

## **H.i.m. (his Infernal Majesty) "Behind The Crimson Door"**

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Covered the carcass of time with flowers  
To send the scent of blame to the grave  
Set the darkest thoughts on fire  
And watched the ashes climb to Heaven's gates  
We hide behind the crimson door  
While the summer is killed by the fall  
Alive behind the crimson door  
While the winter sings:  
"Your love will be the death of me" (Death of me)  
"Your love will be the death of me"  
Death served wine for lovers  
Brought from the world where devils reign  
And intoxicated angels with sorrow  
They witnessed in the eyes of their slaves  
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