

## ...of Dream and Drama (Midnight Ride)

### Moonspell

You've no mother to feed you  
or to lick your so deep wounds  
nor Earth where to lay your timid crown  
You've suffered by your father  
and even the Moon lies to you  
When she shines...

The seduction of an altar  
Is a weakness in her movements of Death  
It is a mere vanity of Woman  
to delay her midnight ride  
Suicide... Midnight ride...

Beautiful dagger you may now leave your case  
Wild red tears at the lady's hand  
Kissed were her breasts with your sharpened face  
Given is now what Love had taken  
death and Love, they together danced

Yes, the flames did smile to her  
Invited her to their fiery peace  
To a funebre dance around a bonfire  
Where all Women are naked and alone  
Immolating their pride  
May they forever ride. Far, in a midnight crime.  
Midnight Ride, Suicide, Midnight Ride...