

Danse Macabre

Wendy Rule

Be it the death of a child
Be it the love that floats on a sorrow
Be it the torture of splendor
That leads your heart away
Into the morrow

Be it the joy that cuts deep
Be it the wail of terror
Be it the softness, the softness of fear
That settles in your heart
Whenever love is near

And I have heard it before
And I have felt it before
Each time the thousands time thousands of souls
Within each thousand years
Has put its cell in me

And all I can hear
The cry
And all I can feel
The pain
And all I can see
The lives
That went ahead of me
That felt intensity

And I am crying with you
And I am moaning desire
And you have laid down your gift to my soul
I have your memory in every cell of me

And all I can hear
The cry
And all I can feel
The pain
And all I can see
The lives
That went ahead of me
That felt intensity