

Growing Square Eyes

Most Precious Blood

Put my body in the hole, in the ground
Underneath, there's no sound
Burn all that I've written
And every likeness of me
When it's done and I'm pulled
Down from the hanging tree
If this is your love, save your love
Hissing whispers on my eyes
Hide the truth, the look belies
By the neck guide me in
Whispers and a sawtooth grin
In whispers and secrecy
My enemies conspired
Fifty-thousand volts through
A thread of copper wire
If this is your love, save your love

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