Saint Nothing

Daniel Rossen

Lift, Lift your hand
Myth, so pristine and white with age.
Walk with me sweetl
Saint, I don't know your name
But your voice, so strong
It speaks through the glass
It speaks through the ground
an empty phrase, a hollow sound
Calm, quite severe
Leave the throne
Your mind so clear, I feel no pain
And then so near, I taste the blood
How long, how long?
How long, how long?

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