

Sacrilege, Moaning Idiot Heart

(Music: Bergholtz, Dinsdale, Svensson)

(Lyrics taken from Walter De La Mare's "The Green Room";)

Tomorrow waits me at my gates
while all my yesterdays swarm near
And one mouth whines, too late,
too late and one is dumb with fear

Was this the all that life could give
Me, who from cradle hungered on,
body and soul aflame to live,
giving my all and then be gone

Have done with moaning, idiot heart
if it so be that love has wings,
I with my shears will find an art
to still her flutterings

Wrench of that bandage to will I
and show the wimp she's blind indeed
Hot irons shall prove my mastery
She shall not weep but bleed

And when at last I journey where,
all thought of you I must resign
Will the least memory of me be fair
or will you even my ghost malign

I wake and watch when the moon is here,
a shadow tracks me on
And I, darker than my shadow,
fear her fabulous inconsistency

Have done with moaning, idiot heart
if it so be that love has wings,
I with my shears will find an art
to still her flutterings

Your maddening face befools my eyes
Your hand I wake to feel
Lost in deep midnight's black surmise
its touch my veins congeal

And when at last I journey where,
all thought of you I must resign
Will the least memory of me be fair
or will you even my ghost malign