

# The Stings I Carry

## Funeral

Summon the winds and swear  
If ever my God you were  
Like silver in the morning-fields  
I'd give my life for you I do not exist  
I am but two eyes and a shadow  
I would make you see  
If I had the courage Dance your celestial witch-dance  
gracious and hurtful Weep like the night-clad sky  
a crumbled leaf in dirt I lie  
For slumbers sweet embrace I try  
and in my dream that I may die

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