

Dirge "Morphée Rouge"

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Wisps of smoke
Scented foams
Dress the ceiling with drips of shades
As the great moth spins carmine veils

Bees and dragonflies
Fireflies as bedside lights
Sigh in sails until welkin thrills
As winged arms turn the Catherine wheel

Cyanide lips
Hemlock sleep
Dreams in formaldehyde
Slowly mourn, sink and die

Give me blooms and gardens
That would awake me
Blow on me dandelions
As daffodils scream
But no radiant eastern glare

There's just this scarlet purity
Bowing head, bended knees
Red moth release me
Release me

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