

## Carousel

## Death in June

She came to me  
Whilst times were low  
And smiled at me  
Through eyes of stone  
We danced and laughed  
It's all so cold  
Like wingless insects  
Born to crawl

We climbed in vain  
Destined to fall  
Into graves  
A broken soul  
Now nothing's left  
Except my hate  
Oh which I leave  
To one and all