

Theatre Of Ice

"Black As The Devil Painteth"

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An artist is what is call'd the self that the brush holdeth
-
Though hath it then caringly caress'd the
Canvas of to-morrow?,
O Canvas! for thee I hold my tool - still! passionless it
quivereth,
Minding not that my hands are more than apt;
My Muse,
Where is hidden
The blue-hu?d arch'neath the High Heaven's rich
emblazonry,
The flowery meadow, embrac'd by the horizon -
snowflak?d and aery
Mountains,
In which the barebreast?d maidens dance to the lay o'
midsummer,
Aloft the distant lazy flapping of the doves in vainglore.
O Canvas!, wherefore canst thou these images not
allow? -
I deem a projection of my Theatre they should be! -
Then, I challenge thee the wisdom of naysaying the
yearns o' mine -
What is this unforeseen that not enjoineth light shades
to be skillfully
Paint?d?
The raven sky prey'd on by the snowfill'd, blustery
clouds,
Unadorn?d the meadow - hunger driveth the wolf out
of the wood,
The maidens chain?d and whipp?d within a dreary
dungeon -
And, lo! 'twixt the wizen roses a mossy grave:
"The Devil is as Black as he Painteth" -
O Canvas! wherefore?...

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