

Galadriel, It Ends When The Moon Loses Its Face

A bizarre picture of the death
That paints with the blood
In the canvas of your face
It ripples in the whirlpool of a dance

Your palm's in the gesture
Of the last minute of life
It cools mine
You ripple in the whirlpool of the dance

The insane dance of us
It ends when the moon loses its face
I fade in the rippling level
Of the labyrinth of time
Blood tears of mine flow
Out of my eyes

Blood tears of mine flow
Out of my eyelids
In a beauty sealed forever
There reflects our end

Our dancing shade on the walls
Like a gobelin pattern
In the breeze of my clothes
And the garland of lilies the time stopped