

Closterkeller, Vintage Wine

Waking up from this dream
See you fade from my view
Now you're gone
Although I still remember

I felt a strange desire
I felt a strange desire
You were like vintage wine
However not for long

It must have been
A frantic fit of madness
When I followed you
Into the bliss of darkness
Now I stand alone
Feeling is gone
Feeling is gone
Pride is taking hold
I regain control
I watch the drops of rain
On my window pane
And I smile as I find
I don't need no wine
Nothing more to say
This dream is over
This dream is over
This dream is over
This dream is over