

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Death of a Love

Will you kill me as you're leaving
Erase my name, erase my face
Take your sins and dreams somewhere else
And bury our love in a secret place
Will you burn down your life
To start all over again
Throw away my favorite dress
The one that's hidden in your suitcase
You turn red wine into sweet blood
You put me under your spell
Under the moonlight life was so intoxicating
This is the death of a love to foretell
You watched our love shyly, slowly
Fade in my impatient eyes
Felt you go from hot to cold
Yet the sweetness of this sadness cannot be denied
Your smile lingers briefly
Your final declaration without a tear
And suddenly we become memories
Of people who are no longer here