

## Theatre Of Ice

### "Hollow-Hearted, Heart-Departed"

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"Filthy harlots - the Lord's grape!  
With lore ornamented entreating;  
Hollow-hearted, heart-departed -  
Yet thou reapest the blooming rose -  
When 'tis the weed which is to be swath'd"

"And me in the yesterday bind?!"

"Hah! - for thee even a hound holdeth the throne.  
Unwanted child of mother! - Plague of plagues!  
Father of leprous children.  
I wield ye to stint this brawl!  
Night is the ford - yet harken! - do not thwart!  
Desirest thou to do it withal,  
I shall cause thy body by one head too short!  
Sayest ye nay to my boon,  
Then wilt thou from bloodsheld swoon!"

"Err me not! - Must ye bethink my foolhardiness!  
Be vanished! - Be hanished! -  
If ye deemest me not wroth.  
My hand hieth to unsheathe the sword  
Lest thou dost totter -  
Whid along! - Wherefore irk my haughtiness?"

"No man... No man at all!  
Be it lord of beggar  
Bereaveth my dignity!"

"Loom my darling sun -  
Bear the scarlet colour!"

"Wherefore bereave  
The kine of the sward?  
Wherefore holdest thou for  
Me such a quailing scowl?"

"I do, in the blooming flower, pleasure find!"

"Innocence is reserved for the meek:  
Of naught is my grasp ne'er to be!"

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