

Bitch In Black

Sólstafir

She said to me there\'s nothing I like
as a young man\'s arm bound with spikes
and songs that echo through the wood.
Her face was hidden but I knew
girls like this are very few
then she drew back her hood.
I\'d seen her \'round so it seems,
blond non black her colour schemes,
chains wrapped round her slender waist.
Beauty like a grove of birches,
eyes that glare like burning churches,
she offered me her soul.
Travelled as a seal across the sea,
found her there waiting for me,
we knew that we were as one.
\'neath the midnight sun, northern June,
heathens baying at the moon,
this I know will last beyond forever.

Round he is, seems flat as a board,
this altar of the werewolf lords,
wolfbitch howling \'neath the moon,
score into your flesh my runes.
Valkyrie whore, bitch in black,
yearn to see you on your back,
on all fours \'neath the moon,
cut into our palms the runes.

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