Let me live out my years in heat of blood!

Let me die drunk-en with the dream-er's wine!

not see this soul-house built of mud go top-pling to the dusk--

a va-cant shrine.

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Let Me Live Out My Years

Let me go quickly, like a candle light,

snuffed out just as at the hey-day of its glow.

Give me high noon --

and let it then be night!

Thus would I

go.

And grant that
when I face the grisly Thing, the grisly Thing, my song may

trumpet down the gray Perhaps, Let me be as a

tune swept-fiddle-string that feels the Master Melody--

...the Master Melody-- and snaps!

Let Me Live Out My Years

19 August 2009

Munvezi