

Saavedra

"The Fountain Of Blood"

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My blood in waves seems

Sometimes to be spouting
As though in rhythmic sobs

A fountain swooned.

I hear it's long, low, rushing sound till, doubting,
I feel myself all over

For the wound.

Across the town, as in the lists of battle,
It flows, transforming paving stones to isles,
Slaking the thirst of creatures,

Men, and cattle,
And colouring all nature red for miles.

Sometimes I've sought relief

In precious wines
To lull in me the fear that undermines,
But found they sharpened

Every sense the more.

I've also sought forgetfulness in lust,
But love's a bed of needles, and they thrust
To give more drink to each rapacious whore

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