

Heart of Stone

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$\text{♩} = 90$

I have wand-ered long a-mong the mor-tals, My so - li - tude has driv - en me quite mad. I care not if I die be-fore the
morn - ing, If it would bring the peace I've ne - ver had. You say I slew your bro - ther out of mal - ice, You
say that I'm too e - vil to a - bide. So, He-ro, have you come to final-ly kill me? First lis-ten to my tale, and then de - cide. She
cursed me for my hair of gold, And ser-pents grew in-stead. She cursed me for my sloe-brown eyes, Which now will strike you dead.