

Elvenking, A Riddle Of Stars

(Of Love and Death, of Earth and War
Death is the saviour, Life is a whore
Of hugs and lashes, Of caresses and scars
There is a light, a riddle of stars)
There's a fire that warms the cold room
There's a star that caress(es) the night Moon
There is always somewhere a friendly comfort whispering
will get better soon
There's a flare to see through the darkness
There's the dark to shelter your sadness
There is something worth being lived and taste(ed)
Breath of it every day
An enigma that is haunting my dreams
A mystery that I need to be solved
A riddle to the stars above
While I'm holding you this night
I can hear you breathing
As a star is shining bright over the edge of this void
I need to be washed and be cleansed
From all the bad deeds I commit
Purify my soul and forget my sins
once more
There're intentions that leave dead good souls
There was one death that saved us all
There is always, has always been and there will be
A fruitful harvest for Her Scythe
While I'm holding you this night
I can hear you breathing
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