

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!