

Wounded "Billet Doux"

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Billet Doux

Yet once beloved silencers, came to perish.
To enamoured hearts of eachother.
With darkness and night in their wings.
They bring silver tears in the eyes of lovers.

And on that sickly quiet evening,
The devil came to kiss his face.
Deceived him with a terrible presentiment.
And wrapped his heart in lace

How their hearts were one.
How they deranged eachother, with seductive flames.
They made sacred songs out of heathen deeds.
A forever legend bares their names.

It's so cold without you near me.
I'm so alone when your not here
As I long for my beloved angel,
Release me from my solitary fear.

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