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 youI do not exist
I am but two eyes and a shadow
I would make you see
If I had the courageDance your celestial witch-dance
gracious and hurtfulWeep 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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