

Abney Park, Sacrilege

I heard in the dark, soft pairings.
Under the leaves, naked shoulders.
Under the moss, skinny sides.
Dont wake from your sleep.

I know where the common man
Will judge what they dont understand.

Sacrilege, and we keep on dancing.
Heretic, whisking round and round.
Blasphemies that go round the fire.
Dont wake from your sleep.

Tossing their heads, eyes of fire.
Leaving their beds of leaves and briars.
Singing their spells to heathen gods.
Dont wake from your sleep.

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