

Beneath a Bronze Sky

Primordial

Awaiting the dawn...

Lilith my bride... a love of sin so deep
wounds of lust won't ever heal
Stigmata... I yearn for thy crimson taste
rape my senses... upon your cross I'll weep
but shall this longing ever satiate

I writhe, I twist... convulse in ecstacy
bring me to ritual, bring me to life
fornicate, profanate, procreate...
spawn of he who am I
eternity for your touch I pray

it is nights as black as these who have made me
am I to pay the wage of sin?
beyond the stars a fire shall burn for me
I turn my face to a new age
lucifer. what tidings doth thou bring?