

Mephisto Walz, Witches Gold

Her house is empty and her heart is old
And filled with shades and echoes that deceive
With blind bent fingers, nets that cannot hold
No one save her for still she tries to weave
Once all men's arms rode up to her 'tis told
And hovered like white birds for her caress
A crown she could have to bind each tress
Of hair and her sweet arms the witches gold

Her mirrors know her whiteness for there
She rose in dreams from other dreams
From other dreams, from other dreams
Her softness as she stood crowned with soft hair
And with his bound heart and his young eyes bent

And blind he feels her presence like shed scent
Holding his body and life within its snare
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