

# 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