

With pure innocence in heart she walks through the woods,
Her long coat embraces her like raven wings.
Cold steel in her hands, a red thin trace
Follows her steps through the snow.
In this cold world of hypocrisy she's a true word.
Refr.
In the nights, one hidden place
His arms covered her, protected her
Forbidden love
In the nights, the silent nights
Ebony found ivory
A perfect fusion, unperfect end
Old tree-trunks hide the senseless tragedy
Of a young despaired girl
Only heaven cries
But life still goes on a few yards away
In the old grey abbey which was home
Now her lips remain closed and the white skin is cold
Oh look what condemnation brought.
He could not help her
He was already dead
Banned in a picture
A hundred years old