

# While Your Lips Are Still Red

Nightwish

1. Sweet little words made for silence  
Not so young, heartfelt love not heartache  
Dark hair fall, catch in the wind  
Light the way, the sight of a cold world

R: Kiss,  
While your lips are still red  
While he's still in silent rest  
While bosom is still untouched  
Unveiled on another hair  
While the hand's still without a tool  
Drown into eyes while they're still blind  
Love while the night still hides the withering dawn

2. First day of love never comes back  
Compassion, its power's never a wasted wrong  
The violin, the poet's hand  
Every thawing heart plays your theme with care

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While...

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