

Ophelia

Leaves' Eyes

O maiden pale Ophelia
Your skin is white like diamonds in the snow
But they know
Madness and hysteria turned your flowers into stone

(Fleurs-de-lis
Sweets to sweet)

I can hear them mourning at my grave, Ophelia
Can you feel this madness in my veins?
Inside my veins
Love and pain

This sighing fate
She fades away
I fade away into black waters

Confident black river streams tangle in your hair
White veils merge to snowballs like deadly poetry
All around you fleurs-de-lis on a white mortal bed

Maiden thou shalt not sin
Virgin suppress your will
Forces seduce your mind
Haunting a damsel's sleep