

Holy

American Wrestlers

Holy mass, my kingdom's come
An angle on foot in my worlds
Her words rewrote them all
Lends each letter
Graciously
My mind mouthing mute for her lips
To slip into
She sings like it forgave me
Sings like it forgave me
Seems like it forgave me A perfect picture takes my place
The hungover body sings a song so sugarcoated
The words deliver light from day
What came from the sun made a sun so ordinary
Burn like it forgave me
Burn like it forgave me
She sings like it forgave me
Seems like it forgave me Been so anesthetized
By someone else's skies
So hallowed
A knowing numbness falls
To flow beneath those calls
To follow

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