

# Faith And The Muse, Iago's Demise

Ophelia  
Cordelia  
Desdemona  
And Kate  
My sweetness and Beatrice  
So precious your pain  
I sing for your lovers  
Your heavenly fathers to be  
Your possible futures  
Your obvious endings defeat me  
Alma  
Badoura  
Dorothea  
And Jade  
Belphoebe is just like me  
Such perfect disdain  
I sing for the daughters  
The heavenly mothers to be  
Insanity's wanderings  
Ritual fatherings greet me  
So carry me (there's no one to)  
Comfort me (there's no one to)  
Care for me (there's no one to)  
Capture me  
Ophelia (I dream of the daughters to be)  
Cordelia (the ritual fatherings)  
Desdemona (the heavenly mothers to be)  
And Kate (insanity's wanderings)  
Alma (the sons and the lovers to be)  
Badoura (the infidel creatures like me)  
Dorothea (the virginal martyrs to be)  
And Jade (the doting fathers)  
I sing for the passive  
The heavenly loyals to be  
The unrewarded loves  
Obvious endings defeat me  
While I'm asleep I can open my eyes  
What my lucid heart speaks  
Conscious caution denies  
Here betwixt and between  
Lies Iago's demise  
As I sing for my creatures  
Their infidel features  
Ophelia (I dream of the fathers to be)  
Cordelia (the heavenly loyals like me)  
Desdemona (insanity's wanderings)  
And Kate (suicide's followers)  
My sweetness (the virginal martyrs to be)  
And Beatrice (the doting lovers for she)  
So precious (the unrewarded like me)  
Your pain (the infidel creatures)  
Alma (the worshipful followers)  
Badoura (the doting mothers to be)  
Dorothea (the constant martyrs)  
And Jade (the unaging fathers)  
Belphoebe (the unloving characters)  
Is just like me (insanity's wanderings)  
Such perfect (the heavenly daughters to be)  
Disdain (the obvious endings)