

Kris Kristofferson **"Devallier"**

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"DeVallier was a bitter man who cursed the morning
sun
Which brought him new betrayal every day.
He shunned the world of mortals and the sound of
human tongue
And blessed the night that chased their sight away.
A disillusioned dreamer who would never love again,
Who'd tried a bit and found that it was rotten.
Preferring perfect strangers to the company of friends
Because strangers are so easily forgotten.

Oh it's hard to keep believing,
When you know you've been deceived.
To face a lie and then to try again.
But there's nothing like a woman
With a spell of make-believe,
To make a new believer of a man.

DeVallier took the bitter turns of fortune in his stride,
Expecting next to nothing out of life.
Till fortune found a girl who fanned the flames he
thought had died,
Whose burning beauty cut him like a knife.
She touched him through the senses that his mind
could not control
Then smiling stepped aside and watched him fall.
Betrayed by his own body and the hunger in his soul,
DeVallier was a dreamer after all.

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"

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