

Mephisto Walz

"It Is The Skin Of Night"

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It is the skin of night that holds my shallow breath
Such an illusion that it lulls my inner sight
Is it the call of fear that does entice me
Or just the moon that pulls me from myself

It is desire that sweeps my hand under a hardened
smile
And in this moment I could become complete
Is it the slowing wheel that makes a hollow grind
Or warming memories that keep the shadows sweet

A shudder long unfelt comes over me
And in this dread I delay once again
The shrinking lights they do not linger here

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