

Russian Doll

Ulver

She was born in 1989
In a hidden corner
By the White Sea

Eyes wide closed
A stolen object
Of wanton desire
Sweet nothings in her ear
A little red rose
Running with the wolves

It's our secret, two of hearts
Racing through the night
Crossing the love, two of hearts
One inside another
In the trunk of a car, two of hearts
One inside another (One inside another)

She was born in 1989
In a hidden corner
By the White Sea

Eyes wide open
A stolen object
Of desire
Face down

Under the influence
Love is a kind of crime
A broken promise
It burns like hell
When things come crashing down

A smoking gun
A story within a story

It's such a crying shame, two of hearts
Racing through the night
Crossing the love, two of hearts
One inside another
In the trunk of a car, two of hearts
Racing through the night
Crossing the love, two of hearts
One inside another
In the trunk of a car