

The Crüxshadows

"Telemetry 10: Hanged Man"

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Call the card
Left to lay
Just a path
Against our future days
Lay direction
Read the face
Understand our crooked ways
Smile at this
Directed plain
Her eyes are cracking
In their wrinkled gaze
The light is dancing
On the tabletop
Restlessness that just won't stop
Now planted deeply
Suggesting fate
Eating sweet naiveté
Was it mirror
Or window glass?
The subtle residue
Beyond your grasp
Hang the man
By his legs let us hang the man
(repeat)

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