

Empyrium, Ode To Melancholy

Melancholy - still my desire for thy precious tragedian wine...

Sweep me away, into the vale of thine!
Where sorrow's strong and so is joy.

Melancholy - still my desire, O let my heart by thee inspire...

O fill the air with thy sweet scent,
let thy light, thy star crescent.

Wherever she dwells I will bid a farewell sigh
For she dwells with beauty - beauty that must die
And deep inside me I will wait for her return
To her enchanting, awe-inspiring flame I'll yearn

O lust and rueful thought be mine,
My soul enhanced, desires...
Melancholy - my heart is thine.