

My Dying Bride, Turn Loose The Swans

So little of what we observe, is the girl herself.
Elaborate, scented coiffers.
Adieu d'amour.
Vast is the heirs ballroom.
Let the rich give you presents.
Heaven pours from her throat, as she sings and as she dances.
The fumes of rich swine, honeyglazed and dripping, playing in the air.
My mouth eager and wishing.
But I return to this nightingale.
Her hair all fiery red.
Deep it is and wild.
My weakness will be fed.
Boys whipped on the alter of diana, sometimes until they died.
The cunning wily merchant, and his four crippled horses.
Tales told in warlike manner.
The storyteller by the fire.
While musing deeply on this sight, the songster stirred my desire.
You are sweet and fine to listen to.
Long tresses about her neck.
Yet much is false.
This mighty evening, I've seen no face.
This is crushing me.
My quill it aches.
Turn loose the swans that drew my poets craft.
I'll dwell in desolate cities.
You burned my wings.
I leave this ode, splendid victorious through the carnage.
I wanted to touch them all.
I wanted to touch them all.