

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 yearnO lust and rueful thought be mine,

My soul enhanced, desires...

Melancholy.

My heart is thine.

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