

Ode to Melancholy

Empyrium

Melancholy - still my desire for thy precious tragedian wine...
Sweep me away, into the vale of thine!
Where sorrow's strong and so is joy. Melancholy - still my desire, O let my heart by thee inspire...
O fill the air with thy sweet scent,
Let thy light, thy star crescent. Wherever she dwells I will bid a farewell sigh
For she dwells with beauty - beauty that must die
And deep inside me I will wait for her return
To her enchanting, awe-inspiring flame I'll yearn O lust and rueful thought be mine,
My soul enhanced, desires...
Melancholy.
My heart is thine.

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