

Rishloo

"El Empe"

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One more charlatan goes mute
Safe in these halls discreetly
I hold out for the rare when the silence is golden
Beg to join me here
To lay, to lay, to lay, to lay
Bow to me
Such a deep flood of these
Dreams that you've wound tightly
Remain enthralled his breathing stalls
The course of your mind
And join the line to march in time
Right back with your throw
Hollow minds stalk rope-less gallows
Intent too wild all immersed
When eager eyes and sameness strangles concern
And fashion murders worth
Hey you there on the outside
You there on the fault line
Will you save us from emotion
Will you save us from the cold tide
Fuck you, you fool with your hand me down views
And your Valium counterpoint bullshit excuse
You wouldn't have a word if I hadn't said it first
So cup your little seed and beg, beggar, beg
Beg until you cannot speak
I hold out for the rare when the silence is golden
Beg to join me here
Or stay where you stand there to deny all your faults
And beg to join me here
He's now forced to trace your muse
Beyond the faded hand

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