

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