

Every night you can hear a sound
Pulsating all around
Every night you can hear a sound
A sound that won't go down

Late at night, she awakes
Arising from her tomb
Late at night, she walks the streets
She comes in, in search of you

Black flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you

Late at night, she awakes
Arising from her tomb
Late at night, she walks the streets
She comes in, in search of you

Late at night, she walks alone
Preparing for her feast
Bitches in black, creature of lust
With the pain that they unleash

Black flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you

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White faces are for her
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