

Mirrors Magic Sights

Autumn

And she's dreaming about
The view over the castle down below
There is no doubt
A curse came upon her
As she knows...
The voices of reapers
Shading off into sounds of the night
Becomes visible in a mirror
The mirror with it's magic sights
The cause of the inner row
Is the promise of horror and strife
If she keeps looking at the beauty below
Despair will take over her life
Her eyes , her deep blue eyes
She averts them from the casement
And she is weaving
While the loom obeys her hands
Weaving...
Lustful groaning by moonlight
A luscious mistress and her paramours
Making love in the brewing night
Till dawn they enjoy each other
While being a mirrors magic sight
And when someone dies
A threnody sounds from the towers
So she weaving in her web
Also weaving a funeral
Under sunbeam showers