Rishloo, El Empe

One more charlatan goes mute Safe in these halls discretely I hold out for the rare when the silence is golden Beg to join me here

Too late (too late) now to be Self redeemed for all of these dreams that you've wound tightly Remain enthralled as breathing stalls the course of your mind And join the line to march in time right back with your flock Hollow minds stalk rope-less gallows in turn to idle on immersed Where eager eyes and sameness strangles concern and fashion murders worth Hey you there on the outside You there on the fault line Will you save us from emotion? Will you save us from the cold tide? Fuck you, you fool With your hand me down views And your Valium counterpoint bullshit excuse You wouldn't have a word If I hadn't said it first So cup your little seed and Beg beggar beg Beg until you cannot speak

I hold out for the rare when the silence is golden Beg to join me here or stay where you stand there to deny all your faults and beg to join me here

Peace now fools to trace your muse beyond the failing hand