

## **Emilie Autumn**

### **"Alas"**

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Alas, my love, if I could make you live  
And from the page step forth and sit beside me  
Or better still, bestride the steed I gave you  
Wrapped close within the cloak I lent to hide thee  
Perhaps I'd venture forth to ask thy name  
Since while thou liest underneath my pen  
That honour given which the poorest claim  
Unjustly was withheld. But if again  
I held thee captive as I did ere now  
Stalling to pass my fingers through the last  
Of midnight tendrils, or peruse thy brow  
In fear of sending off what heaven cast  
Too early for my insufficient mind  
To grasp the fullest detail and retain  
The presence that your image left behind  
That thou in all thy glory should remain  
I fear my oversight I would not mend  
For now upon reflection I confess  
That secretly I never did intend  
With title long or surname rich to bless  
But rather let in my imagination  
Run wild the thoughts of who perhaps you were  
Before your soul demanded your creation  
And deigned my mind and willing heart to stir  
For such a noble and impassioned face  
Could well be but newborn unto this sphere  
But sure among a distant beauteous race  
Thou hast known more than all who dwelleth here  
And could tell much of places thou hast seen  
And battles fought for honours won and lost  
And how each service done a faerie Queen  
Becomes a brighter jewel than it cost  
The ladies of your world, you may impart  
Desire to be neither over-graced  
Nor underrepresented in the art  
Of living, where their lips were meant to taste  
A sort of feline stealth they wear about them  
And while a flame of innocence they hold  
In forests dark you fear to be without them  
For knights of malar kinds are ne'er so bold  
Yes, in thy orb a maid may be a knight  
(Thou knew'st a friend would make upon this news)

Without a whisper loud or censure slight  
For lords are not afeared their stock to lose  
Where no stock may be taken or be kept  
No property be granted, nor no bride  
No maiden may be stolen while she slept  
Nor robbed of her freedom to decide  
What suits her best. No county's law is needed  
To cut the weed of violence from the stem  
No danger for the law to go unheeded  
For acts as these do not occur to them  
The gentlemen you raise are rarer still  
For in their eyes, as in the depths of thine  
Such soft and thrilling mysteries fulfill  
The darkest corners of their heart's design  
Their arrows, much like those I gave to thee  
Could not but graze the flank of yonder cow  
Without making him laugh. 'Tis much to see  
Them tickling their prey. I know not how  
They ever do encapture what they eat  
Save that perhaps their bright unfettered brains  
Have learned that what grows underneath their feet  
And in the trees above better sustains  
A life intent on living well tomorrow  
But how, I ask thee, most endearing fiend  
Do lords and ladies love where is no sorrow  
No strife to overcome, no soul uncleaned  
Of crushing ardor long worn out its stay,  
Betrothal to a mortal less divine  
Than that who stole thy blushing breath away  
No hot forbidden kisses for to pine  
No heart affixed to age where heart is young  
No ill intentioned suitors to evade?  
"Still madam! Would'st thou kindly hold thy tongue!"  
Thou sayest. "Your mistake has rash been made  
In living long in combat with your kind  
Thou see'st no other obstacle but these  
Thy hands are careworn that have yet to find  
The hands that first should hold them. Yet to please  
The hierarchy which you serve unwitting  
Thou dost believe that love in fighting grows  
That happiness in love is not befitting  
But in thy sadness thou mak'st light of woes  
For even were there ne'er a cloudy day  
No tempest to divide what love had bound  
The galley which the moon holds in her sway  
Could not but stir the peace it finally found  
The wound is deeper than the sea about thee  
The stars upon my doublet you have drawn  
May light my homeward path, but how, without me  
Wilt thou escape the fate thou tremblest on?"  
And in this way and more my paper spoke

O, fierce, savage, gentle beauty bright  
Thou who I've given breath my soul has broke  
You had authority but not the right  
Could I but see the lips that dare not breathe  
They are so beautiful and pressing sweet  
Could I but touch the wings that underneath  
Are made so soft thy heart forgets to beat  
Perhaps I should have more for which to strive  
You came to my domain and brought despair  
For though I be the chastest heart alive  
The realm you speak of will not take me there  
Have you no pity? Can'st thou not perceive  
That I, a blinded beast, had but the eyes  
To see where I would love? Dost thou believe  
That ere you came I was but vain disguise?  
I know the murmur of music reveals  
The things no human heart could comprehend  
I render'st thou for all that torment feels  
And longed to be thy lordship's faithful friend  
Yea, quiet as a mushroom did I wait  
I willed to thee my form to overtake  
I shivered at each passing horse's gait  
And so I slept to suddenly awake  
Alas, my love, wilt thou kiss me goodbye?  
The lingering night will aid thee on thy travels  
I'll craft but one thing more, a crow to fly  
Before to tell me how thy tale unravels  
I say, thou art complete and free to go  
What holds thee here save one who lives no longer?  
For I have given thee the life you know  
The weaker I become, thou art the stronger  
And in your antique words your clear intent  
Was that once thou art gone I should dismay  
Quothe thee, "Your thought mistook me, for I meant  
To leave thee not but offerest to stay.  
For true, I never did in my own realm  
Partake of that pure love of which I told thee  
But be my guide and with me at the helm  
And I shall, in the cloak you wrought, enfold thee  
And journey to the ends of all the earth  
For thou hast proved more generous and wise  
Than all we faeries, moons and stars are worth  
For live we not but living in your eyes."  
Dear nameless knight, if thou would'st be mine own  
And leave thy dragons for a while thou may'st  
Find in these arms within which thou hast grown  
A better reason than the which thou say'st  
But with your hand you pointeth; swear I so  
And 'tis not plain to me, though I did draw it  
Which way thou dost intend for us to go  
Sure in the mind it is of she who saw it

Yet still perhaps I made thee to discover  
What one would do if one were asked to choose  
'Tween back and forwards. Be thee friend or lover  
Perhaps you were to be my favorite muse  
Thou feel'st thy armor; fight but when you must  
Thou see'st the blade of truth below thy knee  
Use arrows against all whom you mistrust  
But when thou ride'st my way, aim one at me  
Your world is yours as ere it was before  
Your time beneath my busy hand well spent  
I've made a thing I love; I ask no more  
And never shall redeem the heart I lent  
Me in my world and thyself in thine  
Two petals on the same and silent flower  
And evermore I'll welcome thee in mine  
Your dear creation was my finest hour

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