

## Odes Of Ecstasy "Abstract Thoughts"

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[by Edgar Allen Poe]

Lo! 'tis agala night  
Within the lonesome latter years!  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theatre, to see  
A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in form of God on high,  
Mutter and mumbled low,  
And hither and thither fly  
Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out of their Condor wings  
Invisible Woe!

The motley drama-oh, be sure  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore,  
By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot,  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
And Horror the soul of the plot.  
But see, among the mimic rout  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood red thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes! It writhes! With mortal pangs  
The mimes become its food,  
And the angels sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore  
imbuted.

Out-out are the lights-out all!  
And, over each quivering form,  
The curtain, the funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm,

And the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy "Man"  
and its hero the  
Conqueror worm.

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