

Moonspell, A poisoned gift

Forever young in a ground so cold
The splendor of your death still fresh to behold
In your neck an open wound
To spawn life into your Love
And to feed the creatures of our world
We have tasted from the poisoned gift of love
Which condemned us to forever fly alone
We have experienced an aged potion
The wine of life which stole us light
May we gather again and be as one
And to forever relish in the twin joys
As we taste from the poisoned gift of love
Forever young in a ground so cold
The splendour of your dance still there to behold
Our legend is a sin in tongues
To eternal sleep, to trance we belong
We are now but an empty glance
Palid is your state of grace
To eternal sleep we belong
Feeling the rapture of the world
Beneath the violence of this curse
From the poisoned gift of love
Once I asked you to fly
Tonight I recreate the vow:
Do not fail to love Me as I have failed to die
With you...