

i like the devil

Purity Ring

Mother laid her elbows on the bed
Whispering her wishes to the threads
Weaving in the weight of all our dread
Wiping up the stains of our regret
Heal her hands by kneading up the bread
Cleaning off her fingers as she wept
Lurk within her gleaming silhouette
Then seal in our wonder to ferment

I, like the devil, can fly
I read her sweet mind last night
I, like god, can fly
I held a candle over her fright

What is happiness but a word
Spoken from on high for what it's worth
Flown beneath the wings of little birds
But I have felt the wind crawl where we're cursed
Find us in the folded parts she pressed
Lying in positions like we've slept
Find us in the hallows of her chest
Lying in positions like we've slept

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