

# Closterkeller, Queen

Between the shadow and the candles' breath  
She's feeding up her secret and she is hiding out, out, out  
Deep in the garden of newly found truths  
Among the voices leading thoughts  
And keeping awake

Under the moon she's bathing in her blood  
Cursing the world or with the shadow having a date  
Weaving the silence just to stay alive  
Where voices draw the ways of an unknown fate

A well where she kneels in the sickening dream  
Drinking voraciously black water  
She runs from us not listening to the words  
The thinning ice is moaning along her course  
It's getting hotter, hotter, hotter...

STRONG AS AN ANGEL I CUT THE CLOUDS  
And you don't know the strength of wings that you'll get from me  
WHEN PROPHECY TURNS INTO LIFE  
But you can feel the color and the shape they'll be  
AND WHEN THE SILENCE KILLS THE FEAR  
You know so little when you're standing out there proud and mean  
THE QUEEN OF SILENCE, HERE'S THE NEW ME  
And how's that blood of yours, now tell me Queen

And you don't know the strength of wings that you'll get from me  
But you can tell the color and the shape they'll be  
You know so little when you're standing out there proud and mean  
And tell me now, how tasty is your blood? Oh Queen!