

Sopor Aeternus

"We Have A Dog To Exercise"

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When the old ghost of suicide
creeps slowly back into your mind,
then everything is bleak and blurred ... -
down here in the short-sighted world.
Yet, this time I have to insist
on the sharpness of the things I missed ... -
this once so loyal friend ..., he's not that welcome
anymore.

White, fragile porcelain-boy,
some minor things shall be left unsaid,
yes, you share the strongest desire for beauty,
as like all the "enchanted" you are more than blessed
with it.

The boy is a prison-cell ... that like a child needs to be
washed and fed ... -
These are just two of the things that I have a tendency
to forget.

The heavy smell of rotting flowers is chanting through
the prison doors,
We kiss the dying world goodbye ... and leave it in
good hands at the morque.

Well, on the second day of excavation,
tell me, what did you expect to find?
Be careful when you scratch the surface,
'cause we all have a dog to exercise.

We are not lovers, we are LIKERS ... -
We are merely hands and shake

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