

redemption

serpentwithfeet

Your name is impossible to know
You're my four ethers
I thought there was redemption in the four ethers
Somehow I thought the sweet perfume of our truths rotting inside
your belly could free me - could free me
If I could just anoint my body with this perfume - with this perfume
This perfume will surely save me
The thing that sours in your belly will surely save me, surely
But your name is impossible to know
Your name is impossible to know
Your name is impossible to know