

The Virgins

"A Romance With The Grave"

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Up on the hill
In picturesque light
Lies peaceful, still
A burial site

The gateway creaks
I scare myself
Some doubtful peeks
The clock strikes twelve

Ancient ground
And mossy rocks
A smell unsound
A grave unlocks

Oldest sin...
Palest skin...
Ageless grin...
... death!

Ruthless Lust
Without disgust
Dirt and dust
A romance with the grave

The fog lies thick
And moon does rise
Her antique chique
Glares in my eyes

A first shy kiss
And silent moans
In the abyss
The coffin groans

In close embrace
Desires deep
And for her grace
In joy I weep

Oldest sin...

Palest skin...
Ageless grin...
... death!

Ruthless Lust
Without disgust
Dirt and dust
A romance with the grave

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