

Hands Of Gold

Delain

Blood-red and sweet
Mouthful of wine
I savour it
And taste the freedom
On your lips
And heaven knows
I tried
To steer away
Delicious danger
Made me stay
Now I'm closer
Closer to the edge
Closer to experience
all of life and all of death
Oh I'm falling
Closer, closer to the edge
Closer to experience
Into love and out of breath
I am falling Blood, red and sweet
Spill in excess
Stick to our hands
And in its rush we both shall rest
And pain nor fear
Can break
This bond, our chain
Together for our crimes
We'll pay
Some kill their love when they are young
And some when they are old
Some strangle with the Hands of Lust
Some with Hands of Gold The kindest use a knife because
The dead so soon grow old
Yet each man kills the thing he loves
By each let this be told
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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