

The Virgins

"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
Glistening 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...

