

Nocturnal Masquerade

Toothgrinder

It comes in like a vulture to drain all the color
Nocturnal hedonistic masquerade
The beauty of it all is you'll never see her coming
You'll lay your head to rest
And she wants the Song of Songs
To keep your heavy heart at bay
The beauty of it all is she wants to hear you scream
She wants to kiss your teeth and she wants
To haunt your dreams for good
(Drifting through the midnight glare
Blinded by her phantom stare)
There is no beauty in pestilence
Meet her in the clouds for Hell
Seems to give her a lustful copper pallet of decay
There's no beauty in the scars
When she's tearing through your heart
Looking for a sign to take everything she wants
You look into her eyes, that's when the thrall entwines
Your innocence depletes
And the shackles seal your fate for good
Maybe I could forget it all. No!
Burn with the widow's one relentless
Pull toward the downfall of all your inner humanity
You just danced with the devil