Qntal, Flow

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
exiled for ever let me mourn;
where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
there let me live forlorn.

Hark, you shadows that in darkness dwell,
learn to contemn light.
happy, happy they that in hell
feel not the world's despite.

Down, vain lights, shine you no more!
no nights are dark enough for those
that in despair their lost fortunes deplore;
light doth but shame disclose.