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