

Malukah, The Wolven Storm - Priscilla's Song

These scars long have yearned for your tender caress
To bind our fortunes, damn what the stars own
Rend my heart open, then your love profess
A winding, weaving fate to which we both atone

You flee my dream come the morning
Your scent - berries tart, lilac sweet
To dream of raven locks entwisted, stormy
Of violet eyes, glistening as you weep

Za wilczym śladem podążę w zamieć
I twoje serce wytropię uparte
Przez gniew i smutek, stwardniałe w kamień
Rozpalę usta smagane wiatrem

Z moich snów uciekasz nad ranem
Cierpka jak agrest, słodka jak bez
Chcę śnić czarne loki splątane
Fiołkowe oczy mokre od łez

I know not if fate would have us live as one
Or if by love's blind chance we've been bound
The wish I whispered when it all began
Did it forge a love you might never have found?

The Wolf I will follow into the storm
To find your heart it's passion displaced
The Wolf I will follow into the storm

The wish I whispered when it all began
Did it forge a love to might never have found?