

Theatre Of Tragedy "Black As The Devil Painteth"

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An artist is what is call'd the self the brush holdeth -
Though hath it then caringly caress'd the Canvas of
tomorrow?
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-hued arch'neath the High Heaven's rich
emblazonry
The flowery meadow, embrac'd by the horizon -
snowflaked and aery mountains,
In which the barebreasted maidens dance to the lay
o'midsummer,
Aloft the distant lazy flapping of the doves in
vaingfore.

O Canvas! wherefore canst thou these images not
allow? -
I deem a projection of my Theatre they sould be! -
Then, I challenge thee the wisdom of naysaying the
yearns o'mine -
What is this unforeseen that not enjoyneth light
shades to be skillfully painted?

The raven sky prey'd on by the snowfill'd, blustery
clouds
Unadorned the meadow - hunger driveth the wolf out
of the wood,
The maidens chained and whipped within a dreary
dungeon -
And, fo! 'twixt the wizen roses a mossy grave;
"The Devil is as Black as He Painteth" -
O Canvas! wherefore?...

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