

# Vanden Plas, Scarlet Flower Fields

One day before the rain only for a moment the earth inhales again  
it seems like time stood still before the wind creeping to the trees upon the hill  
And a blind man finds a way between the beauty and decay  
Over roses in the dust, behind doors are made to rust  
Lies a field of a thousand nails beneath cemetery vales

(chorus)

And one day before the rain  
He is searching there again  
Where no one ever meets  
And one day before the rain  
He is searching there again  
Where no one ever meets  
on the Scarlet Flower Fields

The scent of sweet perfume is a lair of pale illusions with a tainted Paris tune  
The dark an lonely side binds this liquid marriage for shadows and the light  
Somewhere by the fireside lies a man, eyes open wide  
Flee on the effect of plants, he translates and understands  
For the hidden side to see in this secret poetry

(chorus)

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