

How long will my destruction take

Upon this devil's altar?

They wind me, tease me, feed me wine

To keep me running longer.

Oh, never let me hear again

The sound of wild applause.

Serve no more sticky spoons of praise;

It doesn't soothe the burn.

You proud, proud parents, bring me not

Another gifted child.

You fools, you dreamers, it's a curse!

No worse can Hell devise!

I often read that parable—

The man with just one talent...

I envy him above all men;

Most people envy me!

Would I be wrong to bury some?

Will mine continue doubling?

Oh, God, I'll gladly share with ten

My fair and fatal demons!