

# Morella

## Pierrot Lunaire

Morella was a friend of mine  
I never loved her, but we married  
She made me happy in a way I can't explain  
A kind of mystic happiness Talking of philosophy we spent many hours  
May awareness of yourself still survive to death?  
I was very happy then, listenin' to her  
Till a day, a fatal day, joy was turned to hate! Hating my Morella I wished her to die  
Illness fell upon her, she began to fade  
She told me to listen, "I've something to tell:  
Who you never loved in life, you will love in death"[chorus]  
"This is the day of days, the day to live and die, for all the daughters of death and sky  
Tonight we're gonna die, but I will live again  
The time of pain for you has began" Growin' up day by day, pretty little girl  
Our daughter I did love more than you can now  
So resembling to her mother, too wise for a child  
I never gave a name to her, until she was ten  
I had to baptize her, we went to the church  
And the priest he asked me the name of the girl  
Still I don't know why "Morella" did I say  
Screaming "Here I am!" my little daughter died[chorus] And when I went to our family's tomb to bury the  
second Morella, I didn't find any sign of the  
first. And I began to laugh... and laugh... and laugh...

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