

Fading Colours, Sister Of The Night

That man thought
He could screw me
So easily
Hardly wise
Hardly wise
That stormy hunter
My body
My body
Is only for you
I call you
A sister of the night
Still feeling you
I'm waiting for you
Looking around
I'm searching for you
Looking around
I'm searching for you
My freedom
They are
They are
Too artificial
That isn't important
That gift of theirs
I search for you
A sister of the night