

Miranda Sex Garden, Sleeping Beauty

how long had she been waiting there,
behind her cold and dusty veil?
her heart, still beating red and soft and warm,
her skin, left hanging off in threads.

tales of blood and tears, lie cold on her face,
her veins so blue, her heart so red and wild
and free.

how could he know he'd come too soon,
to look behind her ghostly veil?
and how could he have known he'd come too far,
beyond her cold and stoney walls?

tales of blood and tears, lie cold on her face,
her veins so blue, her heard so read and wild
and free.