

# Rishloo, El Empe

One more charlatan goes mute  
Safe in these halls discretely  
I hold out for the rare when the silence is golden  
Beg to join me here

Too late (too late) now to be  
Self redeemed for all of these dreams that you've wound tightly  
Remain enthralled as breathing stalls the course of your mind  
And join the line to march in time right back with your flock  
Hollow minds stalk rope-less gallows in turn to idle on immersed  
Where 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

Peace now fools to trace your muse beyond the failing hand