

# Nightwish, While Your Lips Are Still Red

Sweet little words made for silence  
Not talk  
Young heart for love  
Not heartache  
Dark hair for catching the wind  
Not to veil the sight of a cold world

Kiss while your lips are still red  
While he's still silent  
Rest while bosom is still untouched, unveiled  
Hold another hand while the hand's still without a tool  
Drown into eyes while they're still blind  
Love while the night still hides the withering dawn

First day of love never comes back  
A passionate hour's never a wasted one  
The violin, the poet's hand,  
Every thawing heart plays your theme with care

Kiss while your lips are still red  
While he's still silent  
Rest while bosom is still untouched, unveiled  
Hold another hand while the hand's still without a tool  
Drown into eyes while they're still blind  
Love while the night still hides the withering dawn