

# Novembre, Aenemia

A certain feeling assails  
Visions form to wonder why  
It still keeps fading  
Away to the stars

The sanitarium is the night of the mind  
Hidden where no-one wants to know  
As nightside keeps saving your life  
With its silver-painted dawn

The sanitarium holds the keys of the night  
in a place no-one wants to know  
And dance, dance for staying alive tonight  
And you're not alone

On and on the rains with their anaemic crystals wash the pitch away  
And I will follow you through centuries of famine and there will still be horror

Nightly blood anaemia  
Night and blood, anaemia

As black sprites keep draining your life  
When at night you're all alone  
And dance, dance to remain alive  
As this night beholds no dawn