

## Christina

Theatres Des Vampires

When the Moon shines into  
The deepest night  
A star hides its silver face  
No hope here is still alive  
With her pale white skin  
And her black long hair  
Christina calls your name  
She calls you  
From the grave  
A call of death, a call of pain  
When she calls  
You can't run away  
A call of lust, a call of hate  
And every night you die again  
Dancing on the grave  
Dancing for her lost love  
Craving for your pain  
And rising from the cold frost  
In her mortal embrace  
The last breath in the night  
Before a new dawn comes again  
Before the Sun shines  
A call of death, a call of pain  
When she calls  
You can't run away  
A call of lust, a call of hate  
And every night you die again  
Dancing on the grave  
Dancing for her lost love  
Craving for your pain  
And rising from the cold frost  
Dancing on the grave  
Dancing for her lost love  
Craving for your pain  
And rising from the cold frost  
When you hear her cry  
Your soul is lost in her sorrow  
When the Sun dies  
You can see Christina laying down on her tombstone  
Dancing on the grave  
Dancing for her lost love  
Craving for your pain  
And rising from the cold frost  
Dancing on the grave  
Dancing for her lost love  
Craving for your pain  
And rising from the cold frost