

Nearly Incomplete

Aborym

Knocking, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, O how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly
Never such was seen before

Knocking, knocking, still He's there
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair
But the door is hard to open
For the weeds and Ivy vine

Into the last good fight
I'll never know
I live
and die
on this day

Save me! you motherfucker absentee!
Either kill me or take me as I am
because I'll be damned if I ever change
There's no god, nature sufficeth unto herself

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