

## 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