

Seraphic Devilry

Theatre of Tragedy

Whether He the quaint savant's power doth hold I know not,
Albeit aetate a thousand stars' birth He is -
Quoth I that for reasons to me oblivious
August of a granditude of servants is He held,
And by plastic consonantries e'en more servants to the host added are -
Pelf they are, dare I say!
Maugre His diurnal seraphic devilry
I say that devilry - 'tis forsooth devilry! -
Mind not this in scintillating shades clad is;
To claim the gloire is He suffer'd.
"Grant me the fallings", quoth He, "the fatter the better!",
And died they of starvation;
They are not slaughtering their fatlings;
They are slaughtering themselves.
Sith I at time of yester the questions durst ask,
And dare I say this burden weightful was,
Wrack of His machine-like motion was I named,
Tho' blind and fond the jesters rebuilt
The machine alike - yet whetted a dight are its edges...

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