

Anais Mitchell

"His Kiss The Riot"

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The devil take this Orpheus
And his belladonna kiss
Beautiful and poisonous
Lovely! Deadly!
Now it thickens on my tongue
Now it quickens in my lung
Now I'm stricken! Now I'm stung!
It's done already!
Dangerous this jack of hearts
With his kiss the riot starts
All my children came here poor
Clamoring for bed and board
Now what do they clamor for?
Freedom! Freedom!
Have I made myself their Lord
Just to fall upon the sword
Of some pauper's minor chord?
Who will lead them?
Who lays all the best laid plans?
Who makes work for idle hands?
Only one thing to be done
Let them think that they have won
Let them leave together
Under one condition
Orpheus, the undersigned
Shall not turn to look behind
She's out of sight!
And he's out of his mind!
Every coward seems courageous
In the safety of the crowd
Bravery can be contagious
When the band is playing loud
Nothing makes a man so bold
As a woman's smile and a hand to hold
But all alone his blood runs thin
And doubt comes, doubt comes in

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