

HEED THE HEART

By Richard Paul

(*- Stressed Syllables)

The King watched the flames he'd long wished to see,
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Consuming a Hell masquerading as Heaven.
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Every scheme of violent youth led here,
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This wrathful wish was woven through his dreams,
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But now the sight could draw no joyful tears
_ * _ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ * _ _ * _

For such a shadow hung o'er all he'd won.
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The Daughter who led her people to safety
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Was first to behold the bright orange sky
_ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _

And first to weep at the sight of the stars.
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It was all doomed, that's still a certainty,
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The feasting Void could surely not be far,
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And yet her hope was stoked enough to fight.
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(CHORUS)

Heed the heart and not the head,
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For sense decrees you're worse than dead
_ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _

And with no hope, it's right.
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Heed the heart and not the mind,
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Scorn the darkness, learn to find
_ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ * _

Through hopeless strife, delight.
_ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _

(CHORUS)

The consort Prince had more to lose than most,
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For all he'd lost before and now reclaimed,
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And how he wished that now he'd reached the end,
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But knew he'd not, and as Lord of his host,
_ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ * _

On the thralls of the Void he'd descend,
_ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _

Those who hunted she whom he loved, he'd rend.
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The Goddess built a palace worthy of Her,
_ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ * _

Surrounding it with the worlds of Her children;
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Magnificence to stand through eternity,
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The failing hearts come near she'd see bestirred
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And all that lived, 'gainst travesty they'd defend
_ * _ _ _ * _ _ _ * _ _ * _

And nothing that lived would match their glory.
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(CHORUS X2)