Shakin' hands I'm drawing down
The candlelight
In the eyes of sorrow
Where I see my tomorrow

A misty shadow in the pit Is facing me Like a smile of ages I cannot turn the pages

... and uprising is the night ...

Run away
When your heaven is falling
Down to your hell an' no one's calling
Torch in the heart... I'll wait for the drawing
Dorian's portrait

Innocence
Is a fate of crawling
Name of a rose an' lovers unholy
Get a feel when your soul is moaning
Love kills a hate

Hound of Paradise

A thousand words are in my prayers All for escape From the circle of your name Rest in peace, Dorian Gray

The sound of days and lonely nights An angel cries From the tree on my grave Savin' me it's too late

... no one will remember my life ...

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"It is the face of my soul."

"Christ! What a thing I must have worshipped! It has the eyes of a devil."

"Each of us has heaven and hell in him".

(Taken from the book: Oscar Wilde, "The Picture Of Dorian Gray", 1890)

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