

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