

# Nightwish, Nymphomaniac Fantasia

The scent of a woman was not mine...

Welcome home, darling  
Did you miss me?  
Wish to dwell in dear love?

Touch my milklike skin  
Feel the ocean  
Lick my deepest  
Hear the starry choir

Rip off this lace  
that keeps me imprisoned  
But beware the enchantment  
for my eroticism is your oblivion

Old love lies deep, you said  
Deeper shall be the wound between your legs