

## **Rishloo**

# **"To Tame The Temporal Shrew"**

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Pass between the in between  
To evidence the things unseen  
By travelers who've past beneath  
Till waxed and flaxen unkempt hair  
Is standard where they hold me here  
To separate the spirit from the shape

Feast upon the eyes  
Breath of life falters  
Waiting for the sign  
Borderline course to wonder  
Is the shutter shy the film is fading  
Seen through pallid eyes the joy and waking  
Wholly satisfied to cauterize the two that feel alright  
Seeing white light  
Stepping outwards to embrace  
All the phantom static in play  
All these virgins calling for haste  
See the satyr rise  
To feast upon the eyes closing

She is strange oh this death dealing diva  
Speaking coarse with reluctance to me  
We will dance where the fever bereaves us  
To escape from the fortune she weaves  
I'm ashamed when the flames sell me fire  
For the lantern I've made from my skin  
Can the stitches hold on through these travels  
If the hunger removes them within  
As I race through the passage I find you  
And we dance till eternity ends  
And the void is not full up nor empty  
When the song of our empire begins

Oh

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