Saltkin

Purity Ring

There's a cult, there's a cult inside of me
Find the salt, sprinkle it, and rattle me
(X2)
Sleep is a welcome gadget in our head blind hood
The crawling animals will seek all things warm, all things moist
And I will relentlessly shame myself in rest and wake in front of
My truly bored beloved here I lie in wait, hush little heart
Still my sweating lips move my starving hips
There's a cult, there's a cult inside of me
Find the salt, sprinkle it, and rattle me
(X2)
Into a bright bound sea round in fury
Our bodies will return
(X3)
The creeper's blood is seeping from this undead wood and and let it pour
Punish my forehead that in evenings dripped down over my jaws
Give them writhe and splat their heavy feathers
Lift my drooping head
There's a cult, there's a cult inside of me
Find the salt, sprinkle it, and rattle me
(X2)
Into a bright bound sea round in fury
Our bodies will return
(X3)
There's a cult, there's a cult inside of me
Find the salt, sprinkle it, and rattle me
(X2)

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