

Polishing Silver

Sopor Aeternus

I could be like a snowflake
fallen all the way from heaven into a magpie's nest,
only to place my powdered cheek gently upon his hairy
chest.
I could be his Maiden Marianne gift-wrapped in cloak
and silken hood,
oh, a robin-redbreast sitting high up in the tree-tops
...-
of his mo(u)rning wood.

I need, I need a silver-furred
a sugar sugar-daddy-bear,
someone who loves the front of me,
who likes to pay and loves to care.
A frizzly ursus, strong but cute,
adorable in leather, denim or tweed-suit.
I'd polish silver, 'cause I long to be spooned
on the dark, dark side of the palest moon ...

Mandrake grows beneath the gallows
in the shape of the one thing
that you should never swallow.
I know, he may look like the cutest thing you've ever
seen
but, Honey, we just don't know
where this old thing of his had been ...

I almost had a secret love affair
with a dead boy's underwear.
I nicked it from the mortuary,
but the damn thing was far too small for me.

That's why each time I hear the postman ring,
I can't help wondering what he might bring.
Oh, will he have something for me,
and, if so, I wonder ... how large will his package be?

The chimney-sweep, the chimney-sweep,
he came at two o'clock,
I showed him where the furnace was,
and he showed me his cock.
He wore a bomber-jacket, black, but his hair-cut was
crap,
it took him rather long to finish his annual check ...

A sylvan stronghold for the golden child,
built and looked after by heart beguiled.
A guard, a servant and a loyal king,
a winter-garden and a thermal-spring ...