

I thrive in my frozen garden
The fullmoon is mine to caress
To kiss and embrace
And in deep delight, I roam the night

The careless father's words of 'love'
Even dead people talk
I caress not beds of roses
For I know them not, love is dead
All forgot

Pleasure to the swine
No, pleasure is mine
For old swine they die
I wish them not goodbye