

# The Portrait

## Black Countess

When night is clothing skies into black velvet  
It could be heard her singing  
Her voice calling to show yourself  
Vamping into the depth of her multy-faced being  
I'm flying in this muse, feeling her with whole my body  
Above the beaten way behind the light

Sometimes ill-natured eyes of the Demonic Moon  
Open the flesh of night by its dead ashy look  
And then I see her children awoke after day sleep  
To slake their hunger performing nocturnal trip  
Their desire gave the centuries of dark being  
Their screaming victims went from the lost blooded ways  
They are the cruel history of gothic night -  
The mother of wolves and vampires tide

I see dead fields full of faded flowers  
Slowly waving under the autumn wind  
Fields with bones are spreading everywhere  
Like white spots shown on the grey canvas

Packs of wolves come down from the high hills  
To this left and lost dale  
Following the path of eternal call  
Hours of great hunt are waiting for them

Oblivious melody is still spreading around  
Like dark water of Lethean river

Among the hills covered with dense Forest of the Dead  
Mirror-like surface full of blinking stars is spread  
The lake with mysteries hidden inside its black gist  
Covered under shroud of light spectral mist  
Sometimes this mist materialises and tempts  
Shaping as graceful bodies of young sexy vamps  
Her eyes reflect unlimited desirous abyss  
And ruby lips are calling for voluptuous kiss

O lonely wayfarer cling to their naked legs

Rest after a long way  
Sleep under their kisses and caresses  
That'll be a last dream in your life

I fly further passing the whispering forest  
To the castle on the rock from where  
This nocturnal music sounds  
My Countess - a beloved of night  
I'm flying to you

I know that real love can't die  
That's why I always return to your chamber  
To your Portrait  
I see my flight in your eyes  
I see how night is clothing skies into black velvet...