

Crystal grave under the snow

Green melons, mangoes and figs
Where only cucumbers should grow
Talking about guinea pigs
In a crystal grave under the snow

O seals,
O rosy frozen shrimps in the blue frozen sea
Cold meals
Are raining o'er my head but all I want's a cup of tea

Grey snails
And purple oozy slugs inside my underwear
My nails
Are bleeding as I dig for vegetables everywhere
But all I could find there was

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Leave me alone dear,
I'm talking to Lord Gere
We're trying together
To device a better,
A new kind of happy disease

O don't ever tell me
You don't think it's funny
I'm here to answer all your questions, provided you say " please "
O please, O please, please, o why ?

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Dark lands
Are spreading before me, reeking of icy fear
Black hands
Are searching for me silently, I know they must be near
But all there's to find here is

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Crystal grave under the snow, crystal grave under the snow (x2)