

Mechanical Poet, Shades On A Casement

So now I'm left alone
Inside my dusky room
The shades are slightly grown
They grabble in the gloom

Glissading by the window-sill
Suspiring in the nightly still
They slowly ride the wooden floor
Entrapping scents from outdoor

Fantastic shapes
Are dancing on the velvet drapes
Grimacing in the reel
In endless fuss
They silently discuss
The secrets that I can't reveal

Glissading by the window-sill
Suspiring in the nightly still
They slowly ride the wooden floor
Entrapping scents from outdoor

But maybe they actually want to believe in
The frail and illusory system they live in
Maybe they think they are sovereign wights
Being the echoes of lights

Glissading by the window-sill
Suspiring in the nightly still
They slowly ride the wooden floor
Entrapping scents from outdoor

Forevermore...