

Morgul

"Ragged Little Dolls"

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Assailed by ever returning nightmares
silent as a moths wings
yet cruel and violent, a dwelling place of demons
and other seemingly more tender things.
But their fragile appearance deceive
they come, they come, it calls
surely worthy of my outmost fear
ragged little dolls

Tiny little feet, tiny little hands
tiny little still heart
shiny steaming marbled eyes

Who goes there? come forth
from the shadows, let me see

trembling with fear but still that is my wish
because no dream can ever hurt me.
In the pale moonlight a most hideous face
laughing hysterically, more and more
yet underneath, a whitering reflection
of a beauty that once was there.
Awakened by screams, mu own it seems
and the rumbling sound
of the rain, a thin stream of blood
from where her hand touched
I dear not fall asleep, ever again...

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