

Preparations are well advanced
Velvet palls and sweet jasmine smell
For marriage of heaven and hell
Vipers shed at once the skin
Now wicked clasps forgive all sins
Wishing you joy with much regret
Like a cross round the devil's neck
Deadly hatred has fallen in love

The upper crust
Feed on trust
And lies to the last
To wear the crown
Of kings and clowns
And always tell new fables

Still life
A masquerade to appear
Worm eaten apple
Shining like a star
Beware of
The forked tongued lambs
Guardian angels
Dig your grave by night

Enchanted by the gloss of silk
Trust build them a triumphal arch
While organ dirges their wedding march
For feathers dancing in the wind
Apparence is like a dazzling ring
But as you know roses soon fade
Even in fables ready made
Deadly hatred has fallen in love

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And no wonder if the dumb will not be silent as the grave
None is so deaf as those that won't hear
All that glitter is not gold