Talisman

from the archives

Trinket worn with colors matching saddened eyes has lost its magic touch
People from a distant hill have crossed an ever-stretching sea of sand
Artificial flowers cannot die for life within them is illusion
Talisman, talisman grace my hand
Talisman grace my hand.

Figures made of pedigrees control the non-existent soul of John Smith
Walk the creature let it run but slacken not the rope to which it's bound
Ships in bottles cannot sail and neither can a tombstone kill a feather
Talisman, talisman grace my hand
Talisman grace my hand.

Kings are nothing more without the glory and the wealth behind their thinking
Let me feel the choice of seeing dawn or setting sun before I die
Myriads of painted faces rush behind the eye of the uncertain
Talisman, talisman grace my hand
Talisman grace my hand.

Let me live only to do
And let me do only to live
My steel image comes with the sun
And that's where it slumbers now.

Talisman, talisman grace my hand
Talisman grace my hand.

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