Vintage Whine

Skyclad

I'll paly Bacchus for the evening,
pray, be seated, take your places
Should my manna seem displeasing,
offend your airs and graces,
I've a list long as your arm,
(The connoisseur's selection)
such bitter whines -a quaff of qualms,
awaiting your inspectionsThe bubbles burst - this ain't sham-pain
I've watched hopes wither on the vine
The fruits of labours toiled in vain
I reap soul-grapes at harvest time.Anno 1999 - a classic year for Vintage Whine.[Chorus]
Since it's drawn - I must sup the cellarage of sorrow
yet fate refills my tarnished cup each time i drain the dregs
Their poison cannot kill me - new strength from it i 'll borrow
my maudlin is a caudle that would fill a thousand kegs.Here's one for the road - afore ye go
drink deep sweet lads and lasses
Those blighted crops you gladly sow
shall one day fill your glasses
Brood for decades - pure hate distilled
then bottled up much longer
Revenge - a draught i'll serve you chilled,
when time has made it strongerNon-cordial - it's bile bouquet.
Laments ferment the patience schnapps
Cask full of mulled futile dismay
My well-aged-rage - you 've turned the tapsAnno 1999 - a classic year for Vintage Whine.[Chorus]Since it's drawn - I must sup the cellarage of sorrow
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Songwriters
GRAEME ENGLISH, MARTIN WALKYIERPublished by
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