

Through darkness, shadows, midnight waits,
cold winds give scent to a lost souls fate.
Viciously consuming, ripping limb from limb,
a lifeless body way past moving, crimson grim... crimson grim..
. crimson...

Orion hangs high in a midnight sky while anxious winds kiss tea
ry eyes,
only to leave your soul behind ...in the hands of another.

I might be leaving, but I'll never leave you.
Take me in, inhale me, until our lips are shades of blue.
It's the road that's stolen me, from your fragile hands.
My dear, love is red...

Your veins, keep calling out my name,
stay away from me, and I'll do the same.
Curiosity strikes again, with the same pale face.
Pity comes way too late, turn around and face your fate.
Face your fate. Turn around and face your fate. Face your fate.

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only to leave your soul behind ...in the hands of another.

I might be leaving, but I'll never leave you.
Take me in, inhale me, until our lips are shades of blue.
It's the road that's stolen me, from your fragile hands.
My dear, love is red... Love is red...
Crimson grim... Crimson grim... Crimson grim...

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My dear, love is red...