

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