Red Dust

Dirtmusic

I will not cave under you
For my heart is an unending tomb
I will not trouble your rest
For my heart is infinity blessedEver a hard rot
Cut from an ancient cloth of oldSomeone is ringing a bell
It chimes through this shimmering shell
That once was my vision of birth
Now is my vessel and curseHeat from the tall lamp
Melting the outer wax that holds
Blood from a deep cut
Some of the reddest stuff to flowSometimes my hands they don't feel like my own
I need someone to love I need someone to hold

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