

# Ravings From A Mad Woman

**By Bix**

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*She's crazy and locked in a cell in the 1600 or 1700's. She talks to weird things that most people wouldn't talk to. Um, this is written in old English, so it may be a little confusing.*

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# 1 - Ravings From A Mad Woman

## Ravings from a Madwoman

Oh, how is it I may live with what I have done. For my love, my one who is mine, I have killed. Oh, woeful, woeful day! I will not live with myself, with what I have done. Oh, now this day, the wrenched, wrenched day, the cursed day, for the sun rises, and I have seen what I have done. Oh, this begotten day! Why am I still here?! Should I not be dead?! For I have killed my love! Oh, what have I done?! Why did I do this to my love?! Why did no one stop my hand from flying?! Oh, wrenched people! You let me kill my love! How dare you?! You let me kill my love! Oh, my love!

Oh, birds, why is it you still sing? Do you not know my love lay dead? Oh, wind, why is it you still whistle? Do you not know my love lay dead? Oh, children, why is it you still laugh and play? Do you not know lay dead? Oh, sun, why is it you still shine in the cloudless blue skies? Do you not know my love lay dead? Oh, water, why is it you still trickle down the mountainsides? Do you not know my love lay dead?

Sweet moon, shall you speak to the heavens, and ask it to raise my love up from the dead? For, goddess moon, you understand. Do you not.... What! Shall you not ask for my love to be raised up! Oh, dare you, goddess moon, are no better than anyone else! For, goddess moon, you shall be sorry for what you have done unto me! Oh, goddess moon, I feel sorry for you... you have crossed my path. Oh, goddess moon.

Oh, mire earth, who opened up and swallowed up my love! Will you not give him back?! Oh, mire earth; do you not see how much I miss my love?! Oh, mire, mire, bloody earth! Let me have back my love! Oh, it is him, mire earth that makes me whole! Oh, woe you mire earth!

Oh, scalding fire, will you not burn the mire earth, so that I may take back my love? Oh, scalding flame of fire! My love I need. Please, I beg unto you, Oh scalding fire! Oh, fire; set free my love from his prison of ground! Oh, scalding fire, surly you have lost many a' loves! Oh, fire, see, my love I need! My love is to be by my side! Not in some prison'd encasing of earth! Oh, scalding fire!

Oh, harsh ice, will you not talk to the goddess moon, the mire earth, and the scalding fire, so as I may reunite with my love?! Oh, harsh and freezing ice! You are the last one, oh harsh ice, that will hear my pleas! All other have turned me down! Oh, harsh, freezing ice! Will you not answer me?! Will you be like all the others who have ignored me?!? Will you be like them?!? Or will you help me?!? Will you answer my pleas to rise up my love from the dead?!?!

No, for you shall be like the goddess moon, the mire earth, and the scalding fire! You shall be like them!  
And when, oh goddess moon, mire earth, scalding fire, and harsh ice, I retrieve my love from the depths  
of hell, I shall come for you! You have ignored me when I needed you! Oh, goddess moon, you shall fall!  
Oh, mire earth, you shall crumble! Oh, scalding fire, you shall smoke and spew your embers! Oh, harsh  
ice, you shall sweat yourself away! Oh, how dearly you four shall pay!  
But until the, Oh goddess moon, Oh mire earth, Oh scalding fire, Oh harsh ice, I shall sit here, in my own  
little room, rocking back and fourth, and laughing to myself about the revenge I shall have on you!!!