

Elysian Fields, Rope Of Weeds

Night cracked like a skull
Made the moon convulse
Wrapped its chilly tongue around my mast
A fortnight it would be
Since I'd been out at sea
Ne'er another soul had crossed my path
Ne'er another soul had crossed my path

I was hauling salt
In my bleached and battered boat
Trawling just to pass the restless night
When I felt the queerest lug
Against that fraying cord
Reeling in a devastating sight
In the brackish sound
Somebody had drowned
She wrapped her raven rings around my line
She wrapped her raven rings around my line

In a tangled open dress
The most comely bloodless breasts
A distant look was frozen in her eyes
A fiend possessed my soul
As I helped her to disrobe
A rope of weeds was woven round her thighs
A rope of weeds was woven round her thighs

My ill and frenzied heart
And the quiet lapping song
Beaten by the splendor of her hips
I had to lay her down
Atop those briny beds
And press my mouth against her silent lips

The frigid moon was green
Upon my wicked scene
My wasted angel shimmering in sand
I had to be with her
And leave the world behind
I knew that no one else could understand
And I slipped her silver palm inside my hand

Married to the bower
I threw our bodies overboard
Our hearts were bound by heavy rusted chain
Now I roam the ocean floor
With the lady I adore
This is where we remain
This is where we remain
This is where we remain
This is where we remain