

Starlit Night

The Tiger Lillies

You'll lose your life, you won't last the night
on this starlit night, starlit night.
The cold attacks it cuts like a knife
The little birds watch she won't last the night
The snow like flies round a corpse descend
The birds sing we on her death depend
The cold attacks like a hungry dog
With bloodlust that wind has no remorse
Until your body is a corpse