

Imperial Winter White

(Lyrics: Lars F. Frøislie)

Sad Lady sits by herself in the Chimney of Evil
Feelings she gets when the people are trying to feel well
And the faces of creatures are lying alone in the dark
No one will know when the madmen will tear us apart

You may find the hidden key locked inside the barren tree
Open up the blackest door underneath the hill

So, you come inside my mind, sparkling silver all around
Trapped inside these prison walls near the open pit

Dig so deep and you will see how you taste like Trinity
Selling curtains to a priest watching over you

Ponds are filled with juicy fruit, eating grass: Oh fluffy mute!
Don't you see a meaning here, starting to appear?