

Bubonic Plague

Xasthur

Oh, how I craved for you
You so pure and other-worldly with your scent of Winter
am I to bleed myself dry to see your delight?

And the fear retreats forever
(come to me... Black Goddess arise)
when my secrets are buried in thine
(come to me... Black Goddess arise)
under seven stars we came together
(come to me... Black Goddess arise)
to plot the new age's decline
(come to me... ARISE!)