

## **Eyes Of Ligeia**

# **"A Fever Which Would Cling To Thee Forever"**

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Thy soul shall find itself alone  
Dark thoughts of grey tombstones  
No one who grieves in that secret hour  
Will give to that soul any more power

Be silent in that solitude  
Which is not true loneliness  
The spirits of the dead  
Stand before thee again

The stars shall not fade from their high thrones in  
heaven  
Light like hope to mortals given  
But to thee they are a fever  
Which would cling to thee forever

Now are thoughts thou shall not banish  
Burning they cling to thee as fever from the heavens  
Now are visions never vanished  
Silent they cling to thee as fever burning forever

The breeze is still  
The mist enveloped in shadows  
The stars come right again and pierce the endless dark  
Fever hangs upon the trees  
Mystery of mysteries

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