

Moonspell, Of Dream And Drama

You've no mother to feed you or to lick your so deep wounds
Nor Earth where to lay your timid crown
You've suffered by your father and even the Moon lies to you
When she shines...

The seduction of an altar

Is a weakness in her movements of Death

It is a mere vanity of Woman to delay her midnight ride

Suicide... Midnight ride...

Beautiful dagger you may now leave your case Wild red tears at the lady's hand

Kissed were her breasts with your sharpened face

Given is now what Love had taken death and Love, they together danced

Yes, the flames did smile to her

Invited her to their fiery peace

To a funebre dance around a bonfire

Where all Women are naked and alone

Immolating their pride

May they forever ride. Far, in a midnight crime

Midnight Ride, Suicide, Midnight Ride...