

# 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 treeIf this is your love, save your loveHissing 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 wireIf this is your love, save your love

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