

## Sopor Aeternus "Polishing Silver"

Visit "[Polishing Silver](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I could be like a snowflake  
Fallen all the way from heaven into a magpie's nest,  
Only to place my powdered cheek gently upon his hairy  
chest.  
I could be his Maiden Marianne gift-wrapped in cloak  
and silken hood,  
Oh, a robin-redbreast sitting high up in the tree-tops... -  
Of his mo(u)rning wood.

I need, I need a silver-furred  
A sugar sugar-daddy-bear,  
Someone who loves the front of me,  
Who likes to pay and loves to care.  
A frizzly ursus, strong but cute,  
Adorable in leather, denim or tweed-suit.  
I'd polish silver, 'cause I long to be spooned  
On the dark, dark side of the palest moon...

Mandrake grows beneath the gallows  
In the shape of the one thing  
That you should never swallow.  
I know, he may look like the cutest thing you've ever  
seen  
But, Honey, we just don't know  
Where this old thing of his had been...

I almost had a secret love affair  
With a dead boy's underwear.  
I nicked it from the mortuary,  
But the damn thing was far too small for me.

That's why each time I hear the postman ring,  
I can't help wondering what he might bring.  
Oh, will he have something for me,  
And, if so, I wonder... how large will his package be?

The chimney-sweep, the chimney-sweep,  
He came at two o'clock,  
I showed him where the furnace was,  
And he showed me his cock.  
He wore a bomber-jacket, black, but his hair-cut was

crap,  
It took him rather long to finish his annual check...

A sylvan stronghold for the golden child,  
Built and looked after by heart beguiled.  
A guard, a servant and a loyal king,  
A winter-garden and a thermal-spring...

Visit [Sopor Aeternus](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.