



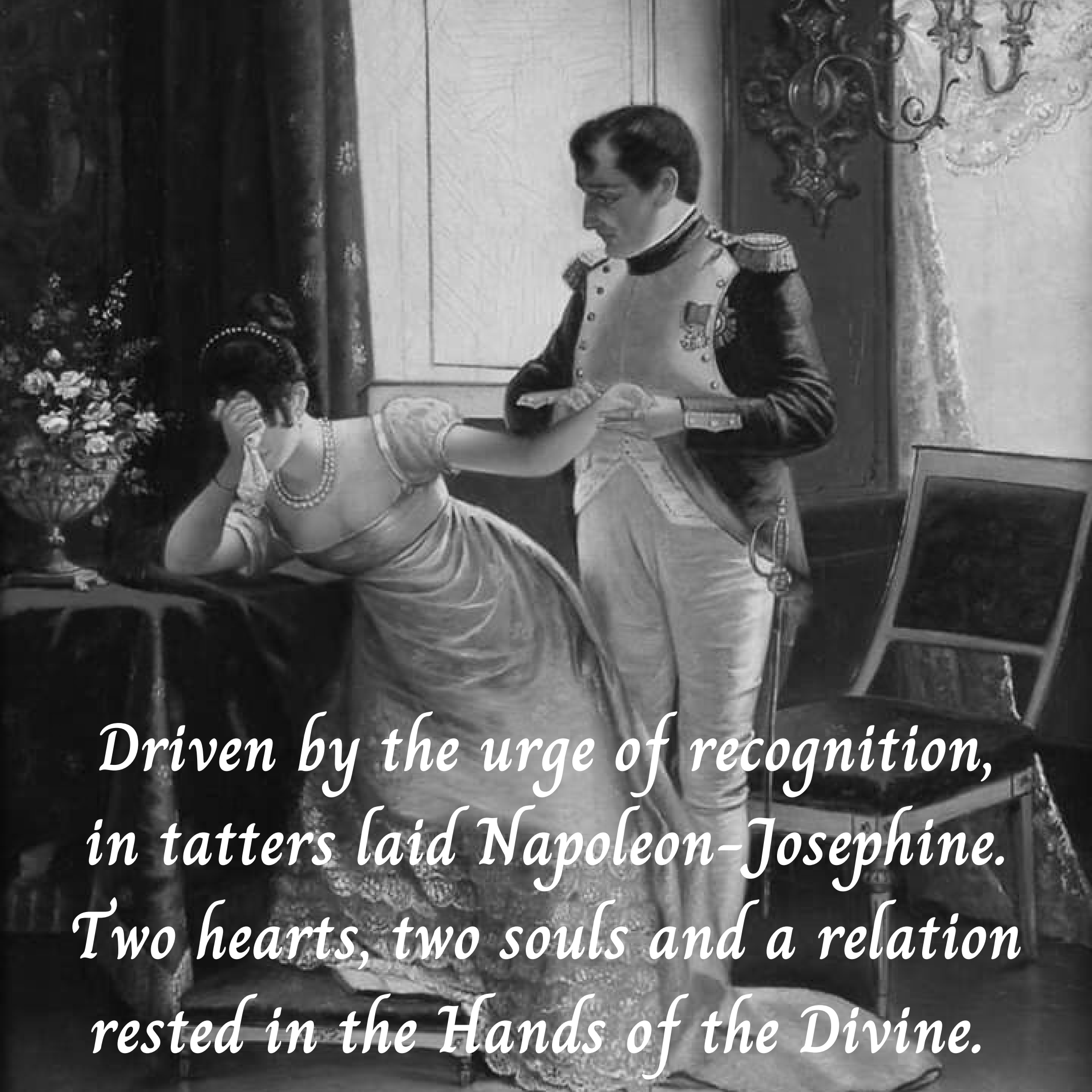
Ballad 4
O Josephine!



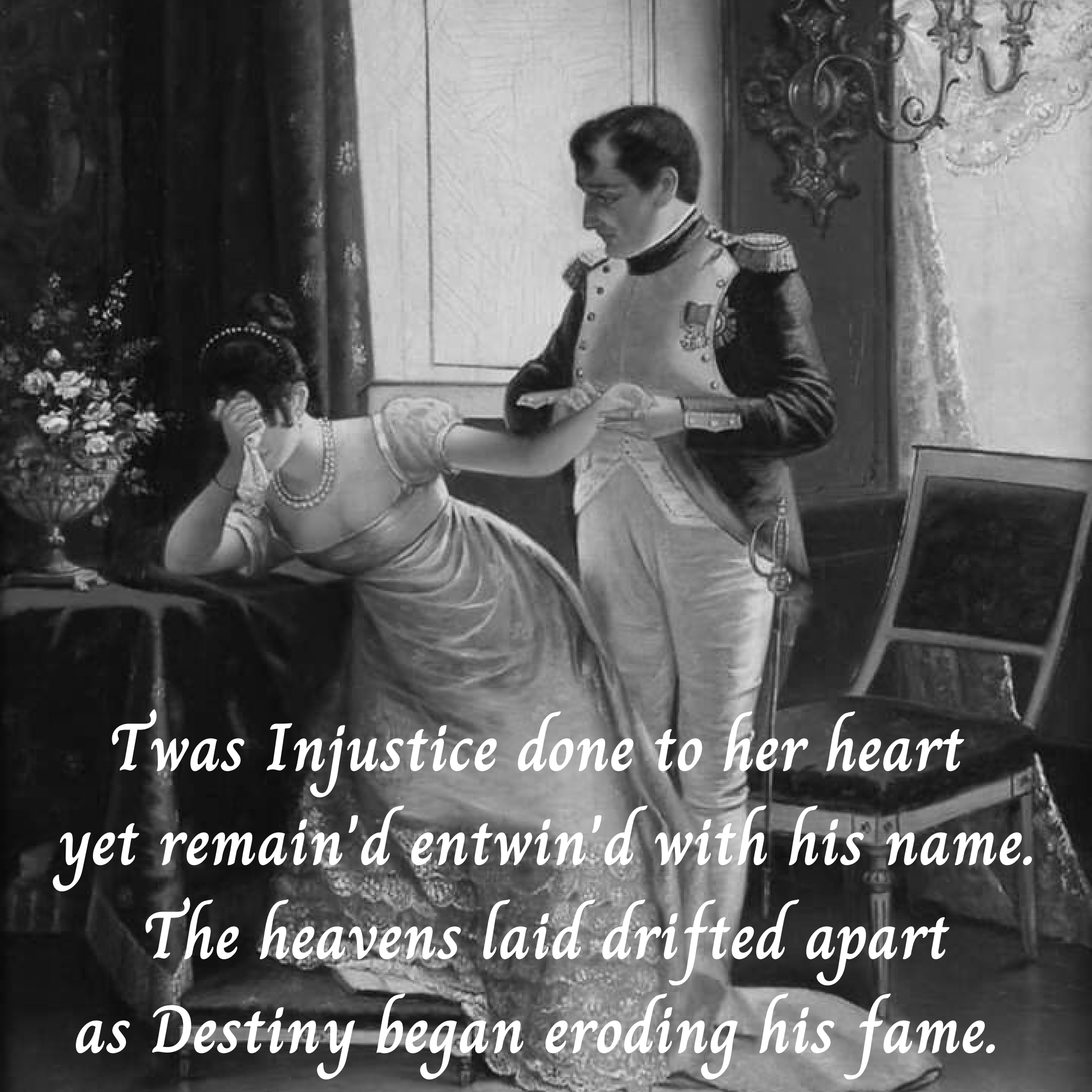
*O Josephine! Thou spent thy life
yearning for thy love.
He spent his in bloodthirsty strife
that his unsatiated ego drove.*



*Not that lovelorn minstrelsies
weren't pen'd by Napoleon.
Alas! Cloak'd in tragic fantasies
thou led a life all alone.*



*Driven by the urge of recognition,
in tatters laid Napoleon-Josephine.
Two hearts, two souls and a relation
rested in the Hands of the Divine.*



*'Twas Injustice done to her heart
yet remain'd entwin'd with his name.
The heavens laid drifted apart
as Destiny began eroding his fame.*



*With every battle that he lost
"Josephine! Josephine! Josephine!", his soul did call
But Josephine died fighting a battle lost
thereby ending it, once and for all.*



*On his deathbed, did Napoleon demand
a last attempt to reconcile.
No truth lied in his command
as a burden'd soul left his body beguile.*



*O Josephine! Mays't every drop of rain
falling over thy grave,
sooth thy excruciating pain
that Napoleon hath thou gave!*