

Aura Noir, Forlorn Blessings To The Dreamking

Oh, how I faint when I call upon your
aid. Feeling the loss of burden and
hearing cries from flowers raped.
When you alone set kingdom on fire,
I admire the beauty of love lost and hellish desire.

As your slave.
How can I ride upon hillsides
when the beasts that beares me is at war with the sight of me?
Shall I tend to your desire?

- Let him feed on the sluts that spat on me...
...Let me.

My eyes and my heart is at war with them.
Let me, and I shall carry you and throw you
into waters that kept me and mine alive.
Share the joy with me, fiery one.

My art given you life.
My tones makes you weep and moan.

- "Listen, the corpse blesses forlorn."
...Let me.