Play with Daggers

When is a man like a piece of wood? When he’s made into a ruler.
Those who hate you will stab you in the back. Those you love will pierce you through the breast.

On a night like this, death dreamed up life. Nothing comes of Nothing comes of Nothing, who had three daughters, Anything, Something, and Nothingness.

Truth lies like a sword. And words are the fool’s gold of the mind. Who can fathom the reason of thunder? Who can love the loneliness of truth?

Madness alone talks sense.

I have no way and therefore want no eyes. (I stumbled when I saw.) A walking fire, hearth lost.

Ask not what I know, comrade wolf. Love’s a silent knife. Death is nobody’s fool.

The one holy water flows from her eyes. Let me rest on pillows of knives, sleep to death. I buried my heart in her chest. You do wrong to take me out of the grave.

Cross not a ghost.