

Threnody

Two Gallants

gather 'round, you wounded people
shadows fall upon the steeple,
soon shall come the closing of,
the closing of the gates

for there is a word of plague among us
curse the one whose poison stung us,
all along the alleyways
the satyrs wait their fate

but who's to blame when all are guilty
morals stained & conscience filthy
abreast your idol replicas
your replicas of lust,
in the sky i hear the threshing
dare to watch your lord undressing
while you beg forgiveness,
you feed on his disgust -

but if perhaps the salt might stain your skin
and if perhaps the smoke might weep your eyes
listen while the threnodies begin
know no one in here gets out alive.

but let your frailty not deceive you
a little pinprick, rest relieves you,
and dream of all the days that are,
the years that are to come -

for you will dance & you'll be nimble
pirouettes upon a thimble
& i will be beside you
lest i lose you once again.

but if perhaps my sorrows all are show
and i should find a crack among the gates,
guilt shall follow me where'er i go
though i try i know i can't escape

and when you're gone the earth will crumble
i will try but i will stumble
and all through these city streets
my robes shall drag the ground

hear the children swing with sorrow,
yesterday was once tomorrow
no more i'll be troubled by the troubles of this world

but if i lose my step along the way
and if the speech of victim fills my throat
out beyond the cliffs that shape the day
it's there i'll wander, there i'll stray

it's there i'll look for you when all my trials are done
i feign sleep to save my breath,
this love is loss, this life is theft,
and all that's left is some vain need to carry on

and though i fear the tightening of the skies
against the dawn i'll watch you rise
oh lord, the company i keep within my head

the scent of flesh might tease the nose
it claims the calm, it clings the clothes

could that be you, my love?
your dust upon the wind?