

Mandragora Scream, Little Zombies

There was a day
where many ways
seemed to be one...
And where my life
ran to the dark
for the love of my light
Over the hill come alive the Angels
(there are many glances)
every night it's the time of the Zombies
(they are little eyes of light)
And if you want
to know where I go
when you leave me alone
Come! where the purple
roses are born
and sleeps the child...
They've a little bed of red roses
(and bright flames of life)
they've shrill wings of bright light
(they're little children of the night)
Come here! Don't be afraid
This disk...it's a life potion!?