

# Theatre of Tragedy, On Whom The Moon Doth S

&quot;O soft embalmer of ye still midnight,  
Allow me thee to adown,  
Of any sort thou fancieth;  
Each holdeth its own fancy, I say -  
Yet the pleasure we partake in  
Was caus'd by the fang'd grin,  
Save!, do I for him anger hold?  
Nay - I knew I was fey!&quot;  
&quot;Had I what it taketh I would do;  
I sense - I cannot sense,  
I am - yet! I am not -  
Once I kiss'd the image  
Of the Seven Angels of Death...&quot;  
&quot;Yet as thou so didst,  
On my lips a kiss landd,  
And with the shadows blendd  
The tendermost silken mourn;  
In which the light hidden is -  
Yon Hell's brazen doors  
Wrothfully it trieth to push.&quot;  
&quot;Then, lo! the Black Death,  
Serpent-like 'twixt the breasts crept;  
Hush'd with a gasp of life's breath,  
&quot;Hush'd with a gasp of life's breath,  
Together red tears they wept,  
Together red tears we wept - in vain,  
And pass'd the procession of dancers dead -  
And pass'd the procession of dancers dead -  
As in darkness were we lock'd in wed.&quot;  
As in darkness were we lock'd in wed;  
I kiss'd the Seven Angels of Death.&quot;  
&quot;And Hell open'd its doors,  
Yet what was 'fore my eyes  
&quot;Yet what was 'fore my eyes  
But if not the brightest light.&quot;  
But if not the brightest light.&quot;