

Darkseed

"The Bolt Of Cupid Felt"

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Music: Hertrich

Lyrics: Hertrich

When fourty nights shall besiege Your brow
and dig deep wounds in Your beauty now
Your youth's prout livery so gazed on me
tomorrow will be darkened sealed
Look how a bird lies tangled in a net
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fred
So fastened in her arms the favoured lies
She found more beaty in his varied eyes
Cut is the branch that might be grown
with Your faith, the treasure of Your lusty days
Then being asked where all Your beaty lies
I say it to Your deep-sunken eyes
"As if the dead the living should exceed,
possessed by heavens heart and hand"
He burns with bashful shame
She with her tears does quench the maiden
burning off her cheeks
Then with her windy sighs and golden hands
to fain and blow them dry again she seeks
Look how a painter would surpass his life
His art with nature's workmanship at strife
In limming out a well-proportioned steed
as if the dead the living should exceed

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