

## My Enslaver

Tarot

Clean puncture and now she's gone  
but her spell still carries on  
Can't touch no one, can't get out of my shell  
She left me burning in this lonely hell

Through the restless night souls wander holding on  
Through these cold nights that never come to dawn

She's still my enslaver  
Where's the heart that I gave her  
My sweet enslaver  
I hate her

Shades drawn growing lunacy staring,  
staring from the abyss ahead  
Longing for the sight of the face that I hate  
grinding teeth, raising the dead

I get so scared of the cruel dreams I see,  
scared of her shadow coming to claim me

She's still my enslaver...

I hear voices, whispers of resurrection  
Sounds like tombstones corroding  
Laid my love to sleep with heart impaled  
but I can't escape this dark forebonding

She's still my enslaver...