

# Antony & The Johnsons, The Lake

( The Lake EP / Edgar Allen Poe )

In youth's spring, it was my lot  
To haunt of the wide earth a spot  
To which I could not love the less  
So lovely was the loneliness  
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound  
And the tall trees that towered around

But when the night had thrown her pall  
Upon that spot as upon all  
And the wind would pass me by  
In its stilly melody

My infant spirit would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake  
My infant spirit would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake

Yet that terror was not fright  
But a tremulous delight  
And a feeling undefined  
Springing from a darkened mind  
Death was in that poisoned wave  
And in its gulf a fitting grave  
For him who thence could solace bring  
To his dark imagining  
Whose wildering thought could even make  
An Eden of that dim lake

But when the night had thrown her pall  
Upon that spot as upon all  
And the wind would pass me by  
In its stilly melody

My infant spirit would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake  
My infant spirit would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake

Springing from a darkened mind  
So lovely was the loneliness  
In youth's spring, it was my lot  
In its stilly melody  
An Eden of that dim lake  
An Eden of that dim lake  
Lone, lone, lonely...