

Fireworks

"Carmilla... Whispers From The Grave"

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I still feel her scent, the wind that caress her hats,
The winter renders me sad, task to her pale skin
In the nights of storm
The rain designs her face on the glasses of the window
of my room!

I walk between the trees, I feel your presence
Yours tomb is covered from the leaves
I remember your sweet smile, your deep looks
As in a dream. I hear. whispers from the grave!

Carmilla. whispers from the grave!

Wide awake me in my bed.
But my hands are dirty of earth
I feel it's scent on my skin
Two bleeding holes on my neck

She has carried to me in the reign of darkness
I feel myself to suffocate.
I can see also in the dark of my room
Now I'm a vampire

I walk between the trees, I am coming from you
Now. your tomb is open
I'm awaiting for you, your sweet lips
It's not a dream. I hear. whispers from the grave

Carmilla. is being raised from the tomb
Come to me. my dark love

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