

## **The New York Room "Minion Of The Gypsies"**

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in the tomb of my desire  
sleeps the ghost, burns the fire  
of days gone by  
the lost dominion  
she is the one with four faces  
metal wings and the traces  
of tears that dried  
she is the minion  
she needs nothing and no one  
she has seen and will become  
all that we are  
in her creation  
all we want is forbidden, then hidden from us  
she will give back what they have taken  
and break the chains  
when she reveals, when she appears  
when we are saved  
when she returns, when she is real  
when we are safe  
the palest angel of this earth  
has taken shape, has given birth  
to ways gone by  
the last dominion  
taste the curse of the gypsy

kiss her mouth and now kiss me

the priestess lied

now you are forgiven  
old men and the books they hold sacred

give into the hatred

of feelings that died

the trumpets have sounded

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