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.