

Moonspell

"Spring Of Rage"

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In your every moment
With your every breath
Even far away, your eyes are ways
Disputing my darkness

In your darkest hour
With the dying sun
Preying all alone
Your lips the downfall coloring my days

As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would incarnate

In your every movement lays a cruel fate
Even from a distance
Your hands of doom
Disquieting my darkness

As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would incarnate
As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would incarnate

Release my pain
Release my pain
Release my pain
Release my pain

Widowed in the whiteness pure
Clouded captive by the moon

As if in a spring of rage
Your fury and beauty would incarnate
As if in a spring of rage, as if in a spring of rage
Incarnate

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