

Burrow

Men I Trust

Bellyful
She lies with roots before bed-

Timeless, entwined
Weightless in kind
Outside the womb renewed
Too soon
Old age and youth
Da Capo
In truth
So, from now on there's

No joy, no grief
Pious like a thief
With one hand, you take and give
Mercy, you sorely will be missed
Down here
Low

Felt your spleen move in mine
In the landslide of your care
Birds of breath undermined
Blow away, it's only fair

Choir winds climb above
Hosts of men that dwell on earth
Carving bedrock into the deep
That no music reach their sleep, so

No joy, no grief
Burrowed like a beast
With one hand, you tame and pierce
Mercy, you sorely will be missed
Down here
Low