

Tristan Tzara

"Of Ruins And A Red Nightfall"

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Life gains intensified pain
To ascend within me once again
Woe strikes through radiant light
A quitus has conquered thy eyes
The sequel of life
Arising grievance rage through the eyes
Of our existence a thousand times
The strife drawn hither as a daydream
Ascendancy
In life we wither like laurel leaves in
Winterwinds
Lurk far between
A pale destiny
Drawn from the past
Enclasp my wrath in the prophecy of thine
Perchance to dream...Day of ire prithee
Behold the haven of life
Perchance to dream...Day of ire prithee
May daylight draw thy veils aside
Summon the winterwind in which I walk
Enter the morning glades
Of a fallen deathwish
Summon the starlight gloss in which thou rage
Enter the mourning shades
Call out in vain
For thee again
Perchance to dream you're my dancing queen
Behold the haven of life
Perchance to dream...Day of ire prithee
May daylight draw thy veils aside
A strike of angina
Enthralled by the night and the shades at thy side
A star of riddance rage through the sky
Grant me thy visions...bequeath me life
Through times of yearning...on a path of indignity
No longer burning...at last this life's circuit I leave

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