

# Deadly Nightshade

Strawbs

The silent prophet  
Seeks his inspiration after midnight  
With a candle lit for comfort  
In the shadow of the shade.

Belladonna  
Waves a parasol beneath the window  
So enchanting and inviting  
In the scheme that she has laid.

The lonely prophet  
Waves to Belladonna from the window  
In the hope that she will notice  
And may wish to know his name.

But cruel Belladonna  
Turns to face the waiting sunrise  
With its promise of excitement  
Thinking little of the game.

Shine your lantern brightly  
Do not heed the darkness lightly  
We must always talk politely  
In the presence of the night  
Deadly nightshade  
Hear me calling  
Shadows of the evening  
Falling down.

The quiet prophet  
Gathers up his papers for the fire  
He alone will read the message  
In the words that he has burned.

Belladonna tries the door  
To find the room is empty  
And she coldly rakes the ashes  
For the love that she has spurned.