

Theatre Of Ice

"And When He Falleth"

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LK: "Be my kin free fro varnal sin,
Bridle the thoughts of thy Master."
R: "There hath past away a glore fro the Earth;
A glore that in the hearts and minds of men,
Men dement?d - blindfold?d by light,
Hourisheth as weed in their well-groom'd garths."
"Might I too was blindfold?d ere,
Tho' years have master'd me
A masque of this lo fashion:
S?er blest, thou best philosopher!"
LK: "The quality of mercy and absolution,
Whence cometh such qualities?
Build thyself a mirror in which
Solely wanton images of thy desrie appear!"
R: "'Tis the Divine Comedy -
The fool and the mocking court:
Fool, kneel now, and ring thy bells!:
We hold the Earth fro Heaven away."
LK: "'Tis the Divine Tragedy -
The fool and the mocking court:
Fool, kneel now, and ring thy bells!:
Make us guffaw at thy futile follies,
Yet for our blunders - Oh, in shame;
Earth beareth no balm for mistakes -
We hold the Earth fro Hell away."
R: "Believe? In a deily long dead? -
I would rather be a pagan suckl?d in creeds outworn;
Whith fa?rtytales fill'd up in head;
Thoughts of the Book stillborn."
LK: "Shadow of annoyance -
Ne'er come hither!
..And when He falleth, He falleth like Lucifer,
Ne'er to ascend again..."

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