

Ishtar Celebrate Your Beauty

Nightfall

And I've reposed all my worries
onto thy perfect land of feelings
this chamber made by treasures, bygone
pillaged beauties, just deficient glamour

Con the words, the ones sculptured on me
on my tongue's dry carpet, on my bloody actions
I cut it fine to run away from temptation
for I spelled my promises and you spelled your
curses

In the flush of victory you fly
but, beware, foible just means nothing to me
even the flowery poems we somehow hear
perfectly hide thorns, thorns you might never see