Die Verbannten Kinder Evas "Unquiet Thoughts"

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Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart. And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start Or put my tongue in dura-ance for to die. When as these the keys of mouth and heart, Open the lock where all my love doth lie.

How shall I then gaze on my mistress eyes? My thought must have some vent: else my heart will break.

My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies. If eyes and thoughts were free and that not speak.

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