

13x

The Gone Jackals

One enchanted evening,
As I lay on my bed,
I took two little square mirrors
And placed them end to end. Then, just to play with the moonlight,
I raised one ninety degrees.
That's when the spokes started spinning -
Sucked my soul from its eaves. Thirteen times I've sipped the wine -
Dispersed the myth of time.
Took the heat of the sacrifice
And returned to ride.
13x. Takes its toll on the flesh and bones,
This dimensional dance.
If curiously it's killing me -
It's got the seat of my pants. So, if you're lookin' for answers
Or just out for kicks,
Don't be a distant cousin.
You all know where I live. I'll walk you through where the mirrors meet
To a place
We'll be free to speak.
Between the sadness of sacrifice
To the belly
Of the beast.
The seventh son of the setting sun
Lays a shroud
On all that's black and white.
The narcotic of nightmare
Pulses greyness out
In silvery sheets.

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