

Antony & The Johnsons, The Lake

(The Lake EP / Edgar Allen Poe)

In youth's spring, it was my lot
To haunt of the wide earth a spot
To which I could not love the less
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound
And the tall trees that towered around

But when the night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot as upon all
And the wind would pass me by
In its stilly melody

My infant spirit would awake
To the terror of the lone lake
My infant spirit would awake
To the terror of the lone lake

Yet that terror was not fright
But a tremulous delight
And a feeling undefined
Springing from a darkened mind
Death was in that poisoned wave
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his dark imagining
Whose wildering thought could even make
An Eden of that dim lake

But when the night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot as upon all
And the wind would pass me by
In its stilly melody

My infant spirit would awake
To the terror of the lone lake
My infant spirit would awake
To the terror of the lone lake

Springing from a darkened mind
So lovely was the loneliness
In youth's spring, it was my lot
In its stilly melody
An Eden of that dim lake
An Eden of that dim lake
Lone, lone, lonely...