

It Ends When the Moon Loses Its Face

Galadriel

A bizarre picture of the death
That paints with the blood
In the canvas of your face
It ripples in the whirlpool of a dance Your palm's in the gesture
Of the last minute of life
It cools mine
You ripple in the whirlpool of the dance The insane dance of us
It ends when the moon loses its face
I fade in the rippling level
Of the labyrinth of time
Blood tears of mine flow
Out of my eyes Blood tears of mine flow
Out of my eyelids
In a beauty sealed forever
There reflects our end

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