

# Ladies' Choice

## Darkwell

The chandeliers light  
The mirror's glance  
A shine not to bright  
An emotion of romance  
Mighty mirrors reflect the nobles proud bleed  
Golden chests contain the rich men wealth  
Sepulchral darkness surrounds the mind  
Lustrous slk hides the poor flesh  
The one who got my favour,  
Already dressed in purple blood  
Our steps are leaving a red trail,  
In the circle of my dance  
A green eyed man enters the hall  
His white skin awakes the red coloured dream  
Crackling tunes of breaking bones  
The warm liquid, it is my delight  
Voiceless screams surround my head  
my body fills with new life  
Renewing force flows through my veins  
Elated music supports the corpse dance

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