

Sopor Aeternus

"Always Within The Hour"

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Have I, without knowledge, made a subtle pass at you,
or have the
poses that are mine to strike then perhaps posed a
threat to you?
Have I crossed the thin line now, that guards your un-
enchanted barn,
was it my simple friendliness that stirred the peasants,
causing this
alarm?

Häxnsel, call your soldiers back, this witch sticks to her
gingerbread.
Girlfriends, wives or fiancées will save your sacred
straightness from disgrace.

Such ugliness laid eyes on you in conversation, plain to
see.
Your signals, clearly advertising, stressing the obvious
to me!
Oh, bite your tongue, is it too much to ask for, can't you
just for
once, keep it in.
Oh, please don't say it! - spare me your painful
arrogance!

Häxnsel, call your soldiers back, this witch sticks to her
gingerbread.
Girlfriends, wives or fiancées will save your sacred
straightness from disgrace.

Say:
Have I, without knowledge, made a subtle pass at you,
or have the
poses that are mine to strike then perhaps posed a
threat to you?
Have I, out of saddest habit, stared for too long at one
spot?
Or has my silence been mistaken for pondering on your
private parts?

Häxnsel, call your soldiers back, this witch sticks to her

gingerbread.

Girlfriends, wives or fianc es will save your sacred
straightness from disgrace

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