

## 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