Lou Reed, The Conqueror Worm

[Young Poe:]

Lo! 't is a gala night A mystic throng bedecked Sit in a theater to see A play of hopes and fears While the orchestra breathes fitfully The music of the spheres

Mimes, mutter and mumble low Mere puppets they, who come and go Disguised as gods They shift the scenery to and fro Inevitably trapped by invisible Wo

This motley drama to be sure Will not be forgotten

A phantom chased for evermore Never seized by the crowd Through they circle Returning to the same spot Circle and return to the selfsame spot Always to the selfsame spot With much of madness and more of sin And horror and mimic rout The soul of the plot Out out are the lights out all And over each dying form The curtain a funeral pall Comes with the rush of a storm The angels haggard and wan Unveiling and uprising affirm That the play is the tragedy " Man" And its hero the Conqueror Worm