

Lorelei

Theatre of Tragedy

Faerie dearest, was it loe soothfast or a facade;
A serenade siren'd to lure - Zounds! not to court me?

A maenad, yet the sweetest colleen -
Certes didst thou me unveil meekly life pristine.

Lorelei,

A poet of tragedies, scribe I lauds to Death,
Yet who the hell was I to dare?

Lorelei,

Canst thou not see thou to me needful art?
Canst thou not see the loss of loe painful is?
Daedally dist thou perform the tragic pasquinade,
For all years a damndest and driegh'd accolade -
Caus'd for all eyes mazed to behold a melee;
In the midst did I swainly cast thee my bouquet;
The one and sole faggot that feedeth the fire,
Bellow'd bidingly by my heart's quailing quire.

Lorelei,

A poet of tragedies, scribe I lauds to Death,
Yet who the hell was I to dare?

Lorelei,

Canst thou not see thou to me needful art?
Canst thou not see the loss of loe painful is?
Perchance author I thee this ikon'd apologue for aught,
Doth the wecht burthen thee?, then bethink thine afterthought;
'Tween Aether and 'Nether art thou peerless phoenix -
Prithee, darlingmost! - court me rather than the peevish prolix.

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