

# Impending Embolism

**Tourniquet**

Words and Music by Ted Kirkpatrick

With fervid vocility we have perused  
Through centuries of countless bethumbed volumes  
Finding little solace for our plight  
With absolute bodily quiescence  
We have pondered

While earthenware pots are shattered and scattered  
And hanging plants mournfully wilt and waste away  
Encrusted ghouls once loved and cherished

Fortress and shield razed in absolute defeat  
Pining away in curious conflagration  
But this I call to mind and therefore  
I have hope...