

## The Senior Lover of Diamanda

Nightfall

No more fucking lies  
Weak face truth denies  
Solid cold embrace  
The expression of grace

Teach me life to taste  
Experience of crest  
For life is nothing more  
But tears for things we think we adore

Tell me sweet lies, Command  
I wanna hear your price, I come  
Spirit-flesh collide, the birth of Carnal Sun

I am a snake  
That slips into your lake  
Archaic feelings die  
Self control deny

Die day, die  
Don't leave me oh dear night  
A tragedy would be  
With others eyes my dreams to see