

Entreat "Miss Norbet"

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She dries flowers in the middle of The waves
It's not sure for whom. Is it mal d' amour?
She doesn't like to die but it gives her taste of
paradise.
She demands it now.
To get it now.

She enjoys sparkles at night.
Her sun is gray and her moon is brown.
She is a recluse groping in her hearth.
She is not sure what she's going to find.

Is your joy among angels?

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It's not sure for whom. Is it mal d' amour?
She doesn't like to die but it gives her taste of
paradise.
She demands it now.
To get it now.

Her peace and quiet scream very loud.
The wind has come to her heart.
She is sick of a dialogue in one.
She's wondering: "Am I mad?"
Dreams of being a rose to adore are sure not for her.
Sometimes you need so little to revive the illusive
belief.
Someday will all fade away and she hopes, and she
hopes...
Someday will all fade away and she waits, and she
waits...

"I don't want do die."

Dreams of being a rose to adore are sure not for her.
Sometimes you need so little to revive the illusive
belief.

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