

Magica, Black Lace

And a curse has fallen on my head
To balance all the sins that I have done
It really doesnt matter how many tears Ive shed
If you see that dress you know youd better run

Feel the sorrow in my heart
It tears me apart
Even though its not my will
You cannot hide from my embrace
Escape my black lace
So get ready for the kill

The lace will lure all men into my arms
A thing that I enjoy, I must confess
But in the end they die, so tells the charm
On every full moon I have to wear that dress

Feel the sorrow in my heart
It tears me apart
Even though its not my will
You cannot hide from my embrace
Escape my black lace
So get ready for the kill