

## Theatres Des Vampires

### "Black Madonna"

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An echo blowing among the desert,  
Forgotten prayers buried alive, --  
    In the burning sand  
    Arabian memories  
Of her scent , in the wind.

Her ebony hair so long and tousled,  
Alabaster skin, so pure and cold.  
    Carved by the hands of sin,  
    Her crimson lips,  
The black Madonna.

Kissed by the son of the father,  
Beloved more than sons of his faith...

Moving her body in the sand  
She is the sinner, salomÃ©!  
The seven devils dance with her  
With the dance of the seven veils.

She is the one who knows all  
Black Madonna, salomÃ©!  
With the dance of the seven veils,  
Black Madonna, salomÃ©!

She is the blood, she is the grail,  
Black Madonna, Magdalene.  
With the dance of the seven veils,  
Black Madonna, salomÃ©!

She was crying, sweeping his feet  
Drying the drops of innocent tears.  
    With black hair, over and over...  
She gasped with pleasure, in the sand...

Like a poisonous snake

The queen of mystery  
Her voice is lost in the desert...  
Carved by the hands of sin,  
Her crimson lips,  
...the black Madonna.

(Rep. Kissed by the son of the father,  
Beloved more than sons of his faith...

Moving her body in the sand  
She is the sinner, salomÃ©!  
The seven devils dance with her  
With the dance of the seven veils...

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