

MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF

By Richard Paul

They found us in her bed,
--*--- *_ ---*--
Too young to think to hide;
---*--- --*--- ---*--
The mere son of a porter
--*--- *_ ---*--
With the Baron's only daughter.
--*_ ---*_ ---*---
This Lord called for my head,
--*--- --*_ ---*--
Then beat her till she died.
--*--- --*_ ---*--

The axe man proved a friend,
_ ------ ---*---
His orders he would spurn;
_ ------
He led me out at nightfall,
--*_ ---*_ ---*--
Helped me o'er the city walls
---*--- *_ ---*_ ---*--
And said he'd fake my end,
--*_ ---*--- ---*--
Then bade me not return.
--*--- --*_ ---*--

That man was far too kind,
--*_ ---*_ ---*--
He should have let me die,
---*--- --*_ ---*--
True love's passion, twisted so,
--*--- --*_ ---*--- *_
Birthed a beast I did not know
---*--- --*--- ---*--
Could drive a heart like mine,
--*--- --*--- ---*--
He should have let me die.
---*--- --*_ ---*--

I wandered till I fell,
--*_ ---*_ ---*--
Then slept upon the street,
--*_ ---*_ ---*---
That's when I met the Demon,
--*_ ---*_ ---*--
In every dream from then on;
_ ------ ---*--
A vengeance come from Hell,
--*_ ---*--- ---*--
That's what he promised me.
--*--- --*--- ---*--

Far out in the forest,
--*_ ---*_ ---*--
Below a stone hatchway,
--*_ ---*--- --*_ ---*--
Down silvery steps tinged red,
--*_ ---*--- ---*--
By the fires far ahead,
--*_ ---*_ ---*_ ---*---
Through a door by angels blessed,
--*_ ---*_ ---*--- ---*---
Behind which demons bayed.
--*--- --*_ ---*--- ---*--

They could not force the door,
--*_ ---*--- ---*---
But one lost soul like me
--*_ ---*_ ---*_ ---*--
Who truly wished to destroy,
--*_ ---*--- ---*--
With no conscience to annoy,
--*_ ---*_ ---*_ ---*--
Who must hate evermore,
--*_ ---*_ ---*_ ---*--
Could set the demons free.
--*_ ---*_ ---*_ ---*--

She would not forgive me,
--*_ ---*_ ---*_ ---*--
Should that not stop me cold?
--*_ ---*--- ---*--- ---*--
One slight push and all is doomed,
--*_ ---*_ ---*_ ---*--- ---*---
All I know is I want to,
--*_ ---*--- ---*---
Life has been cruel to me,
--*_ ---*--- ---*---
And so here is my scold.
--*_ ---*_ ---*--- ---*--

--*-- = Suggested Stressed Syllables

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