

Paralysed Age

"Nocturne"

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The greek sword over the head of your bed
It swings around like a mobilee
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 it's 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...

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