

Cliff Richard, The Nightmare

I have a burden of pure vengeance
That I was damned with from my birth
And it will the force that drives me
Until the day I quit this earth

You live by treachery and violence
And they will crush you in return
Your destruction is my pleasure
Your spite the fire in which you burn

I'm the true son of our father
And I am lord of Wuthering Heights
Burn in hell, you filthy gypsy
Share the fate of parasites

I did not love you Isabella
You were the means to other ends
I always knew our ailing offspring
Would never pay me dividends

I used to long for you to kill me
But now I wish you death instead
I gave you all this woman could do
I was raped, abandoned, all feelings dead

Spineless Edgar, feeble Edgar
Catherine wanted only me

I was constant, I was tender
All that you could never be

There's a time for absolution
There's a time for true regret

I knew the envy of a family
Which was so easy to destroy
But oh my Cathy not so easy
To be the one you could enjoy

I cannot rest in peace without you
And you could never comprehend
My cold and angry isolation
I wait for you brother, lover, friend

Death it beckons, sister, lover
All I see is your sweet face

Whether man or whether devil
Still the love I can't replace

There is a time for absolution
There is a time for true regret
There is a time to beg forgiveness
But the time is here not yet

I curse the God or man that made me
I curse the life I had to lead
I curse the years ahead without her
I curse my hunger, I curse my need