

Behind the Crimson Door

HIM

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 gatesWe 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 meDeath served wine for lovers
Brought from the world where devils reign

And intoxicated angels with sorrow

They witnessed in the eyes of their slavesWe hide behind the crimson door
While the summer is killed by the fall

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