

Theatre Of Tragedy "Mire"

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Poem by Raymond, Music by Theatre of Tragedy

Harken! - teh clouds musterÃfÂ©d in dark -

So painfully easing.

Hush! - hearest ye the yew doting;

Its years of yore in a mÃfÂre,

Each like a corpse within its grave;

Wrought for us a yearn of lief;

'Tis not a lore of bale nor loathe;

Harmony and aesthesia are its blisses;

Ne'er hath it exist'd so sonorously -

Jostl'd away the pale drape

That us had been o'erhung -

Tempt'd thy shutters to open

And thus quench'd the hearth;

Thou giv'st to misery all thou hast: the cold -

With weal embrac'd the sprouting landscape

Like a star of heaven in the broad daylight -

This joy subdueth until it again waneth,

Save the drooping winter of stalwart.

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