

The Magdalene

Foxing

I'm going down with the rosary
Tongue pressed on guilt from a dove in my teeth
I could watch it drip down and cover my skin
The taste of Christ sits still while I swallow your insides
I could let it drag you down to cover our sins
If I could lift you off the ground they'd cry out that this is
what love is

When they unravel the webs that I've spun
What shall be undone?
When they unravel the webs that I've spun
What shall be undone?

Mother of God on the rosary
So is she here with us?
Does she want what she sees?

Watch me come undone
Watch me come undone

When they unravel the webs that I've spun
What shall be undone?
When God unravels the webs that I've spun
What shall be undone?