless  
Object delights

That time couldn't touch  
Her divine grace  
Oh, himmel balsam, caress my lips

A miraculous balsam condenses at the foot  
Of her alcove from her to his mouth

Then he drink that nectar of gods  
And he breath the smell of...

I'm not a nightmare  
I bring the dark pleasures  
And sins, the stillness of  
Shape that serves your lust

A miraculous balsam condenses at the foot  
Of her alcove from her to his mouth  
Then he drink that nectar of gods  
And he breath the smell of love...

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