

# In The Sanatorium

Momus

In the sanatorium  
I've booked a private room  
Where you can feel at home  
Where we can be alone  
Just you, the nurse and me  
In mountain scenery

All the time that you've been ill  
Your face has looked so pale  
Drained by the force of will  
Drained by the wait until  
My treatment makes you well  
Or weaker still

Half in love with easeful death  
I cloud the mirror with your breath  
Half in love with this disease  
That keeps you close to me

Your eyes grow heavy as I read  
'The Immoralist' by Andres Gide  
Fall asleep my sickly darling  
Rest in peace

Men you used to know declare  
Their most sincere desire  
To travel here and share  
The treatment you require  
Their letters saying they care  
Are on the fire

As I interrupt the muslin  
Hanging round the bed  
I wake you with the rustling  
And you raise your head  
And ask again, your voice uncertain  
If you're not a burden

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I cloud the mirror with your breath  
Half in love with this disease  
That keeps you close to me

Your eyes grow heavy as I read  
'The Immoralist' by Andr   Gide  
Fall asleep my sickly darling  
Rest in peace

I wonder, as I watch you sleep  
If this possessive streak  
Will make me force my love  
Or if the trick is cheap  
And if you took your drug  
And if you're deep enough asleep

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(For love will endure or not endure regardless of where we are)