Dust Hymn

Purity Ring

Dear lie still along my old web
Cursed by your dust filled hymn
Dear lie still along my old web
Cursed by your dust filled hymnWater spills down o'er the glass, left always full
There's a dew under the bed
Where sweat and dreams have dread
Your feet would touch the floor
Drift around our board
Hang you like a lullabyHang you like a lullaby
Hang you like a lullabyDear lie still along my old web
Cursed by your dust filled hymn
Dear lie still along my old web
Cursed by your dust filled hymnLittle voices left to rot and plot
The crunching of your teeth might help you sleep
But will not lift you
Always wished you'd walk
Through another song
Hangs you like a lullabyHang you like a lullaby
Hang you like a lullabyDear lie still along my old web
Cursed by your dust filled hymn
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