

Black Madonna

Theatres Des Vampires

An echo blowing among the desert,
Forgotten prayers buried alive
In the burning sand
Arabian memories
Of her scent , in the wind
Her ebony hair so long and tousled,
Alabaster skin, so pure and cold
Carved by the hands of sin
Her crimson lips
The black Madonna
Kissed by the son of the father
Beloved more than sons of his faith
Moving her body in the sand
She is the sinner, salomé
The seven devils dance with her
With the dance of the seven veils.
She is the one who knows all
Black Madonna, salomé
With the dance of the seven veils
Black Madonna, salomé
She is the blood, she is the grail.
Black Madonna, Magdalene.
With the dance of the seven veils
Black Madonna, salomé
She was crying, sweeping his feet
Drying the drops of innocent tears
With black hair , over and over
She gasped with pleasure, in the sand
Like a poisonous snake
The queen of mystery
Her voice is lost in the desert
The black Madonna