

[Soliloquy by Raymond, Music by Theatre of Tragedy]

Whether He the quaint savant's power doth held I now not,  
Albeit aetat a thousand stars' birth He is -  
Zuoth I that for reasons to me oblivious  
August of a granditude of servants is He held,  
And by plastic consonantry e'en more servants to the host addéd  
are -  
Pelf they are, dare I say!  
Maugre His diurnal serphic deviltry  
I say that deviltry - 'tis forsooth deviltry! -  
Mind not this in scintillating shades clad is;  
To claim the glore is He suffer'd.  
"Grant me the fatlings", gouth He, "the fatter the better!",  
And died they of starvation;  
They are not slaughtering their fatlings -  
They are slaughtering 'hemselves.  
Sith I at time of yester the questions durst ask,  
And dare I say this burthen weightful was,  
Wrack of His machine - like motion was I naméd,  
Tho' blind and fond the jesters rebuilt  
The machine alike - yet whettéd and dight are its edges...