

The Music I Heard Once

Emilie Autumn

The music I heard once
Was louder than it is now
I can no longer distinguish
Pained cries from shouts of joy
Perhaps my ears are deaf
Or the interference too great
Still the order I remember
Has given way to discord
And while running wild was exciting
It was so only for a moment
Fleeting as a note
Leaving an even more transparent impression
The music I recall
Was different than it is now
For the new makes the old seem older than it is
To think from that
We grew into a new age
Suggests that ages past
Were not enough for adventuring souls
For stars too bright to be concealed
In a dark but beautiful night
We will paste upon the curled pages words
Like charming and romantic and sentimental
Forgetting that charming is witchcraft
Romantic is love
And sentiment is what makes us human

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