

## **Euphoreador**

# **"Reserve At The Moment Of Expulsion"**

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I've stumbled to the wasteland  
On my way to a promise planned  
Coming with what may  
And then walls  
And then a trouble calls me

What did it say

Don't watch upon the hour  
Don't look for love to shower  
Down on you in abundance  
If left to happenstance  
You'll be mired searching lost parlance

Don't wait upon the hour  
When our highest ideal's vine flower flit  
Then what we make of it  
We have to give to get  
And struggle up that bower

Cadence in a kiss  
An inner crux on the way towards bliss  
If fear we don't pierce or name  
We'll be shirking off our guilt  
Trying to float in a quagmire of blame

A man without a country  
Ghost of nowhere  
Obsessed he'll be  
To dawdle cross lines that border impropriety  
And let all care free

Slip down to ground like glove  
Don't you denigrate  
Whatever perhaps we mate  
Cleft from something  
Left out come bring  
That of what we presume  
Betwixt a union little room

Like a wave  
Over reef

Through the sea  
To the sand  
We demand

Look but don't touch me  
See that I do doubt you knew  
What fear zen alignment  
Of man and maiden  
Voyage heavily laden

Of uneven pulls we don't like at all  
Onwards heathen crawling tall  
Only towards our goal we go on  
Till one of us is gone

You can't defy how a long term love will grow  
You can't deny you know  
You can't deify when our ignorant tops blow  
You whom I love so

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