

## Alan Parsons Project

### "The Fall of the House of Usher - Part I - Prelude"

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Shadows of shadows passing  
It is now 1831  
And as always, I am absorbed with a delicate thought  
It is how poetry has indefinite sensations  
To which end, music is an essential  
Since the comprehension of sweet sound  
Is our most indefinite conception  
Music when combined with a pleasurable idea is poetry  
Music without the idea is simply music  
Without music or an intriguing idea  
Colour become pallor  
Man becomes carcass  
Home becomes catacomb  
And the dead are but for a moment motionless

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