

## Night Of A Succubus

Wine From Tears

Moon has reflected into her eyes  
In wavy hair, obscurity of night flies

And there, there, on the hill  
She keeps alluring me  
In her pathetic eyes  
I see my pain... The truth and lies

I scratch by nails the windows, painted black  
And watch her dark mess through the crack

She walks among the graves  
Under the moon and rains  
The fire cares her face  
Dancing in twilight's grace... Tonight

I damn myself, I damn my life  
Tempted and blinded like a fool...  
Beholder of amazing night witch

Her sight is breaking off a mist  
Being thawn in gloomy light of twist  
I am chained to a window crack  
There is no salvation, and there's no way back

My fingers are bleeding and hurt  
Behind the wall I hear the words  
The key is unlocking my door  
My executioner came, It is a confirm

Her reflections are everywhere  
She seems to be true  
I hear the bells of my death  
But it has no value

Now, my death is amusing the crowd  
But I don't, I don't here them loud  
I'm free, I'm going to her  
To the hill to meet her and to serve