

Ursusarktos The Bachelor

The Deadfly Ensemble

Oak leaves shaking in a clearing, out of sight and hearing...
Kindling for a magic trick, it hastens from my lips, burning...
I fortify my lair; we take in castle air, drinking...
Cartwrights foul their hammers on their fragile digits, cursing...
Children pull their parents, hooves and tears on cobbles, neighing...
We laugh at peasant ingenuity, "They're so charming."
The cathedral overhears and metal lupine jaws are snarling...

I have the heart of a bear!
The heart of a bear!

Fingers fashioned into stars, a clumsy constellation fanning
conflagrations in my chest, lungs and embers screaming...
Broken bits of man around the city walls are crumbling...
The visage of a soldier, stoic, growing colder, waiting...
Passion conquered fear, fate has brought us here, gazing
owl eyes in sunlit skies we hurry backwards, reeling...
The maiden pressed against the leaden glass gives me feeling...

I have the heart of a bear!
The heart of a bear!

Eyeteeth drawn against my tongue... the villagers have fun at hiding!
Then they swarm about me, fearing, wondering and clapping,
remembering the kings who used to use their hands when hunting.
..
The starka fills me up, I gnash at buttercups... she's watching!
Who am I and where? I cannot help but stare! I'm whirling!
I flail about and grimace, scream and shout and finish, kneeling!
Faces drown in ripples, underneath I frown; she's leaving...

I have the heart of a bear!
The heart of a bear!