

Fireworks

"A Sad Litany Of Vampires"

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She sleeps on a bed of roses and thorns
Her pale face, candid like the snow
The taste of the blood
Is a sweet memory
The forest wraps to you
In its icy embrace

The girl walks in the forest
Tightens the hands on the breast
Sad litany

Every night she crossed the village
Every door is sluice
It is the cursed one

Saves your family, saves your sons,
Other blood will be scattered!!

It was one sweet child
She loved the sun and the flowers
A night it came and sank its teeth in the hers warm
meat
Her heart has become black like the dark
She becomes a wild animal
She wants the blood. the blood

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