

Death In December

"Runes And Men"

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With your hair of flaming Roses
Your kiss - Medusa's touch
Turn me to a pillar of salt
To die now would be perfection
Then my loneliness closes in
So, I drink a German wine
And drift in dreams of other lives
And greater times
White sheets wrap my mind
In drunken thoughts of runes and men
Why does the devil leave for us
This legacy of loneliness
This cry for the moon
And a dagger's thrust
With your hair of flaming blooms
And your eyes of saintly dusk
Then my loneliness closes in
So, I drink a German wine
And drift in dreams of other lives
And greater times...

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