

# Hallelujah

*by ridmeofthisennui*

It's not a cry you can hear at night/It's not somebody who's seen the light/It's a cold  
and it's a broken Hallelujah.

"Hallelujah" by Rufus Wainright

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

It's not a cry you can hear at night/It's not somebody who's seen the light/It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah.

"Hallelujah" by Rufus Wainright

*I've heard there was a secret chord*

*that David played, and it pleased the Lord*

*But you don't really care for music, do you?*

Severus Snape sat behind the desk in his private study at the Snape Manor, door closed and locked to all who would dare to intrude.

Cloaked as he was in his normal robes of black, one would have lost him to the shadows had they not been looking carefully, specifically, for him. His head rested in one hand while the other was tightly clasped around a snifter of his own devise, a mix of Muggle brandy and wizarding Firewhisky.

*It goes like this*

*the fourth; the fifth*

*the minor fall, the major lift*

*the baffled king composing Hallelujah*

His eyes were glazed, but not from the liquor in his right hand. They seemed to stare directly ahead of him, directly at the portrait of a young woman that hung above his fireplace that was built into the opposite wall.

But they did not.

He was not.

In truth, his eyes fell back into the past, focusing on the same woman that was in his painting.

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

He watched in his mind as she stood behind her desk and silently prepared what she would need to accomplish her task.

He watched in his mind as her long and graceful hands elegantly divided what would be needed from what would not.

He watched in his mind as her long brown hair that fell in ringlets down her back came before her and obscured her face from his view.

He watched in his mind as her brow furrowed in concentration, revealing the inner debate she was having with herself as to whether or not she was going about her set task properly.

He watched in his mind the day that he ceased to see her as a student.

*Your faith was strong but you needed proof*

*you saw her bathing on the roof*

*her beauty in the moonlight overthrew you*

From that day forward he always watched her.

He watched her with her friends, as she laughed and as she cried.

He watched her throughout the battle, completing the most complex spells with a simple wave of her wand as if they required no effort at all. Never killing, but always coming out victorious.

He watched her graduate, the smartest witch the world had ever seen.

He watched her the night of her Graduation Ball, where they were both dressed in his color.

He watched her dress, cut as to frame her beautifully but to reveal nothing, made her look like a woman rather than a girl, an enchantress rather than a witch.

He watched her step outside, away from all of her classmates who wanted to dance with her.

He watched her sit on the edge of a sparkling fountain that had been placed in the enchanted gardens just for that night.

He watched her watch the moonlight as it reflected off the water and onto her face.

He watched her face as he came to stand behind her, adding his reflection to hers.

He watched her as she turned and stood, facing him, staring into his eyes for a single moment before she nodded slightly to herself, before she took his hands in hers and gently placed them around her waist, before she moved her own to his shoulders, and then, eventually, around his neck.

He watched her eyes shine as they swayed slowly to the soft, slow music that was drifting through the open doors of the school.

He watched her smile when the song had finished, and she slowly stepped away from him, not saying a word as she walked back inside.

He watched her eyes thank him. For everything.

He knew then that he was in love with her, and had been since the day she was no longer a student to him.

*She tied you*

*to a kitchen chair*

*She broke your throne, she cut your hair*

*and from your lips she drew the Hallelujah*

He almost cried when she left for a university to continue her education.

He almost cried when she came back.

He almost cried when she asked to become his apprentice.

He almost cried when she began to work with him in a sort of friendship, forgetting all that he had done to her in the past.

He almost cried when she showed him how much his friendship meant to her.

He almost cried when she kissed him.

He almost cried when she told him that she loved him, that she returned his feelings for her.

He almost cried when she said she would be his wife.

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

He was so joyful that night.

So out of character that night.

So amazed that night.

So in love that night.

*Maybe I've been here before*

*I know this room; I've walked this floor*

*I used to live alone before I knew you*

He hated it when they would get into petty arguments.

He hated it when they had to deal with her family, blood and adopted.

He hated it when they had to deal with his family.

He hated it when they had to deal with their colleagues.

He hated it when they would scream at each other, no matter if it was just over something professional.

He hated it when they became so dependent on one another that they needed to be together at all times. Not because he did not enjoy her company, but because he had always been alone.

He hated it when they began to walk down the same paths his parents had.

*I've seen your flag on the marble arch*

*love is not a victory march*

*it's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah*

Then he realized that it was his fault.

Then he realized that he had pushed her away after having held her so close.

Then he realized that he had been their undoing.

Then he realized that he had been so concentrated on his work after they had been together for so long.

Then he realized that he had gotten so used to her love that he didn't bother to thank her for it.

Then he realized that he had done it all wrong.

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

He despaired when she became as distant to him as he was to her.

He despaired when she spent more time with her friends than she did with him.

He despaired when he proved her family right, that he was not good for her. That he was not good enough for her.

*There was a time you'd let me know*

*what's real and going on below*

*But now you never show it to me do you?*

He tried to get her back.

He tried to save her from becoming what he had been before her.

He tried to make her love him once more.

He tried to show her his love as much as possible.

He tried to explain that he was sorry.

He tried to heal the rift between them.

*Remember when I moved in you?*

*The holy dark was moving too*

*and every breath we drew was Hallelujah*

He reminded her of their dance together.

He reminded her of the time they had spent talking to each other.

He reminded her of the intellectual battles they had had.

He reminded her of their wedding night.

He reminded her of the birth of their first child. Their second. Their third.

He reminded her of his love for her.

He reminded her of all that he had done and would do for her.

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

He called her love.

He called her dearest.

He called her his only one.

He called her insufferable.

He called her a silly little girl.

He called her pathetic.

He called her a know-it-all.

*Maybe there's a God above*

*and all I ever learned from love*

*was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you*

He missed her laugh.

He missed her smile.

He missed her presence.

He missed her wonder.

He missed her knowledge.

He missed her wit.

He missed her body.

He missed her love.

*It's not a cry you can hear at night*

*It's not somebody who's seen the light*

*It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah*

He became cold.

He became mean.

He became unapproachable.

He became sarcastic.

He became distant.

He became all he had been before she changed him to all but their four children.

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

Severus Snape sat behind the desk in his private study at the Snape Manor, door closed and locked to all who would dare to intrude.

His eyes were glazed as he seemed to look upon the large portrait of his late wife that hung above his fireplace.

His mind was racing through their lives together. Their relationship of student to teacher, becoming equals, becoming friends. Then lovers before he took her to be his wife.

He recalled all that she had ever said, anything she had ever implied, trying to find some indication as to why she had agreed to have another child with him.

It was now the day after the said child's birthday. Their youngest and only daughter, Keaira had turned six yesterday. And today, today was the sixth anniversary of her mother's death.

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah*