

H.I.M., Behind The Crimson Door

Covered the carcass of time with flowers
To send the scent of blame to the grave
Set the darkest thoughts on fire
And watched the ashes climb to heaven's gates

We hide behind the crimson door
While the summer is killed by the fall
Alive behind the crimson door
While the winter sings:
"Your love will be the death of me";

Death served wine for lovers
Brought from the world where devils reign
And intoxicated angels with sorrow
They witnessed in the eyes of their slaves

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