

## Sopor Aeternus

### "Alone 1"

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[text: by E.A. Poe]

From childhood's hour I have not been as others were -  
I have not  
Seen as others saw - I could not bring my passions  
from a comon spring.  
From the same source I have not taken my sorrow;  
I could not awaken my heart to joy at the same tone.  
And all I lov'd I lov'd alone. Then - in my childhood - in  
the dawn of a most stormy life  
Was drawn from every depth of good and I'll the  
mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain, from the red cliff of  
the mountain,  
From the sun that 'round me roll'd in it's autumn tint of  
gold  
From the lightning in the sky as it pass'd me flying by  
From the thunder and the storm, and the cloud that  
took the form  
(when the rest of heaven was blue) of a demon in my  
view.

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