

Slaver

Rome

To the howling wastes without - to me
To my blackened kingdom of mud - to me
O, I walk the red cinderland to come home finally - to me

At least I shall not rise, O, above this grief
How else to wonder and to surprise, O, the child in me?
And you know I, I should have let you go when the going got cruel
For love is the goal and hate is the rule
I should have let you know that I am a slaver now

And I don't mind. I'm a slaver now and I don't mind at all.
I should have told you so...