The Prologue

Halsey

Two households, both alike in dignity
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love
And the continuance of their parents' rage
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage
The which if you with patient ears attend
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mendI am a child of a
Money hungry, prideful country
Grass is green and it's always sunny
Hands so bloody, tastes like honey
I'm finding it hard to leaveI am a child of a money hungry, prideful country
Grass is green and it's always sunny
Hands so bloody, tastes like honey
I'm finding it hard to leave

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