

## The Conqueror Worm

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Lo! 't is a gala night  
A mystic throng bedecked  
Sit in a theater to see  
A play of hopes and fears  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres  
Mimes, mutter and mumble low  
Mere puppets they, who come and go  
Disguised as gods  
They shift the scenery to and fro  
Inevitably trapped by invisible Wo  
This motley drama  
to be sure  
Will not be forgotten  
A phantom chased for evermore  
Never seized by the crowd  
Through they circle  
Returning to the same spot  
Circle and return to the selfsame spot  
Always to the selfsame spot  
With much of madness and more of sin  
And horror and mimic rout  
The soul of the plot  
Out  
out are the lights  
out all  
And over each dying form  
The curtain a funeral pall  
Comes with the rush of a storm  
The angels haggard and wan  
Unveiling and uprising affirm  
That the play is the tragedy "Man"  
And its hero the Conqueror Worm