

# The Vanishing Orchestra

Vanna

Under  
Shelter  
Of sins and secrets.  
Wait in silence.  
In silence, four strangers,  
They approach.  
Not a word, not a sound.  
the faces in the hill  
come alive  
They won't take "No."  
So we give it to them

Let your bad blood spill.  
The wind  
Moans in the trees  
When I lay down.  
On your bed,  
And your face is  
Of an angel.  
give my blade your wings  
find their hearts  
black as the devils eyes  
Smile back.

Go like the wind,  
Like the wind in her hair.  
With your spear at their hearts.  
This is perfect