

# Nico, Winter Song

The snow on your eyelids that curtsy with age  
Is freezing the stares on tyranny's wings.  
The bitter is hard and the warmth of your skin  
Is diseased with familiar caresses.

Withdrawing from splendor and royal decay  
Among all the triumphs and jaded awards  
The angry and blazing circus of sun  
Blasphemes as the crown prince arises.

You cannot beget all the sins that you owe  
To the people of paradise magic  
Pretend to answer passion and form  
With foreign rationalizations.

Primroses are the jewels that lurk  
Among masks of pleasure that flicker with doubt  
Embraces of fame that's simultaneously fear  
To advance and demand to be recognized.

The river shall flow through hollow green faces  
Of caricature's resentment etched out of the tongues.  
Both reluctant princess asleep before birth  
The classical sensitive failures.

The worshipping wicked cling to the dark of your heart  
Lying there and wait with your angels  
Moan and ravish from dawn to dusk  
The avaricious young lovers.