

# Harlequin

## RISHLOO

Try, seeker, try  
To find this path of mine  
I weave a simple line  
Take care to watch my flight  
Place your fingers here to guide me  
Guide me under  
One must lead the other  
See the way I bring  
Can change easily  
The end knows those who come  
But each can run away with us  
Place your fingers here to guide me  
Guide me away  
One must lead the other  
Walk here softly through this door  
Or never follow me into my sanctum  
There are no words, so watch  
As I strip away layers, I strive to find paces,  
I reel from each image, a product of loss  
Bearing away my wholeness, fooled by my own hands  
Offer a useless notion to satisfy demands  
Paint me again so deeply, illusions from within  
Make me a tragic canvas for the dye inside my skin  
Sorry you never asked me, sorry you never tried  
Grief you hold so shallow will pass away in time  
Shards of my identity scattered here upon the ground  
Fragments of a tragedy dig in coarse to bring me down  
Kneeling in my agony reaching in to pick them out  
Holding on so desperately 'til they cut inside and drown  
In this prison of my misery, in the vessel of my doubt  
In the court of endless suffering, in the hall where I am bound  
To these servants of a history as they circle all around  
They stand in their delight  
I lay my hands upon these wounds and cry in empty ridicule  
Broken words and Hollow truths I've crept inside a sorrowful embrace  
Cruel embrace  
Await my claim  
So stay away  
Stay away

Away (away...)

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