

## 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