

Spring of Rage

Moonspell

In your every moment
With your every breath
Even far away, your eyes are ways
Disputing my darkness
In your darkest hour
With the dying sun
Preying all alone
Your lips the downfall coloring my days
As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would incarnate
In your every movement lays a cruel fate
Even from a distance
Your hands of doom
Disquieting my darkness
As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would incarnate
As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would incarnate
Release my pain
Release my pain
Release my pain
Release my pain
Widowed in the whiteness pure
Clouded captive by the moon
As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would incarnate
As if in a spring of rage, as if in a spring of rage
Incarnate