

## The Tempest

Nosferatu

With your lips like poison, With the taste of red inside, With another secret waiting, to be sold, Another time. With the kiss of angels, Falling around your head, And another dream, Lies wishing you were dead. Come lay beside me, Hold your fingers tight, Saving grace, a second time, You need it more tonight. In the forest hides the soul of two, The darkest lurks below, Kiss it like your rosary, The storms about To blow.