

Myssouri

"Orphan Song"

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Liege and lord, whom I've abhored, I do entreat, I do
Adjure: Liege and lord, restore my child to me. Lord
and
Liege, with bleakest grief, am I beset, so I beseech:
Lord and liege, restore my child to me. Liege and lord,
Whom I've ignored, now I do plead, and I implore:
Liege
And lord, restore my child to me. Lord and liege, my
Broken plea, with broken throat, for clemency: Lord
and
Liege, restore my child to me. Restore into my hands
the
Orphan baby I abandoned! The tiny light whose life I
Could not save! For in the very blood that binds us lives
The gravity that grinds us to our graves! Lord of pain,
Suzerain, the useless sun, it shines again: Lord of pain,

Restore my child to me. Lord of war, manticore, source
of
All fallacious lore: Lord of war, restore my child to me.
Lord of death, monolith, a feather drifts on my wasted
Breath: Lord of death, restore my child to me. Restore
Into my hands the orphan baby I abandoned! The tiny
light
Whose life I could not save! For in the very blood that
Binds us lives the gravity that grinds us to our graves!
But I swear that I'll unearth the fraud with crooked
Hands that work like God to manifest illusions of
control
Â—that the liege and lord disguises in indifferent suns
That rise upon our souls!

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