

Enochian Cresent

"When Tears Run Dry"

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I believed in me
Young Blood coursed in my veins
Innocent and naive
No Harm befell my path

I'm A Cut on A Teary Cheek
Dark Whore, The Salt in your Wounds
Lust, Death and Bitterness, thus am I?
Yes, even angels Weep for my kiss

Sumentes Calicem Principis Inferorum

I'm wrest Askew
When your voice Died (I did too)
My Tears ran dry
And my song was Left Unsung

Sweet Pain, It can be anything
With the love we make, we Fall from grace (again)
Celebrate your Flesh, Liberate your soul
I am The Fire, I'm everything, I am...

Initiation to Infernal Sacrament
Invitation to eternal life

Vinum Sabbat, The Infernal Sacrament
Invitation to A Carnal life

Sumentes Calicem Principis Inferorum

Oh, beautiful one
Let me drink from your fountain
Fill my mouth with your waters
For words they are
Drained from me...
...Drained from me...

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