

Vesperghosts Of Milford Playhouse

Mechanical Poet

Once and again
You see this stage in the rain
Blanket of leaves
Broken soffits twinkle...

Pain and love
Desire and sorrow
Echoes of passion and hate...
All that place lived by is now exhaled

Crystal horns of new moon in the puddles
Autumn rain in the dark of nighttime
Airy bodies of specters go round in the dance
Just repeating the dead actors' mime

Rundown walls
Depressing scrape of the gate
Two hundred rows
Like two hundred dead effectors...

Fate, you can be such a bitch sometimes
Stealing the ultimate chance
Stripping our lives of the sense

We're going all out, we do all we can
Trying to bless everybody and then...
There is only a desolate stage in the end

Crystal horns of new moon in the puddles
Autumn rain in the dark of nighttime
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Never let me awake
Let me drown in the deep
Let me die in lethargical sleep!

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