

## Two Fingerz "Threnody"

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Gather 'round you wounded people;  
Shadows fall upon the steeple.  
Soon shall come the closing of,  
The closing of the gates.  
For there is word of plague among us.  
Curse the one whose poison stung us.  
All along they alleyways the satyrs wait their fate.  
But who's to blame when all are guilty;  
Morals stained and conscience filthy,  
Abreast your idol replicas, your replicas of lust.  
In the sky I hear the threshing.  
Dare to watch your lord undressing.  
While you beg forgiveness you feed on his disgust.  
But if perhaps the salt might stain your skin,  
And if perhaps the smoke might weep your eyes,  
Listen while the threnodies begin.  
Know no one in here gets out alive.  
But let your frailty not deceive you;  
A little pinprick, rest relieves you,  
And dream of all the days that are,  
The years that are to come.  
For you will dance and you'll be nimble pirouettes  
Upon a thimble and I will be beside you lest I lose you  
once again.  
But if perhaps my sorrows are all show  
And I should find a crack among the gates,  
Guilt shall follow me where ever I go.  
Though I try I know I can't escape.  
And when you're gone the earth will crumble.  
I will try but I will stumble and all through these city  
Streets my robes shall drag the ground.  
Hear the children swing with sorrow.  
Yesterday was once tomorrow.  
No more I'll be troubled by the troubles of this world.  
But if I lose my step along the way,  
And if the speech of victim fills my throat,  
Out beyond the cliffs that shape the day.  
It's there I'll wander, there I'll stray.  
It's there I'll look for you when all my trials are done.  
I feign to sleep to save my breath.  
This love is loss this life is theft,

And all that's left is some vain need to carry on.  
And though I fear the tightening of the skies,  
Against the dawn I'll watch you rise.  
Oh lord, the company I keep within my head.  
The scent of flesh might tease the nose.  
It claims the calm it clings the clothes.  
Could that be you my love, your dust upon the wind?

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