

## The Palace

and he says - come to my palace  
right into my backyard  
I've got an old creation  
I keep it behind bars

you might catch a glimpse  
behind his golden cage  
you'll find rivers, mountains, cities  
people fed and rich and safe  
only divided by a fence

you feel yourself so close  
to everything you could have  
if it was only you he chose  
to give his precious keys to  
unlock the door there to his Eden

it could all be so very simple  
hadn't he deemed you a heathen

with a vicious grin  
he looks down from above  
dangling his keychain  
almost in reach but not enough

he leaves you out there yearning  
for everything you see  
for that sweetness, tranquil, freedom  
for that sense of serenity

and once he's starved you long enough  
gotten you hungry for a taste  
he offers you a deal  
you might accept in your hollow haste

all I ask of you he says  
is a tiny little price  
just give me your soul  
and you can call everything here yours

and in your desperation  
you find yourself complying  
give him every last piece of yourself  
trying to stop that hope from dying  
that soon you too will feast  
amongst those people in that cage  
on silver spoons and vinegar  
victory smile on your face

but once his greedy mouth has sucked  
out all the blood in you  
he leaves you there a corpse  
won't even watch your lips turn blue

the key clasped in his fist  
was a dummy all along  
the cage merely an illusion  
with your life it too has gone

he sweeps your silhouette away  
creating newfound space with malice  
he lures the next poor souls right in  
and he says – come to my palace

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