

# Sir Æn

## Zobop

Haste not thine wisdom, for the hollow is ta'en -  
By whom, know I not; 'lack! am I of twain -  
And as a crux - cede I my words -  
Fro my heart wilt thou ne'er  
Have I been 'sooth sinsyne.  
Be left without - come! Thine voice is oh so sweet, I speer thine pine,  
Ryking for me:  
Ryking for thee;  
"List and heed", thou say'st  
Wistful, whistful -  
Chancing to lure.  
Chancing to lure,  
Skirl and skreigh, but for thine ears, aye, lown 'tis -  
Dodge na 'way herefro, do come here in eath! Mayhap lured by the scent of lote -  
'Od! - the foetid - eft hie back I mote;  
For what I did my soul atrounced,  
How I wish for thee again,  
O! do believe me, 'twasn't a frounce.  
Will I give thee it: Troth. Thine voice is oh so sweet, I speer thine pine,  
Ryking for me:  
Ryking for thee;  
"List and heed", thou say'st  
Wistful, whistful -  
Chancing to lure.  
Chancing to lure,  
Skirl and skreigh, but for thine ears, aye, lown 'tis -  
Dodge na 'way herefro, do come here in eath!

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