

The Hem Around Us

[Shannon Wright](#)

You fiend, you friend, you confidant
You hold me against my will
I scurry and scant this hectic step
You climb adrift this boorish racketThis wire, this mane, this coronet
You hold me against my will
I rummage and sear this furious step
You climb adrift this boorish racketYou and me could ride this fleet
You and me could drive the sea

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