

# Lou Reed, The Tell-Tale Heart (Part 2)

Furious

It made me furious

A dull quick sound pounding

Like a watch encased in cotton

Tick tock

I knew that sound well

It increased my fury

The beating of the old man's heart

I scarcely breathed and refrained

Motionless

The tattoo of the heart

Hellish

Increased and was extreme

It grew louder

Louder

I am nervous at this dead hour of the night  
amid the dreadful silence of this old house  
this sound excites me to uncontrollable wrath  
I thought someone would hear this sound  
I thought his heart would burst

His hour had come

Please open the door  
Open the door

The old man has gone to the country

Gone to the country

But please search well

Please search well

These are his treasures

Treasures

Secure and undisturbed

Please sit and rest  
You must be fatigued

Wild audacity  
Perfect triumph

So they chat

Chat

Of familiar things

I hear ringing

Ringing

Do you not hear it

No

It is louder  
It is making my head ache

Do you not hear it

No

No

No

I, I have a headache  
The day is long  
Do you not hear it

No

Do you fucking mock me  
Do you mock me

They know

Do you think me

They know

An imbecile  
Do you think me a fool  
Villains dissemble no more

I admit the deed

Admit, Admit

Here, here

Admit

It is the beating  
of his most hideous heart