

# Crxshadows, Telemetry 10: Hanged Man

Call the card  
left to lay  
just a path  
against our future days  
lay direction  
read the face  
understand our crooked ways  
smile at this  
directed plain  
her eyes are cracking  
in their wrinkled gaze  
the light is dancing  
on the tabletop  
restlessness that just won't stop  
now planted deeply  
suggesting fate  
eating sweet naivet  
was it mirror  
or window glass?  
the subtle residue  
beyond your grasp  
Hang the man  
by his legs let us hang the man  
(repeat)