

# The Muse

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God's work is planned  
I stand here with a man that talked to me so candidly  
More than I choose.

My lips once rouged  
I feel again the blues of longing, ever longing, to be confused

He wrote me a letter  
Saying he would love me better  
When my poor sons begetter the rules

Spoke of love like hunger  
He at once was younger, younger, ever younger, in my hunger for  
a muse

Finest man that I've seen ever since my eyes have been  
But his honesty did gleam me blind

Keep those thoughts from sight  
Follow me into the night  
And you can call on me when you need the light

You know what I need  
Why won't you giveth me?  
Must I fall down at your feet and plead?

Don't you be scared of me  
I'm nothing but the beast  
And I'll call on you when I need to feast