

Hearts Of Black Science, Revolvers

The north winds are howling at you babe
Whispering deep inside your ears
Listen to the sound of love
The sound has left you once again

Like a lonely wolf
You turn your back at me
The snow is falling
On your fur
My love
The fog is rising from the western ridge
The smoke will bury us like butterflies
Cold hearted man in black will rise

Like a lonely wolf
You turn your back at me
The snow is falling
On your fur
My love