

Maybe Next Year

Two Witches

Autumn's breath
On loves grave
Lips are cold
Like winter skies

Maybe next year
October knows
When I meet again
The girl named Desire
Desire
Dance with me
Kiss me again

It was the day
When flowers died
And I met the girl
With misty eyes

Maybe next year
October knows
When I meet again
The girl named Desire
Dance with me
Kiss me again
Dancing in the shadows
Dancing in the dark