

As the Shadows Dance

Theatre of Tragedy

R: My eyes hold the eventide,
Thro' which I 'hold naught else
But the raven;
Sleep my dearest ones -
Mind not the palling velvet darkness
LK: Albeit behind the eyes thou hast
A flame enshrouded in its blackness;
Burning without the faintest breeze.
Teach me, dearest, the reason wherefore
Thou by such angst mark'd art?!

R: Wherefore is here loneliness?;
Infinite hollowness
In which my thoughts echo,
To the shadows I whisper -
With the shadows I waltz -
Bear me; I am not the plague,
Altho' nightclad death ... mayhap?!
Dare not naysaying my grant;
Vanish with me abaft the unlight! -
O! the taste on thine lips;
A trickling deep red love -
Everlasting lightheartédness -
A kiss for thee my dear.

LK: Dance no longer with the shadows,
Dance no longer with the dead in the graveyard;
Dance with me the mephisto waltz.
Wedlock 'twixt day and night -
Offer me relief fro the sunrays.

R: Ah! such delight I sense:
Savour the bitter grapes of life!

LK: Eternally and ne'erendingly;
A soulsister of thine I am.
Let me openly greet thy kiss;
The most loving and caring bites.

R: Grant me thineself!,
I bore the woe in my heart,
My heart was shatter'd into its tithe,
Save yet are its chambers in flood.

LK: As I depart embrace me,
And in paltry time will I re-awake -
I love thee.