

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)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>