

# The Princess

Blutengel

Frozen landscapes, flowers made of ice  
I see her traces in the snow  
I am waiting for this winter night  
Will she come to rescue me  
Is it time to go

She is a princess and her heart is made of ice  
But there is no coldness in her soul  
She tries to heal my eternal pain

She is a princess in a world so full of tears  
But there is no bitterness in her words  
She takes my hand to show me love

I hear her voice, it's pure and full of hope  
I see a bright moon in the sky  
I am searching for her eyes and wish  
That she will melt the snow in my heart

I wish to sleep again, to dream her fairytale once more  
To feel her endless grace, she'll find the doubt inside me  
Oh, let me dream