

Emilie Autumn, The Day You Love

Remember and tell me, the day you love
Behind a veil of tears
How dreams as these you dreamt not of
And thought to pass your years
More peaceably than others do
Devoid of common pain
Your own company pleased you
And as you heard complain
Of those small hurts that never heal
And scar their victims deep
You oft proclaimed your heart could feel
No love and sought to keep
Your perfect brow untarnished by
The sorrow you would save
Your perfect lips unvarnished lie
To kiss might thee enslave
Protected are thy limbs. No fear
Of deeds unseemly grasp thee
Directed by thy perfect ear
No words could hope to clasp thee
Indeed thou will not be enshrined
Will honor no mans name
But in disdain you are, youll find
Enshrined all the same
In your defense, you say not so
When standeth thee accused
Of hatred for mankind, but O
How hast thou been abused
That such a mortal fear could frighten
All your nature wills
So much so that what might enlighten
Passion, pity kills
And cannot bear to look upon
A soul you have enraptured
With cruel haste you bid begone
The fools you have encaptured
Mistake me not. It is unjust
For every lovestruck squire
To claim a heart he hasnt won
But what of your desire?
Canst thou pretend within thy breast
A beat was neer misplaced
And lost somewhere? Dost thou but jest
To say thou never traced
With trembling fingertips the image
Of a foreign shore
Embarking on a pilgrimage
To where none touched before?
The most deluded eyes could see
Thou harborst in thy frame
A store more rich than most should be
In every senses flame
That thou dost feel I know it well
That thou dost weep Ill swear
That thou dost love Ill live to tell
If thou would only dare
Remember and tell me, the day
You love beyond all this
What truth within my counsel lay
And thank me with a kiss.