

Blind Opera

And Also The Trees

My dead lords...my dead lords
Your strange ringed fingers turn,
Turned to knots of scented wood.
From your arms
that held our secrets fell the fruit
My dead lords...
You hold the past.
And I confess the uneasiness
of my love for you my lords.

My anger gives me strength my lords.
You loved and listened to the lovers
But we have stopped listening to you...
We have stopped listening to you my lords
We've paralysed...the pain.

And the wind in your bare ribs
Uttered still the tunes of lovers
In the geese veed sky
My dead lords
I confess an uneasiness in my love for you,
Confusion in my passion.

Were you the song of September
That charmed the fieldfares?
When your rotten skin grew hard
It fed your minion crows,
My black shining brothers
My dead lords
Oh my dead lords
I confess...
My anger gives me strength my lords.
I kissed your hard crusted rotten skin.
My uneasiness it grows
But you my Morton lords
Live on in my anger
Like the sun