

All Lovers Lost

Faith and the Muse

I am my only thief and jailor keep
Bedeviled and priest beseech
The pander come to me
But mad love is religion enough
For my heart
And to those I gave life
Confessions of a gift worth end
I am the spirit's grin kissed
With the taste of silent tears
And the glutton for emptiness
Can feast on my heart
Such is the reign of banishment
In my heart
And all lovers lost
Find them in the heart of darkness
In the minds where my dear alvina weeps
Once lifted their voice in praise
Argus-eyed my useful ghost
Did lose its mind
Still they curse my former name
But mad love is religion enough
For my heart

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