

Two Flies Flew into a Black Sugar Cobweb

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They have to go.
Get out of the house!
Get out of the house!
Leave! Right now!
They need help!
But no soul seems to be around
Ghastly are the calls of some black crows
Shrieking outside
As if these creatures sense the fact
That someone inside just die

Traumatized and shocked!
With trembling hands the girl grabs a piece of pie
A bottle of water, a knife for protection
And throws all that in a plastic bag.
Run!!!
The monster is still asleep
And his two children run fast while the weep
Driven by an intense anxiety
The second escape to safety
They will never forget
Such a devastating sight
The image of their mother's
Successful suicide

They definitely learnt the hard way
From their mistake
There's another path through the woods
They now will take
The children are tired and afraid
They went astray from the only path
They are now lost in the cold depths of these baleful woods
The dark is getting thicker and thicker and thicker
Oh... come little brother, we must seek shelter now
We will wait until the next day
At dawn we will find the way

Oh thank god, daylight!
It was a most frightening and dreary night
The sun smiles friendly down upon this place
It lights a path out of this maze

The forest is now behind them
And the city has been found
Though their attention gets drawn
To a small weatherworn playground
Hungry, thirsty
Such an exhausting journey
Catching their breaths on a scratched bench
Next to a rusty slide
Here hangs a filthy stench
They hear a squeaking sound

And someone suddenly begins to sing
A man dressed up as a clown, singing songs
On the swing
His face seems friendly

But also kind of sick
And... Ta-da!
He makes their sorrows shortly disappear
By performing a magic trick

Oh children,
There is a house built of gingerbread
Covered with cakes and a thousand sweets
It is mine.
Follow me.
You will see.
You can eat.
You'll be warm.
You'll be just fine.

He conjures up two candies
They look sweet but are somehow tasteless
They become drowsy in the back of the car
And then they lose their consciousness
They lose their consciousness

Children, there is no house built of a gingerbread ahead
My sweetest lies all lead towards a bitter place instead
But one thing I promise you is true
No one will ever find you.