

Theatre Of Tragedy

"Hollow-HeartD, Heart-DepartD"

Visit "[Hollow-HeartD, Heart-DepartD](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

-- I do in the blooming flower pleasure find!

And me in the yesterday's blind?!

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

Hah! - for thee even a hound holdeth the throne.
Unwantd child of mother! - Plague of plagues!
Father of leprous children.
I wield ye to stint this brawl!
Nigh 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 bloodshed swoon!

-- Err me not! - Must ye bethink my foolhardiness!
-- Be vanishd! - Be banishd! -
-- If ye deemest me not wrath.
-- My hand hieth to unsheathe the sword
-- Lest thou tost totter -
-- Whid along! - Wherefore irk my haughtiness?

No man... No man at all!, -- Wherefore bereave
Be it lord or beggar -- The kine of the sward?
Bereaveth my dignity! -- Wherefore holdest thou for
-- Me such quailing scowl?

Loom my darling sun -
Bear the scarlet colour!

