

Sirens

Wendy Rule

I am doomed
Doomed to hear
Voices other people fear
I am doomed
From above
Some god has doomed me to love

Tie me tightly
Honey toned sirens are beckoning
Almost nightly they sing

Come near come near
Lovelier music you'll never hear
To you alone
We call to grace our meadow of bone

I have lived
I have died
Now that I've heard them my soul has cried
I have dreams
Dreams of pain
Knowing I'll hear them again

Tightly bind me
Sirens of sorrow and suffering
Always find me and sing

Come near come near
Lovelier music you'll never hear
To you alone
We call to grace our meadow of bone