

Blood And Sand / Milk And Endless Waters

All Them Witches

Born perfect
Perched a top a spire
Nestled in the bosom of creation
Wounded once, never again
I'm building a cult around your figure
The saints, wanting
the idols present, the idols presence, the idols present

Rituals dance just out of reach
Just as any good conduit should dance, just out of reach
10,000 weary and wanted
Exhale the dust, folded into my boot heels
And on and on they, to forever

Little arms to heaven grasp me
Eyes of milk and endless waters
Breath, oh I will always breath
And know that I have found you
Breathe, you women of circumstance
And know that we are intertwined
She rises, even now to the summit

She bows to cradle and swoop in
We are balanced on one finger
And we are softly
We are softly sung to sleep