

Chamber - L'Orchestre De Chambre Noir, Violets

Don't stray from the path
The good people say
Well, she never did
But in a dark grove she lay

The snow, it was falling
As a stranger passed by
And gazed right into
Her lifeless, little eyes

There was something about her
The good people say
Rumours start spreading
Once started, they'll stay

She went with the wolves
A whisper goes round
That her pale skin was ripped and torn
The night she was found

And on her bare breast
A frozen flower lay
It was a violet
That's what people say

Violets were your favourite flowers
You always smiled when I
Gave them to you
Now I stand at your grave
Trembling for hours
My numb hands clutch
At frozen flowers
But flowers won't do
No more smile comes from you...

She was that kind of woman
Man loves to adore
But her tender kisses
Left me longing for more

I try to be humble
The best that I can
But there is a wolf
Hiding in every man.

It lies there waiting
And when time is right
Love turns to hunger
In a dark grove at night.

What difference does it make
If you run, scream or cry?
When a wolf has scented blood
All that's left is to die...

Even if I placed a violet
Into a cold hand
Some things had to happen
There's no way to pretend

Violets were your favourite flowers
You always smiled when I
Gave them to you
Now I stand at your grave

Shaking for hours
My numb hands clutch
At frozen flowers
Violets, your favourite flowers
You always smiled when I
Gave them to you
Now I stand at your grave
And grief devours
What's left of my soul
And the frozen flowers
Those flowers won't do
No more smile comes from you...