

## Theatre Of Ice

### "To These Words I Beheld No Tongue"

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Soliloquy by Raymond, Music by Theatre of Tragedy  
Whether the thron'd Monarch weareth the crown,  
Which I know not whether to his belongeth;  
Doth he hence the sceptre sway?  
Seasoneth he justice?  
Daresay I he doth not,  
Will he then use his sceptre as a wand? -  
Where doth sit my awe? - Trieth me conjure;  
Perchance a spell?; a reptile, a sullied hound? -  
Is the gentle rain a quality of his? -  
I bethink this fro my thoughts; hitherto, about this,  
I beheld to these words no tongue; are the  
Monarch's men his thralls or his servants? -  
Oft I waylay my tongue -  
Those of which are withal by my gnarl'd heart not  
heed'd;  
Or doth the throstle sing with more glee  
At daybreak than a twilight? -  
Brawl not my imp, nor my cherub; reserve my  
judgment -  
Crave not the sword when the bodkin fro ere thine is;  
That undiscover'd country; be that  
Of calamity, be that of joy, be that of apathy;  
Tread not paths of new when those of old are  
Far by an only single footstep; walk, be it  
On the left, on the right - be it the one which  
Straight forward leadeth; the one of correct  
I have as until now not heed'd any signs of!

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