

## **Rishloo**

### **"Downhill"**

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I'm leavin' to walk the road inside my head  
with cord in hand and powder breath I stand and wave  
goodbye  
goodbye...

the system automatic thinks, while buying blood on  
Broadway street where the old messiahs go  
that pulsing through the atmosphere are answers to  
the questions you should know  
don't let it go, or it's all downhill from here

examples of the afterlife responding visions half the  
time and the other vertigo  
spun off the Earth a thousand times and caught the  
wind that purifies the soul  
you should know, it's all downhill from here

lost out here adrift in lights, it's wondrous  
weightless in clouds of colors the world will never see  
and I am a figment of reality  
wrapped in the shroud of endless night I scream aloud  
but no one hears, so I tell my stories to satellites  
and I am lost inside a memory

the pattern picks the pockets of the palindrome  
back to front the loss remains the same  
and it beckons to the East to give the West its eyes  
while the oscillating rhythm marks its bones  
to the young it gives a vision of the dead and gone  
while the old receive a passion to survive  
and the pattern picks the pockets of the palindrome  
before the oscillating rhythm takes to flight...

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