

The Dying Kind

Joy Williams

From the earth, you were made
To the earth, you returned
And I'll always speak your name
Let it burn, let it burn

Chase them before running oceans can sting
Bathe in holy water, drown until you sing
Til you sing
Stand there in the garden, ... in the trees
Taste the good and evil, fall down on your knees
In front of me

Every rose has its thorn; every thorn has its crown
We're all the dying kind
Every rose has its thorn; every thorn has its crown
We're all the dying kind

Bow your head in silence, in shadows pray
Lay down in the darkness; let it see your face
Don't be afraid

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