

## Theatre Of Tragedy

### "Monoton"

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Faerie dearest, was it loe soothfast or a facade;  
A serenade siren'd to lure - Zounds! not to court me?  
A maenad, yet the sweetest colleen -  
Certes didst thou me unveil meekly life pristine.  
Lorelei,  
A poet of tragedies, scribe I lauds to Death,  
Yet who the hell was I to dare?  
Lorelei,  
Canst thou not see thou to me needful art?  
Canst thou not see the loss of loe painful is?  
Daedally dist thou perform the tragic pasquinade,  
For all years a damndest and driegh'd accolade -  
Caus'd for all eyes mazed to behold a melee;  
In the midst did I swainly cast thee my bouquet;  
The one and sole faggot that feedeth the fire,  
Bellow'd bidingly by my heart's quailing quire.  
Lorelei,  
A poet of tragedies, scribe I lauds to Death,  
Yet who the hell was I to dare?  
Lorelei,  
Canst thou not see thou to me needful art?  
Canst thou not see the loss of loe painful is?  
Perchance author I thee this ikon'd apologue for aught,  
Doth the wecht burthen thee?, then bethink thine  
afterthought;  
'Tween Aether and 'Nether art thou peerless phoenix -  
Prithee, darlingmost! - court me rather than the  
peevish prolix.

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