

Sparklehorse "London"

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(words by william blake [1757 - 1827])

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appalls,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse

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