

# Cassandra

## The CrÃ¼xshadows

He gave to her, yet tenfold claim'd in return -  
She hath no life but the one he for her wrought;  
Proffer'd to her his wauking heart - she turn'd it down,  
Riposted with a tell-tale lore of lies and scorn. Prophetess or fond?,  
Tho' her parle of truth:  
"I ken to-morrow - refell me if ye can!",  
Yet the kiss and breath - Apollo's bane -  
Ser of the future, not of twain,  
"Sicker!", quoth Cassandra. Still, is she lief and quaint in his eyne, a sight divine? -  
A mistress fuell'd by his prest haughtiness -  
If he did grant, wherefore then did he not foresee,  
Belike egal as it to him might be?! Prophetess or fond?,  
Tho' her parle of truth:  
"I ken to-morrow - refell me if ye can!",  
Yet the kiss and breath - Apollo's bane -  
Ser of the future, not of twain,  
"Sicker!", quoth Cassandra. 'Or was he an eried being,  
'Or was he weening - alack nay mo;  
Her naysay' raught his heart,  
Her daffing was the grave of all hope -  
She belied her own words,  
He thought her life, save moreo'er scourge,  
She held him august, yet wee;  
He left her ne'er without his heart.

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