

Swans, Trust Me

Don't let the troll into your bed
he'll take your soul then eat your head
inside the honey hollow space
licking his fingertips of cake
He brings the whirling deep in your heart
then sing as twirling demons dark
to take you down beneath the ridge
To where is found his silent bridge
Still is the water green and thick
he'll drag you under with his stick
see flaxen gold floats there through the mist
he killed someone's daughter with his wick
An arm with grey skin bobs slowly in the pit
No don't let the troll creep in your door
he'll take you in sleep to his chamber of horror
are you dreaming no use pleading
are you dreaming he'll soon be feeding