

## Ancient

### "Angel's Bloody Tears"

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Thy mighty Words, Vampyric Mater,  
Queen of the Undead, still evoke my Mind

"Soon my Enchantress shall be Seraphim  
To my Throne, built of Immortality"

As Spy in Darkness I see the weak Creature  
Break the Shadows falling on Her Grave  
My Bloodthirst is of the Wolves,  
Who gather - what Pride - to an impressive Parade  
The Purity of the Wintermoon  
Strengthens me whilst Vengeance is mine  
My hunting Fangs - his Mirror of mortal Decay  
His Blood drips down like the Grains in Reaper's  
Sandglass  
...the once naked Flowers dress!  
Ecstatic Love or bitter Tragedy?  
Out of a whirling Storm my Bride ascends

"Thou were mine, Thou art mine  
And Thou shall be mine throughout all Eternities!"  
Now I touch Thy marble Breasts, shall enchant Thy  
secret Garden  
And drown in the Lakes of Thy ("my") Beauty

"So reunite with me and feel the Passion  
Thou get crowned with through my Vampyre Kiss..."

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