

Rishloo, To Tame The Temporal Shrew

Pass between the in between to evidence the things unseen for travelers who've passed beneath
Till waxed and flaxen unkempt hair is standard where they hold me here to separate the spirit from

Feast upon the eyes the breath of life falters
Waiting for the sigh a borderline crossed to wonder
Is the shutter shy the film is fading seen through pallid eyes the triad waking wholly satisfied to cau
See the satyr rise to feast upon the eyes closing

She is strange, oh, this death dealing diva
Speaking cause with reluctance to me
We will dance while the fever bereaves us
To escape from the fortune she weaves
I'm ashamed when the flames sell me fire
For the lantern I've made from my skin
Can the stitches hold on through these travels
If the hunger removes them within
As I race through the passage I find you and we dance till eternity ends
And the void is not full up nor empty when the song of our empire begins