

Neutral "The Grief Mistress"

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I hear time howling
In the gray tunnels of ages
Like hounded dream I'm crawling
Through the rusted grills and cages
The Gates with statues weeping
With faces blackened wild
I'm passing slowly creeping
Leaving all them behind
On their ruined towers
Where wishes die denied
The bloody axe and flowers
In weird dance unite
I see indistinct pictures
They're real as my fear
Pale-faced, thin-fingered creatures
On rusted grills appear
With terrifying bellows
In dirty clown suits
One plays the broken cello
Another plays the flute
Their tunes are hymns of sadness
Insanity and grief
And guiding light of madness

Is their true belief
And then appears the Lady
Dressed like a princess dead
And snakes with eyes still faded
Have wrapped around her neck
And tears sweet and golden
Have burned her tender skin
She left all sins forgotten
And whispered: "Let me in..."
Her whisper paralyses
And makes illusions fall
Insanity arises
And shines above them all
My curse, my ancient fellow
Made of concrete and tile:
Black widows, lovely gallows
And Joker's deadly smile
Are left for me in cages

With horrors of my dreams
And funny dying angels
With burning violins...

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