

Blackmore's Night "Spanish Nights"

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Silent she rose
From the cold desert sands
Painted in shadows
A dark caravan...

Quiet as a wisper
With moves like a cat
She ruled like a storm cloud
Her eyes glowing black...

Oh, and they cried Malguena
Wait for me Malaguena
I remember it well...
Oh, and they cry Malaguena
Wait for me Malaguena
I remember it well...
Oh, too well...

And so they rode
On the wings of a song
Spinning in silence
The world was their own...
two lovers locked in the arms of the dance
Freedom begins with the game of the dance

And now they rise
Like a wave on the seas
Lost in a rhythm
And ever they'll be...

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