

Full Colour Is the Night

Rotting Christ

Shall I tell you the legend?
About a garden wearing is black
I`ll tell you about the whispers
The dark eyes of night

Moonlight is the brightness
Before each dawn
I lose my beauty
I lose my light

Full is the night
Fullfills my mind
The painters are the stars
Mix black with white

Pain all trees
The flowers
The waters
Full colours is the night

Free ride with the wind
With the queen of the night
Under the spell of her cold eyes
I dressed all i dress

Smell my difference
See my only love
Take no colours
Mesmerized in night