

## **Wuthering Heights** **"The Desperate Poet"**

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If Shakespeare himself be raised from his grave  
There'd be no words for the emptiness I feel

I released the beast inside me, but it had gone tame  
I rang the churchbells high on the hill, but no one came  
I try capturing images, but my camera is blind  
And the stars that I reach for  
Just the movieset of my mind

Is this pain in vain  
That I feel  
Or is real art  
Made in this fashion  
With passion  
I don't know

I'm a desperate poet, lost for words and I know it  
My ink is dry, though I try, still my words will not fly  
I'm a desperate poet, and I know that I owe it to you  
To deliver the goods, and I would, if I could  
But this tune that I'm destroying  
Shows there's nothing more annoying  
Than a desperate, desperate poet, so it seems

I sign my name in blood, but it's not binding  
I turn every stone, but I'm not finding anything  
My pen should be on fire, but it's not igniting  
Ready for war, I don't know what I'm fighting for

Is this wordsmith  
Worth his salt  
Or is it all just  
Pages from a phrasebook  
Who took the words  
Out of my mouth

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My ink is dry, though I try, still my words will not fly  
I'm a desperate poet, and I know that I owe it to you  
To deliver the goods, and I would, if I could  
But this tune that I'm destroying  
Shows there's nothing more annoying

Than a desperate, desperate poet

I would sing of the loves that we all once knew  
And the ones that we ended up with  
Of the memories that you've buried so deep in the past  
You start to wonder if they're only a myth  
I would sing of the strong and all of the wrong  
That they've wrought for the weak of the will  
Of those who have nothing but a desperate embrace  
To hold on to when the night's growing chill  
I would sing of the false ones who have taken up rule  
And the true ones who were burned at the stake  
Of the ones who run free and the ones who enslave  
Of an honest day's work and an unmarked grave  
Of the Sun and the Earth and of fire and rain  
Of longing and of power and of lust and of pain  
A symphony of triumph for the day hope returns  
Or a soundtrack to insanity when all the world burns!

Flame of creation all but dead  
Still it burns however lightly  
Would that I could see it burst again  
Into a fire shining brightly

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To deliver the goods  
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