

# Black As the Devil Painteth (Rmx V2)

## Theatre of Tragedy

An artist is what is call'd the self the brush holdeth -  
Though hath it then caringly caress'd the Canvas of tomorrow?  
O Canvas! for thee I hold my tool - still passionless it quivereth  
Minding not that my hands are more than apt;  
My Muse, Where is hidden  
The blue-hued arch'nearth the High Heaven's rich emblazonry  
The flowery meadow, embrac'd by the horizon -  
snowflaked and airy mountains,  
In which the barebreasted maidens dance to the lay o'midsummer,  
Aloft the distant lazy flapping of the doves in vaingfore.O Canvas! wherefore canst thou these images not  
allow? -  
I deem a projection of my Theatre they sould be! -  
Then, I challenge thee the wisdom of naysaying the yearns o'mine -  
What is this unforeseen that not enjoyneth light  
shades to be skillfully painted?The raven sky prey'd on by the snowfill'd, blustery clouds  
Unadorned the meadow - hunger driveth the wolf out of the wood,  
The maidens chained and whipped within a dreary dungeon -  
And, fo! 'twixt the wizen roses a mossy grave;  
"The Devil is as Black as He Painteth" -  
O Canvas! wherefore?...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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