

Sopor Aeternus, May I Kiss Your Wound

May I kiss your wound,
maybe that will heal
my soul. Free me from
this tomb, light my darkness
make me (whole)
let me take your hand
and together we shall fly
to a lonely place, where
as lovers we can die.
In a land so dark, seven
moons, eternal nights, wish
a sky of thousand stars,
yes for us there is no light...
There (waits) no lights.