

## Theatre Of Tragedy "Bring Forth Ye Shadow"

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Time is an abyss -  
Profound as a thousand nights;  
I sojourn my haste, I make respites  
For what availeth this eager peace?  
One step more naught to face,  
Save the heirloom fatal kiss.  
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,  
For lo! my own shall ne'er come to me,  
Yet! - Who doth my future narrate?  
Dim the lights - I cannot see!  
Bring forth ye Shadow! -  
With whom danceth thou?  
Time hath stopp'd -  
Yet for others ne'er halteth;  
For me the Pages of Life do not turn,  
Lo! - on the funeral pyre they burn.  
The oh so eathing Velvet Darkness they fear -  
Heed! - wherefore delve a burrow,  
When in my arms "O! Come here"? -  
I say, elsehither is naught but sorrow!  
For what deemest thou so dear thy blood  
When through my veins it could flood? -  
Bide to merry-make me unaptly;  
And hence grant me the fell gift,  
The gift of passing on the dark trick.  
'Tis such a brazen act of erotic;  
Trifle for thee, yet for me grandly thrift,  
O! such an innocence depriv'd so hastily -  
Alas, for what deemest thou so dear thy blood  
When through my veins it will flood?

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