

## Path Of Golconda

### "Catafalque"

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This dry massacre to crack her and shatter  
Her ruby tears that sever -or better - forget her  
Yes, I had the choice of murder  
Yes, I chose to be at war with God...

- but from the start I lost...

Beat the Devil's tattoo over the quicksand of your life  
Meet the shores your verses line, and hopes, so well  
defined  
And down your throat, no antidote will fight the fire  
there  
Only higher flames aspire on drama and despair -

-Lose yourself -  
My parole mocked my tongue  
Pleased myself,  
Sought control in her song

Balletal, skeletal grace surround her  
Excite a younger soul to an ivory sceptre  
( a whirl of regal spine and a delicate minor)  
From the fecund abyss where her heart stroke the bell  
With her dulcimer throbs as a foreboding of Hell?

So I learned I will be fading  
Long before I'm gone  
In her eyes the mourning prayers

That to the erudite dead belong

Catafalque

No perfect wave, no ancient grave ordain those feline  
ghosts  
That whisper racked to me, in rags, truth's overdose

We have all grown old  
But what have we sold  
What treasures, promised pleasures  
Have we spilled in vain?

Like the wine we praised as manna  
Or our morbid diorama  
As we died a thousand deaths, faced the gold-cage of  
tristesse  
And more sombre panorama but revived again  
No! Never so lost now  
No! Never so lost?

Now the die fell on you  
Bitter pills to consume served on a dagger  
Forever  
Sealing Neverland's tomb  
Plundering Venus' womb

Somewhere the fog is rising  
Contouring elder terror in the minds of man  
Suspended strength, so soon declining  
Filled my books on hate with life again...

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