

Thirst

Every Time I Die

There was gossip
There were pleas
There were rumors of meaning in meaningless things
Widows readied their marital beds
Litters of bastards gnawed at your breast
The filthy are first to be showered in love
The world's gone mad
We dress them in furs as they travel the earth
Saints wear rags

You blessed our home
We took you in
But you had come to the place where the plague had been
It burrowed into your graces and airs
It took your queen
It hawked your wares
The stoic are first to be covered in shit and life goes on
But when it don't anymore I will see you in hell
Where I am god
God damn it,
Wait

They don't love you, like i do
But I don't know you, like them

They don't love you, like I do
They love you better, I know you best

Every hostile deed is your death
It's not mine