

# Stillness In Woe

## Purity Ring

Meet me in the blue bed, I'll be drying out your flaws  
And clawing out to cause my knees to tremble  
Meet me in the back shed, I'll be hanging up the knives  
Humming melodies that rhyme, building castles out of shovels  
Hang my head about as if we never had the time  
To draw it on the walls, what's all the trouble?  
Push my mind around as if it's warming up your hand  
As if it's softer than the land, all silked and supple  
Don't be afraid if it's a little bit close  
I built a kingdom of your throats, I'm seeing double  
Don't be afraid if there's no wind in my hair  
There's a stillness left in there, I'm seeing double  
I'm seeing double, double  
Ah-ah, uh-oh  
I'm seeing double, double  
Dry it out for days and then I'll beckon every ray  
I'll hover like a frame or push the crowd out  
Meet me in the back shed, throw the wind and he'll not pass  
Hold up what's cast to listen close to how my knees pray  
I'll pry the door from its post  
I've hiding out for days and nothing's growing  
There's a breath left in there, all I would say  
Wait for the storm, take it away, I'm seeing double  
Don't be afraid if it's a little bit close  
I built a kingdom of your throats, I'm seeing double  
Don't be afraid if there's no wind in my hair  
There's a stillness left in there, I'm seeing double  
I'm seeing double, double  
Ah-ah, uh-oh  
I'm seeing double, double  
I built a kingdom of your throats (don't be afraid)  
But it's a little bit close (if it's a little bit close)  
There is a stillness in our woes (don't be afraid)  
If it's a little bit cold (if it's a little bit cold)

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