

# The Masquerader and Phoenix

Theatre of Tragedy

[Poem by Raymond, Music by Theatre of Tragedy]

Hist! - The sonorous orchestral ambience and the arabesque-  
stanc'd ballerina,  
Her wee feel in an alacritic maelstrom-twirl,  
And the dust-  
hurl with her tears blendeth - Egad! this quagmire;  
Pasteth her unaptly apt feet to the stage;  
Like the wither'd rose of the luciferous Eden  
By the mummer'd masquerader espied vigilly and mockingly,  
His behesting visage, tho' ruddily mummmmer'd 'tis -  
Embower'd and eddyng oft and eft gloam by gloam,  
Her sweetness ne'er cloy - further! further! -  
His scratching and dallying hollow-heartéd eyes  
Her breasts and vestal heart caress,  
And like the dove and bird of prey leapeth she aerily,  
Whileas the orchestra playeth on travailingly;  
His one and sole swath  
With the pizzicato'd ensemble blendeth -  
And her umbral foetal scream -  
As the song climaxeth  
And slowly dieth  
Away...