

## The Orphans Of Piety

Minsk

Fire dance of self deprecation dopamine receptivity  
The orphans of piety we are birthed into sorrow and shame  
A truth to believe a thirst for reprieve  
Our throats scorched with the sins of our fathers we burn with  
the sins of our fathers  
These sacred certainties floated right past me and I cannot rem  
ember my name  
Scandalous proclivity these orphans of piety  
We cherish our reprimand pain in your shadow where I stand  
Draw a circle around me in the sand I have breathed in but rele  
ased your lungs  
Of Ave Maria's from wombs of the one I have wandered each day  
From the alter to the grave in search of your name and face  
I have seen your shadow where I stand