

Katatonía, 12

Black theatre of love
Violet dancers cast their blood
The moon gave me flowers
For funerals to come
12 shapes bow before her
I am still one of them
12 morbid ways to die
Her beauty scares me
I'm falling deeper
No more pain to feel now
Touch the silence
Afraid of hell
Black theatre
Violet dancers drink my blood
The moon gave me flowers
For funerals to come
I cannot breathe
I am losing life
The moon paint the skyline blue
She died so beautiful