

In the Frame of Wilderness

Entwine

The sky dressed in red by midsummer sunset
lake so tranquil filled with thy scarlet tears
Enchantress my queen of nightfall
thy mesmeric gaze will take command
(in the frame of the wilderness)

The dusk descends and sadly entwines the shades
in the pale moonlight, full of whispers
Over the forest (creeping) mist brings desires
silhouettes sank by silvery sea

The passion reigns as the grey haze caresses thee
the splendour of beauty
mysterious and seductive
In the frame of wilderness, so serene
the spell which thou cast on me

For thee enchantress all the angels weep
Nightshades increased by silver tears