

# Cemetary, The Wake

tragedy has spoken  
the wolves all gather around  
with sharpen teeth and a guilty yellow stare  
they wish me on my way

so cold inside this shell  
give me to the earth

the dreams that I deserted  
the passion I would not release  
the path I left untreaded  
the mask that I refused to wear  
existence left unnoticed  
desire in my bones so dry  
and silence in the virtue  
all so quiet - all so still

I can feel them watching  
feel the seconds die  
can hear them laughing from above  
they wish me on my way