

## Tope Of Weeds

Elysian Fields

Night cracked like a skull  
Made the moon convulse  
Wrapped it's chilly tongue around my mast  
A fortnight it would be  
Since I'd been out at sea  
Ne'er another soul had crossed my path  
Ne'er another soul had crossed my path

I was hauling salt  
In my bleached and battered boat  
Trawling just to pass the restless night  
When I felt the queerest lug  
Against that fraying cord  
Reeling in a devastating sight  
In the brackish sound  
Somebody had drowned  
She wrapped her raven rings around my line  
She wrapped her raven rings around my line

In a tangled open dress  
The most comely bloodless breasts  
A distant look was frozen in her eyes  
A fiend possessed my soul  
As I helped her to disrobe  
A rope of weeds was woven round her thighs  
A rope of weeds was woven round her thighs

My I'll and frenzied heart  
And the quiet lapping song  
Beaten by the splendor of her hips  
I had to lay her down  
Atop those briny beds  
And press my mouth against her silent lips

The frigid moon was green  
Upon my wicked scene  
My wasted angel shimmering in sand  
I had to be with her  
And leave the world behind  
I knew that no one else could understand  
And I slipped her silver palm inside my hand

Married to the bower  
I threw our bodies overboard  
Our hearts were bound by heavy rusted chain  
Now I roam the ocean floor  
With the lady I adore  
This is where we remain  
This is where we remain  
This is where we remain  
This is where we remain