

## Twilight Breath of Satan

Sargeist

The freshly interred corpse  
Greets with a rotten fragrance  
Sweet scent of death and decay  
Caressing the catacomb  
Ghastly face of bone  
Where her smile had been  
Ravished while she lived  
Desecrated in death

Twisted thoughts , necrolust  
What she had best to offer  
Is now but a blackened hole  
No more pleasures of flesh  
Sick memories are stirring  
Through a black looking - glass  
Deep in the demented mind  
She still laughs with joy

One final graven kiss  
From her imaginary lips  
Tormented chattering  
Echoes in the dark  
Her bones and a shotgun  
Laid on the wooden table  
Both barrels full of Satan's breath  
For the last twilight rite