

## Wings of Desire

Inkubus Sukkubus

A chariot, a-falling from the sky  
A burning star, descending in the night  
From another world and from another time  
Too many lonely nights and too much of the wine

Like an angel she's riding on the mist  
Her song of love will carry you to bliss  
The holy grail is in her grinding hips  
Just like a devil, she will kill you with her kiss

A million years lost on the astral plane  
Now she is back here once more and again  
You are the harvest, she's the reaper of the corn  
She will be your dusk and she will be your dawn

Like an angel, she's riding on the mist  
Her song of love will carry you to bliss  
The burning lips consume you in their fire  
Dark angel lift you on the wings of her desire

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