

The Queen Of The Fourth Dimension

Black Countess

She is leading me by the hand
Along the distant paths of the universe
Rounding the spiral of time
Through the horror and beauty

Am I going in a dream or reality?
I don't know
I follow her white misty figure
I see the arising of illusions
And the appearance of parallel worlds

She is leading me by the hand
Passing by old tombstones and graves
And ugly rotting corpses
Look at us with a dead cold glance

But now I see the colours are iridescent
She is leading me to them
And horror turned into beauty
I'm in the field full of flowers
And see the visions
Of spectral naked women around

And she is among them
My mysterious Queen
She is asking me to go on
And I'm following her white misty figure