

# The Hymn of Kassiani

Frank Turner

I've heard that they call me the woman  
Who has fallen into many sins  
They made me bear myrrh to the burial  
And at the graveside, I began to sing

Woe to me, all of you sinners  
I'm the lady of a moonless night  
The darkness to me is my ecstasy  
But for my sins I am far from contrite  
They dragged me away from the library  
I was cast to the bride-show's harsh light  
Where I told the king I was better than him  
And thus earned Theophilus' spite

And Theo, he thinks I still love him  
But I know him, and he knows not a thing  
They call me Kassiani  
The woman who rejected the king

The emperor, he tore down the icons  
The images and words thought divine  
But in the quiet of my cell I redrew them all  
And the name that I signed with was mine  
I was scourged with the lash for my impudence  
My tears were a fountain of brine  
But I conceded no defeat, my groaning heart beats  
With defiant blue blood Byzantine

And Theo, he thinks I still love him  
But I know him, and he knows not a thing  
Don't disregard me as a servant, know me  
As the woman who rejected the king

Yes I hid from his eyes when he visited  
But don't dare think me frightened or meek  
I was sick of his ineffable condescension  
And I will not kiss those sacred feet  
I will make his footsteps into music  
To be heard by both heathen and Greek  
They will mock his meanderings in paradise at twilight  
And they'll remember me: Kassiani  
She who hates silence when it's time to speak

And Theo, he thinks I still love him  
He knows not the multitude of my sins  
They will sing my song after Byzantium has gone  
The woman who rejected the king

I've heard all the things that they've called me  
It's just so many arrows and slings  
Leave the glory to the stepmother, and to the son  
I'm the woman who rejected the king