

Oh how I loved the game
When we were dancin' on bridges
High above rivers of tears and
The lightness of innocence gave us wings

We were sleepin' covered
By darkness' black velvet
So far from coldness
So far from light...

Where is the place
I used to hide
Where are the hearts
Once given to me

And I can feel it now
The white cold hand
For the first time I'm getting hurt
By the thorns of the roses in my hand

Time is returning to its realm
And it's slowly melting away
Like deep red wax
Leaving pools of blood...

Where is the place
I used to hide
Where are the hearts
Once given to me

And sweet voices...turn into sirens...
Foretelling...the presence of death...