

While your lips are still red – Nightwish

Sweet little words made for silence not talk
Young heart for love not heartache
Dark hair for catching the wind
Not to veil the sight of a cold world
Kiss while your lips are still red
While he's still silent
Rest while bosom is still untouched, unveiled
Hold another hand while the hand's still without a tool
Drown into eyes while they're still blind
Love while the night still hides the withering dawn
First day of love never comes back
A passionate hour's never a wasted one
The violin, the poet's hand
Every thawing heart plays your theme with care
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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych