

## Theatre Of Ice "She Sleeps"

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She sleeps in the sated bed  
Shadows creep among the spinnets of fire  
"It's very nice to be home again"  
The man in her dream  
Announces with a mottled tongue  
A choaked scream  
The shattered dream  
Blood drips from reeking garlic above  
Virgins dancing in front of some sanctified tree  
The perfume of a million corpses  
Suffocates the sleeping girl  
A low moan evokes this strangled air  
Her palid face becomes strainrd  
Over and over she wails  
This galic keener  
Tearing her hair  
Drowning in her own red blood

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