

Moonspell, Spring of Rage

In your every moment
With your every breath
Even far away
Your eyes are ways
(Disputing my darkness)

In your darkest hour
With the dying sun
Preying all alone
Your lips the downfall
Colouring (my days)

As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would
Incarnate

In your every movement
Lays a cruel fate
Even from a distance
Your hands of doom
Disquieting (my darkness)

As if in a spring of rage... (2x)

Release my pain (4x)

Widowed in the whiteness pure
Clouded captive by the Moon

As if in a spring of rage... (2x)