

The Tomb of Gilgamesh

Tourniquet

I ask that You return me
The years I did ignore Thee
And with my burden bury
The weight of guilt I carry
And lead me to the well of life
Before my soul departs

Now I so clearly see how I have murdered me
and I cannot fake what I tried to make of myself; a God
Please heal me

The halls of countless erudite teeming with the self deified
Cloaked in snuffy habiliments
No need to strive for holiness
When beauty dies she leaves behind
The scars of dreams abandoned long ago

Where myriad wonders once repelled the onslaught of decay
Now given to the manifold miseries of mortal dismay
And out of joy is sorrow born the stained white halls are now forlorn

Wisdom calls from these halls

Now I so clearly see how I have murdered me and I cannot fake
Please heal me

So very wise in their own eyes
The world's great minds will one day find
That for life they studied, worked, and pined,
But in wisdom made by man alone,
That a high IQ with low regard
Will be dethroned and from heaven barred

Wisdom calls from these halls

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