

There's a cult, there's a cult inside of me  
From the salt, sprinkle it around me  
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Sleep is a welcome gadget in our head-bind hood  
The crawling animals will seek all things  
From all things moist  
And I will relentlessly shame myself in rest and waking  
Find out my truly void, the rabbit freer  
I lie in wait, hush little heart

Still my sweating lips wield my starving hips  
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Into a blood-bound, cease rounded fury  
Our bodies will return  
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Our bodies will return

The creeper's blood is seeping  
From this undead wooden headboard  
Punish my forehead red in evenings  
Drift down over my jowls  
Hither writhe and sprout their heavy feathers  
Lift my drooping head

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