

Native Soil Venus

Dew-Scented

The sea of perdition down there
Where I used to lay
Black the sky while I stare away

The affection I lost, only tears remained
Monumental, and I bleed for your soul

Sip the nipples of woe
Inside sounds a rake
Seize the days I revel in my sphere

Trips into infinite twilights confessing my past
Mortal scorn, and I bleed for your soul

Scent, delicately scenting wounds
Serenity in flames, ail
My native soil is turning into stone

All devotion I need is pure silence as law
Mournful time and I bleed for your fucking soul

Pure silence as law and I bleed for your soul
Divine shall be my comeback to venus