

## **Gone Jackals, The**

### **"13x"**

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One enchanted evening,  
As I lay on my bed,  
I took two little square mirrors  
And placed them end to end.

Then, just to play with the moonlight,  
I raised one ninety degrees.  
That s when the spokes started spinning -  
Sucked my soul from it s eaves.

Thirteen times I ve sipped the wine -  
Dispelled the myth of time.  
Took the heat of the sacrifice  
And returned to ride.  
13x.

Takes it s toll on the flesh and bones,  
This dimensional dance.  
If curiosity s killing me -  
It s got the seat of my pants.

So, if you re lookin for answers  
Or just out for kicks,  
Don t be a distant cousin.  
You all know where I live.

I ll walk you through where the mirrors meet  
To a place  
We ll be free to speak.  
Between the sadness of sacrifice  
To the belly  
Of the beast.  
The seventh son of the setting sun  
Lays a shroud  
On all that s black and white.  
The narcotic of nightmare  
Pulses greyness out  
In silvery sheets.

