

Tissue Issue

"Spirits Of Tainted Gold"

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We all started out to be
Men of never yielding minds
Curious to know and to see
Just what there was to find

Wandering through life so cold
With troth and blind belief
Separating seeds of gold
From a world of tainting grief

We are the spirits of tainted gold
Good hearted, solid but rusty and cold
We are the spirits of tainted gold
Even the pure ones will grow old

Dreams of joy and love for us
Were all smashed with jealousy
We were all too good and thus
Our golden souls would flee

The night was cold, damp and long
The devil came and told
"I know that your faith is strong
But time will stain your gold"

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Good hearted, solid but rusty and cold
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Baroque

Even the pure ones will grow old

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