

Eerie Von, Madonnica Diabolita

A crepe it hangs upon a wreath of black
Comes a gentle rock of a baby casket
Forth and back, this way, then that

Its eyes not yet wide open, a heart born already broken
Its eyes not yet wide open, a heart born already broken
Still a tiny smile crawls across his lips
Not an angel, but not quite a man
Gifted with tooth, almost a fang
Hooves afoot and claws almost at hand, gifted with tooth, almost a fang

His eyes not yet wide open, a heart born already broken
His eyes not yet wide open, a heart born already broken
Still a tiny smile crawls across his lips, with evil at his fingertips
Still a tiny smile crawls across his lips, with evil at his fingertips

The sun does rise and will set in his eyes
Do no wrong, only right in her mind
The mother of the newborn evil
Does not realize

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