

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 w
ishing you were dead. Come lay beside me, Hold your fingers tig
ht, Saving grace, a second time, You need it more tonight. In t
he forest hides the soul of two, The darkest lurks below, Kiss
it like your rosary, The storms about To blow.