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Spur of the moment dedication till le Fantôme de l'Opera, Eric...vet inte om det är Christine eller bara någon random femme, bestäm själv. Trots vad alla säger så älskade jag filmen från 2004. Så det så! :p

My Phantom, reveal yourself

What is it that you hide behind that white mask of yours,
Why do your eyes burn with those black fires when I look into them?
What is it about you that make me so mesmerized,
Why can't I seem to keep you out of my dreams?
They talk about the dreaded "Opera Ghost",
Tell me that he kills for sport in the shadowed corners.
Is it just talk from people who do not understand your greatness,
Or is there a darker side to you that you won't let me see?
I have told myself to keep away from you,
That my young life should be filled by the light of day,
Not the darkness of eternal night in your cavernous realm,
But my resolve crumbles when I hear your alluring voice.
Time seems to stand still when you are with me,
And I would gladly give up all for you, if you but asked for it.
Why do you have this power over me,
Why am I so helpless before your concealed face, my Phantom?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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