

## The Toad Curse And How It Perished In Flames

Cinema Strange

I can make fire breath. I learned it as a lad.  
My master told me I had prowess no one ever had!  
I could conduct the light... I'd look away to her...  
She'd match my spit with spite; I don't know what her  
reasons were.

I fell in love with her. My tongue is purple-black.  
I lit a bluish rose... She carved a curse into my back!  
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I dance when beauty's near. I hop to taunts and jeers.  
I sought out stony glens... Lovely ladies don't come  
here.  
I paint the rock with flame. I burn and bruise my feet.  
I spit, I'm naked, ever-hungry, I forget to eat.

I stamp out flowers and I fill my ears with mud.  
That way the birdsong will not stir and agitate my  
blood.)  
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blood.)

I stare at ugly things. I suffer cuts and stings.  
It's been a happy, hopeless, curseless ten-years  
hermitting!  
But then I smell the air and see her shrivelled there...  
And though my blood begins to jump and boil, I don't  
despair.

The curse is breathing flames that I could never name.  
I ask her, shaking, quaking, why the bloody hell she  
came!  
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came!

She does not answer me. Her eyes are withering!  
The wind begins to bend her... Now my muscles start to  
sing!  
I clasp her desperately, and we jump fifty feet!  
Am I the very toad that used to hop along her street?

I fell in love with her. My tongue is purple-black.  
I light a bluish rose and heap the flames upon our  
backs...  
I light a bluish rose and heap the flames upon our  
backs...