Little Zombies

Mandragora Scream

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/thry'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!?

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