

Maudlin Of The Well

"Riseth He, The Numberless"

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Curse the night I was born, as I beheld,
Springeth he like asters from her vicious womb;
She bled mass stars that curs'd all the sky.
Horror bound me against the crags of stone,
And even the Earthquake-Fiends were silenced.
Chain'd to the mountaintop, my heart was rent.

The dandelion was plucked from the sky,
My soul wept as the shadow increased.
He made to sleep the flowers and the trees,
The beasts all laid down their mighty heads;
Their souls were suck'd dry by the Creation.
What season seizes fast the lyre with balm?

Alas, it is a cloudless, sunless day;
As the world died, I hid myself in tears.

[Pt. 2]

A shade of sleep pass'd a veil o'er my eyes,
Not like them... statues of defeat..
... And I dreamt.

In one room I saw a candle,
And in another, a votive wreath.
A candle to pierce the darkness,
And I saw an old man sitting, sitting,
And he was alive!

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