

# Luti-Kriss, Memphis Will Be Laid To Waste

Walk around the room with a glaze in your stare.  
In your tuxedo suit.  
I will give it a name.  
Lower your defenses.  
Lower your casket.  
Open the door and open your grave.  
Murder.  
Now you're doing the waltz with your murderer.  
Mediocrity is the killer.  
You find yourself helpless.  
Christ is not a fashion, fleeting away.  
He laid emeralds in her eyes,  
but I'd already tried a bracelet made of gold  
and a scarlet thread around her wrist.  
Everything was wrong so we sang sentimental songs.  
"Oh how seldom we belong but how elegant our kiss."  
We painted crooked lines  
but danced in perfect time to a love so much refined,  
we know not what it is until like a dull wine we pour into a grief known before  
but never quite like this.  
All I know now is regret,  
it follows like a silhouette along the cobblestone behind us,  
but has nothing to say except to innocently ask,  
its voice delicate as glass,  
"Do you see me when we pass?"  
but I continue on my way.