

Full Colour Is the Night

Rotting Christ

Shall I tell you the legend
About a garden wearing its black
I'll tell you about the whispers
The dark eyes of the night
Moonlight is the brightness
Before each dawn
I lose my beauty
I lose my light
Full is the night
Fullfills my mind
The painters are the stars
Mix black with white
Paint all trees
The flowers
The waters
Full colour is the night
Free ride in the wind
With the queen of the night
Under the spell of her cold eyes
I dressed all I dress
Smell my difference
See my only love
Take no colours
Mesmerized in night

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