

Tarot

"My Enslaver"

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Clean puncture and now she's gone
But her spell still carries on
Can't touch no one, can't get out of my shell
She left me burning in this lonely hell

Through the restless night souls wander holding on
Through these cold nights that never come to dawn

She's still my enslaver
Where's the heart that I gave her
My sweet enslaver
I hate her

Shades drawn growing lunacy staring,
Staring from the abyss ahead
Longing for the sight of the face that I hate
Grinding teeth, raising the dead

I get so scared of the cruel dreams I see,
Scared of her shadow coming to claim me

She's still my enslaver...

I hear voices, whispers of resurrection
Sounds like tombstones corroding
Laid my love to sleep with heart impaled
But I can't escape this dark forebonding

She's still my enslaver...

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