

# I Dined With The Swans

The Vision Bleak

Night... silent night  
Snow on the roof  
My breath turned to ice  
My mind was aloof

Cold winter moon  
Shone through the reed  
Glistering 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...