

# Moaning Idiot Heart

## Sacrilege

[Music: Bergholtz, Dinsdale, Svensson]

[Lyrics taken from Walter De La Mare's "The Green Room"] Tomorrow waits me at my gates

while all my yesterdays swarm near

And one mouth whines, too late,

too late and one is dumb with fear Was this the all that life could give

Me, who from cradle hungered on,

body and soul aflame to live,

giving my all and then be gone Have done with moaning, idiot heart

if it so be that love has wings,

I with my shears will find an art

to still her flutterings Wrench of that bandage to will I

and show the wimp she's blind indeed

Hot irons shall prove my mastery

She shall not weep but bleed And when at last I journey where,

all thought of you I must resign

Will the least memory of me be fair

or will you even my ghost malign I wake and watch when the moon is here,

a shadow tracks me on

And I, darker than my shadow,

fear her fabulous inconsistency Have done with moaning, idiot heart

if it so be that love has wings,

I with my shears will find an art

to still her flutterings Your maddening face befools my eyes

Your hand I wake to feel

Lost in deep midnight's black surmise

its touch my veins congeal And when at last I journey where,

all thought of you I must resign

Will the least memory of me be fair

or will you even my ghost malign

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