

The Princess

BlutEngel

Frozen landscapes, flowers made of ice
I see her traces in the snow
I am waiting for this winter night
Will she come to rescue me
Is it time to go

She is a princess and her heart is made of ice
But there is no coldness in her soul
She tries to heal my eternal pain

She is a princess in a world so full of tears
But there is no bitterness in her words
She takes my hand to show me love

I hear her voice, it's pure and full of hope
I see a bright moon in the sky
I am searching for her eyes and wish
That she will melt the snow in my heart

I wish to sleep again, to dream her fairytale once more
To feel her endless grace, she'll find the doubt inside me
Oh, let me dream