

Nocturne

Paralysed Age

The Greek sword over the head of your bed
It swings around like a mobile
To help you sleep don't be silly
No sudden movement or you'll sleep forever
Thorn in your eye and an awful smell
With the early morning sun

Sleep tight stay quiet
Don't move don't moan
Don't toss nor turn
Nocturne

This is not a warning were not like that
It shall only show how far we can go
You see we could
But if we would
It depends on you

The horses head at the foot of your bed
Smiles at you like the first smile
On the first morning but its eyes gaze
Gone and empty and the sheets and the carpet
Have sucked his blood and an awful smell
With the early morning sun

Sleep tight.