

# 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 tonightThe more we sang of wonders  
The more we drank our wine  
Suddenly a ghost appeared  
The clock sang number nineWe spoke from end of table  
His majesty, the chief  
- You shall take what you deserve  
From comfort and reliefThis words combined with manhood  
- In alcohole entwined -  
Made all the saying into jokes  
And good eyes into blindI tried to taste their warfare  
- My lips could barely move  
When I did as much as I could do  
To fit into their grooveBut as it proved impossible  
To satisfy their needs  
I solved my little problem  
And accomplished all my deedsFor I spoke so well that evening  
I sang so well that night  
Wish I would  
Wish I could be swallowed  
By your light

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