

# Chalice, Child Of The Mantador

Thirteen years  
Inside your play  
To rise one day  
And find you dead  
The world had fled  
With much unsaid  
My last paternal kiss

Thirteen years  
I missed your touch  
I missed so much

A life unfurled  
That hand you held  
That child you hurled  
Against a razor fence

In mine eyes such hate did shine  
Devoid of knowledge, ill-defined  
Nurtured in protective lies  
There is no conquest in demise

Nineteen years  
Outside your play  
I broke that day  
And rose to feel  
The distance heal  
Drift now in peace  
My last paternal kiss

A life unfurled  
That hand you held  
That child you hurled  
Against a razor fence