Rishloo, Harlequin

Try, seeker, try
To find this path of mine
I weave a simple line
Take care to watch my flight
Place your fingers here to guide me
Guide me under
One must lead the other
See, the way I bring
Can change easily
The end knows those who come
But each can run away with us
Place your fingers here to guide me
Guide me under
One must lead the other
Walk here softly through this door or never
Follow me into my sanctum
There are no words, so watch as I
Strip away layers, I strive to find paces
I reel from each image, a product of loss
Bearing away my wholeness, fooled by my own hands
Offer a useless notion to satisfy demands
Paint me again so deeply
Illusions from within
Make me a tragic canvas
For the dye inside my skin
Sorry you never asked me
Sorry you never tried
Grief you hold so shallow will pass away in time
Shards of my identity
Scattered here upon the ground
Fragments of a tragedy
Dig in coarse to bring me down
Kneeling in my agony
Reaching in to pick them out
Holding on so desperately
'Til they cut inside and drown
In this prison of my misery
In the vessel of my doubt
In the court of endless suffering
In the hall where I am bound
To these servants of a history
As they circle all around
They stand in their delight
I lay my hands upon these wounds and cry in empty ridicule
Broken words and Hollow truths
I've crept inside a sorrowful embrace
Cruel embrace
Await my claim
So stay away
Stay away
Away (repeated)