

I heard in the dark, soft pairings.
Under the leaves, naked shoulders.
Under the moss, skinny sides.
Don't wake from your sleep.

(I know where the common man?)
Who would judge what they didn't understand.

Sacrilege, and they keep on dancing.
Heretics, they spin round and round.
Blasphemies circle round the fire.
Don't wake from your sleep.

Tossing their heads, eyes of fire.
Leaving their beds of leaves and briars.
Singing their spells to heathen gods.
Don't wake from your sleep.

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