

Lou Reed, Edgar Allan Poe

These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe
not exactly the boy next door
He'll tell you tales of horror
then he'll play with your mind
if you haven't heard of him
you must be deaf or blind

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He'll tell you about Usher
whose house burned in his mind
his love for his dear sister
her death would drive him wild
The murder of a stranger
the murder of a friend
the callings from the pits of hell
that never seem to end

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The diabolic image of the city and the sea
the chaos and the carnage that reside deep within me
Decapitations, poisonings, hellish not a bore
you won't need 3D glasses to pass beyond this door

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No Nosferatu Vincent Price or naked women here
a mind unfurled, a mind unbent is all we have here
Truth, fried orangutans flutter to the stage
leave your expectations home
And listen to the stories of Edgar Allan Poe

We give you the soliloquy the raven at the door
flaming pits the moving walls no equilibrium
No ballast, no bombast
the unvarnished truth we've got
mind swoons guilty
cooking ravings in a pot

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Tell-tale heart a rotting cask
a valley of unrest
a conqueror worm devouring souls
keep the best for last
Rings for Annie Lee
as Poe's buried alive
regretting his beloved's death in
all her many guises

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