

The Danzig Waltz

Christian Death

Forever lost is my gentle love
My lips, like powder in the wind
Thirsty dreams in the ocean of kiss
Buried beneath forty years
In my rebirth I have not forgotten
Not even that which I wish to forget
Fields of sleep lay beside you
You can not feel and my hands are dust

When memories dance pure
Sorrow bows in shame

Our breath, impressions on a splintered mirror
Deeper my colourless heart sings
Our souls search astray
Torn by the thief of life