

Wait, it will come
Cold, to the touch
Pray it will call and answer
But I'll try to make you feel the hurt

Ever creeping closer
I will wait
Through distraction
Through the taste
And maybe nothing comes of age
The cruellest patterns find the vein

Feel the hurt
Holy child
Through the womb
Do you cry?
Say the word
Crawl to her
Like a worm in the dirt

As our breathing falters
Slowing pace
Through the matter
Through the waste
Failing nothing
Lie in wait
A cruel distortion finds a name
Ever creeping closer, finds the vein

Feel the hurt
Holy child
Through the womb
Do you cry?
Say the word
Crawl to her
Like a worm in the dirt

Turning it to the light
A needle to the curve
Failing we're losing sight
Of all that was learnt
Watching the pieces fall now
And witness your word
See how the faces fade
With my fingers to the bone