Control

Emma Ruth Rundle

Don't lift up your hands,
It's only a warning
Like blood in the sand,
A kiss is a bruise is endurance

For then felt the falling collapse
And held in a small room of hell
Don't lift up your face,
It's all tangled in,
It's always unraveling

For control of, to control it,
In controlling, to control it

In time growing tall,
Had outlined the realms left to seal them
We knocked back the gold,
Hoping another one could heal them

For when did the faulting collapse
Come back to just kiss your face
We raise up the glass,
It's only the Devil you know,
It's only the Spirit you taste

For control of, in controlling,
To control it, to control it

A silver line, nobody born bad,
No twin of mine left standing
Take clear at dawn and dark into dusk,
A habit formed in wandering
A pass, a turn, a season now lost,
Some badge to earn, some heavy cost
A horn, a tusk, an animal wild,
No twin of mine still standing

Could control it, in control of,
For control of, to control it

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