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The Vision Bleak "I Dined With The Swans"

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Night... silent night Snow on the roof My breath turned to ice My mind was aloof

Cold winter moon Shone through the reed Glistering frost What night for my deed!

Onward and onward Away from the light To the lake by the grove To a beautiful white

Ah - what innocence The nature of grace But there shall be blood I would mire this place!

White turned to red As I tore them apart I dined with the swans I drank from their heart

Their fevering cries Dulled with a crack I broke all their spines I drank from their neck

As I came back to myself I heard not one sound Feathers fell like snow Unto cold sparkling ground

I divided from remorse In this night of great chill And vanished into the darkness It was time for a kill...

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