

... Brujilda...



*Chocolate buttons, marzipan
Biscuits filled with fruity jam
Jelly tots and honey comb
This house is made of sweets, not stone!*

*Behind a veil of innocence
A ticking clock keeps ticking on
Creaking doors, vibrating floors
No one's here, there's something wrong!*

*Searching for a light or switch
It's on and now I see the witch
Broom in hand and temper strong
She's chasing us, so let's be gone!*

*Out the door we run so fast
Free again, free at last
But still I feel a sense of shock
When I hear the ticking clock!*

*Written by
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