

Moravian Girls

Citron

With her eyes she can want you
and will kill with her smile
She can be soft and then so cruel
she's ahead of her time

She will take what you give her
just as love can sell it for free
She's a sick thunder sinner
only taking what she needs

Sheer queens so beautiful
so beautiful they really are

Why hearts of time
are seeking silently
Angel and the skies
magic mystery
Oh, yeah, message
from the stars
Oh, yeah, leavence
to my heart...

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