

The Toad Curse And How It Perished In Flames

Cinema Strange

I can make fire breath. I learned it as a lad.
My master told me I had prowess no one ever had!
I could conduct the light... I'd look away to her...
She'd match my spit with spite; I don't know what her
reasons were.

I fell in love with her. My tongue is purple-black.
I lit a bluish rose... She carved a curse into my back!
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I dance when beauty's near. I hop to taunts and jeers.
I sought out stony glens... Lovely ladies don't come
here.
I paint the rock with flame. I burn and bruise my feet.
I spit, I'm naked, ever-hungry, I forget to eat.

I stamp out flowers and I fill my ears with mud.
That way the birdsong will not stir and agitate my
blood.)
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blood.)

I stare at ugly things. I suffer cuts and stings.
It's been a happy, hopeless, curseless ten-years
hermitting!
But then I smell the air and see her shrivelled there...
And though my blood begins to jump and boil, I don't
despair.

The curse is breathing flames that I could never name.
I ask her, shaking, quaking, why the bloody hell she
came!
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came!

She does not answer me. Her eyes are withering!
The wind begins to bend her... Now my muscles start to
sing!
I clasp her desperately, and we jump fifty feet!
Am I the very toad that used to hop along her street?

I fell in love with her. My tongue is purple-black.
I light a bluish rose and heap the flames upon our
backs...
I light a bluish rose and heap the flames upon our
backs...