

How Like A Winter, The Beauty, The Beast

In my arms
I found a scarlet rose and dust
I kiss it
I kiss you for the last time

Now I'm a martyr by my hands and you've become
a shadow in my arms

My lips bleeding and crying for you
No more left of our chanting eyes
For I am not who I should be
How could I return your beauty to you?

Your glows are calling me inside you
Laying on your blood
Lost...as you in my arms

My lips bleeding and crying for you
No more left of our chanting eyes
For I am not who I should be
How could I return your beauty to you...

Nach der Sonne, vor dem Mond
meine Heimat find ich wieder

So take me away from this and cradle all my sins...
except you

In my arms I found only dust of your kiss
a kiss of you

My lips bleeding and crying for you
No more left of our chanting eyes
For I am not who I should be
How could I return your beauty to you...