

Lucyfire, Mistress Of The Night

In the coalmine a fire's burning
Strange 'cause there ain't no coal they're turning
It ain't no blackened, poison gold
To seek in those rocks of mould
But in the coalmine, a fire's burning there

We're here to see you dance and
We're here to get in trance when
Red lights are burning bright and
You're the mistress of the night

Outside the mine a girl is weeping
And next to her a dog is sleeping
Money in the pocket and a dogbone
Little baby and Sandman on a cold stone
Outside the mine, a girl is weeping there

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We're here to get in trance when
Red lights are burning bright and
You're the mistress of the night