

7 Seconds "When Will My Life Begin"

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Two households both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth to fatal loins of these two foes,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their life parents strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

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