

# 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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