

Hollow-Hearted Heart-Departed

Theatre of Tragedy

"Filthy harlots - the Lord's grape!
With lore ornamented entreating;
Hollow-hearted, heart-departed -
Yet thou reapest the blooming rose -
When 'tis the weed which is to be swath'd""And me in the yesterday bind?!""Hah! - for thee even a hound
holdeth the throne.
Unwanted child of mother! - Plague of plagues!
Father of leprous children.
I wield ye to stint this brawl!
Night is the ford - yet harken! - do not thwart!
Desirest thou to do it withal,
I shall cause thy body by one head too short!
Sayest ye nay to my boon,
Then wilt thou from bloodsheld swoon!""Err me not! - Must ye bethink my foolhardiness!
Be vanished! - Be hanished! -
If ye deemest me not wroth.
My hand hieth to unsheathe the sword
Lest thou dost totter -
Whid along! - Wherefore irk my haughtiness?""No man... No man at all!
Be it lord of beggar
Bereaveth my dignity!""Loom my darling sun -
Bear the scarlet colour!""Wherefore bereave
The kine of the sward?
Wherefore holdest thou for
Me such a quailing scowl?""I do, in the blooming flower, pleasure find!""Innocence is reserved for the meek:
Of naught is my grasp ne'er to be!"

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

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