

The Vanishing Orchestra

Vanna

Under
Shelter
Of sins and secrets.
Wait in silence.
In silence, four strangers,
They approach.
Not a word, not a sound.
the faces in the hill
come alive
They won't take "No."
So we give it to them Let your bad blood spill.
The wind
Moans in the trees
When I lay down.
On your bed,
And your face is
Of an angel.
give my blade your wings
find their hearts
black as the devils eyes
Smile back. Go like the wind,
Like the wind in her hair.
With your spear at their hearts.
This is perfect.

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