

Vanish In The Absence Of Virtue

In The Woods...

I spoke so well that evening
I sang so well of light
Wish I may wish I might
Have this wish I wish tonight

The more we sang of wonders
The more we drank our wine
Suddenly a ghost appeared
The clock sang number nine

We spoke from end of table
His majesty, the chief
- You shall take what you deserve
From comfort and relief

This words combined with manhood
- In alcohole entwined -
Made all the saying into jokes
And good eyes into blind

I tried to taste their warfare
- My lips could barely move
When I did as much as I could do
To fit into their groove

But as it proved impossible
To satisfy their needs
I solved my little problem
And accomplished all my deeds

For I spoke so well that evening
I sang so well that night
Wish I would
Wish I could be swallowed
By your light