

GOTHIC

IN MY HEART THERE IS A MOOR,
A GOTHIC, GREY, AND GHOSTLY PLACE,
A RAVAGED PLANE OF LOVE AND LOSS,
UNBOUNDED BY ALL TIME AND SPACE.

I SEE HER LIMNED BY MIST AND LIGHTNING,
RUNNING, ROOTED IN THE STONE,
I HEAR HER SINGING FOR HER LIFE,
I FEEL MY SOUL CHILLED TO THE BONE.

THE WIND WEAVES SERPENTS FROM HER HAIR,
AND WINDS HER CLOAK ABOUT HER SKIN,
MY SHOUTS OF LOVE ARE SWALLOWED UP,
AND LOST IN THE UNHOLY DIN.

MONSTERS ROAM THE HEATH BETWEEN US,
RESTLESS SPIRITS, SEEKING BLOOD,
MY HANDS ARE CHAINED, I HAVE NO STRENGTH,
MY LEGS ARE LOCKED IN OOZING MUD.

AND THEN I GLIMPSE A GLANCE OF SUNRISE,
THEN I HEAR A DISTANT BELL,
BUT DID I HEAR HER CALL, "I LOVE YOU"?
DID I HEAR HER CALL, "FAREWELL"?