

The Window

Minstrels Of Mayhem

Now why do you stand by the window
 Abandoned to beauty and pride
The thorn of the night in your bosom
 The spear of the age in your side?
 Lost in the rages of fragrance
 Lost in the rags of remorse
 Lost in the waves of the sickness
 That loosens the high silver nerves
 Oh chosen love, oh frozen love
 Oh tangle of matter and ghost
 Oh darling of angels, demons and saints
And the whole broken-hearted host, gentle this soul
 And come forth from your cloud of unknowing
 And kiss the cheek of the moon
 The new Jerusalem glowing
 Why tarry all night in this ruin?
 And leave no word of discomfort
 Or leave no observer to mourn
 But climb on your tears and be silent
 Like the rose on its ladder of thorns
 Oh chosen love, oh frozen love
 Oh tangle of matter and ghost
 Oh darling of angels, demons and saints
And the whole broken-hearted host, gentle this soul
 Then lay your rose on the fire
 The fire give up to the sun
 The sun give over to splendor
 In the arms of the high holy one
 For the holy one dreams of a letter
 Dreams of a letter's death
 Bless thee continuous stutter
 Of the word being made into flesh
 Oh chosen love, oh frozen love
 Oh tangle of matter and ghost
 Oh darling of angels, demons and saints
And the whole broken-hearted host, gentle this soul
 Oh chosen love, oh frozen love
 Oh tangle of matter and ghost
 Oh darling of angels, demons and saints

And the whole broken-hearted host, gentle this soul, gentle this soul

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