

Be the valentine, rip the heart of mine
Give your innocence to the brightest of dreams
This is harvest time, taste the bloodred wine
Of this gilded art, it is spilled from my own heart

It's so hard to see my face
In the mirror's cold disgrace
I wonder what is this I have become
A childish forlorn wish
So easy to seduce
Seems like it's just one step to fall down

Be the valentine, rip the heart of mine
Give your innocence to the brightest of dreams

I can hardly write these lines
Cause I already have signed
My name across the wall of prayers
Now I listen to my name
Sounding like a blame
I close my eyes and start to sing my song

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Give your innocence to the brightest of...
This is harvest time, taste the bloodred wine
Of this gilded art, it is spilled from my own heart

If I'm looking back behind
To long forgotten times
There's something that is burning on and on

I live in memories, cast into melodies
They die in harmony with greed and treachery

Pactum fraudis - sanguinans

How can I run from this hurting,
Neverending pain