

# Entwine, In The Frame Of Wilderness

The sky dressed in red by midsummer sunset,  
lake so tranquil filled with thy scarlet tears  
Enchantress my queen of nightfall,  
thy mesmeric gaze will take command  
(in the frame of the wilderness)

The dusk descends and sadly entwines the shades,  
in the pale moonlight, full of whispers  
Over the forest (creeping) mist brings desires,  
silhouettes sank by silvery sea

The passion reigns as the grey haze caresses thee,  
the splendour of beauty, mysterious and seductive  
In the frame of wilderness, so serene,  
the spell which thou cast on me

For thee enchantress all the angels weep  
Nightshades increased by silver tears