

Gry "Svaermere"

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There lives under sorrow and tunnels of teardrops
In darkness of beetles and worms
A black little beast with chalk white in veins
In the deep where the dragons grow old
Deep down where the dragons grow old
I know that she lives there I often go down
At nighttime when high sky is gone
We make love between beetles and tickling worms
And drink of the dawn ink that dreams are made of
Follow the track that the rain leaves on windows
When tanglopper jump into midnattens toner
She smells light of clay
And whistles violent wind words
To svirende sv?vende Sv?rmere
iiiii
Sv?vende sv?rmere Sv?vende sv?rmere

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