

An Odour Of Osirian Bloom

Fairytale Abuse

In a bed of bewildering passion he lies a night
A dark silhouette entering his chamber
White shades like a goddess
She was filling his soul with lust
This master of devil desire
Setting his world ablaze
Like a burning fire
Dwelling in his soul

A cold night breeze cast into this room
A gust of rare delight
A Celtic odour of Osirian bloom
Filling his chamber this night

She had the grace of four queens shining through her eyes
The diamonds of a soul swept in dark
With her whispering tongue
Seducing him to worlds beyond
"Feed with me - don't fear the second coming - you will see what I have seen
Walk with me through the gates of this world"
Nightfall took his hands!

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