

Sopor Aeternus

"A Strange Thing To Say"

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I know it must seem to you like the strangest thing to say,
But in the winter of his presence I've always felt warm and safe.
I always knew no skirt no suit would ever bother me,
As long as he is present, as long as this man stayed close to me.

I do like his company, I enjoy it, in fact,
He's the only human friend that I ever had,
Which is quite ironic, 'cause he's mostly occupied
By the methods that exist to blow out people's lights...

I wouldn't be surprised at all,
If someday I found out
That he had thoroughly checked on my life
And on my background,
And confidently reconfirmed
By the things he didn't find,
He then granted me access to a small part
Of his secret life...

I know it must seem to you
Like the strangest thing to say,
But in the winter of his presence
I've always felt warm and safe...

I never had to worry though, it can't give me the chills,
Because, you see, men are the only species that he kills.
Oh, that's why I love his company, quite enjoy it, in fact,
He is the only human friend that I ever had.

I rarely ponder on him
In the wayward hours of the day,
But am surprised at my own delight
I find in seeing him again.
White shirt, black tie, exquisite twine,
I'm brewing tea, he's having wine.
It's quite seductive, if it's right,

The perfect way to spend the night...

I do like his company, I enjoy it, in fact,
He's the only human friend that I ever had,
Which is quite ironic, 'cause he's mostly occupied
By the methods that exist to blow out people's lights...
I never had to worry though, it can't give me the chills,
Because, you see, men are the only species that he kills.
Oh, that's why I love his company, quite enjoy it, in fact,
He is the only human friend that I ever had.

Each act performed is like a ballet, a prayer, precise and acute.

Oh, how I do admire such perfect business-like attitude,
Both in style and execution, virtuously immaculate... -
And flawlessly equated to the savage fee that he has set.

Built just like the ideal of an athlete, my champion of sorts.
His price is one that only broken hearts are willing to afford.
Death is always quite disastrous, messy, common and obscene,
But in the golden hour when he leaves all is stainless, all is clean...

If I, one day, might also decide to need
This special kind of service that this man provides,
Oh, I will pray that my fate kindly agrees to the plot,
And sends someone like this man to come and finish the job.
Because I just cannot bear the foul and blasphemous thought
That involves getting slain by some filthy amateur's hands.

I know it must seem to you like the strangest thing to say,
But in the winter of his presence I always felt warm and safe.

I know that you must surely think me mad,
But he's the most human friend that I ever had...

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