

# Vessel

## Dry the River

I melt at the sink  
like a priest or a prince.  
Maybe I'm to be a King  
and they're awaiting in Westminster.  
And the walls are paper thin,  
hear the neighbours arguing.  
Could you lower you voice?  
I would sell my unborn daughter,  
maybe. We didn't stage a passion play,  
didn't change our given names  
or what's to our bed,  
or me to make a scene.  
But I see your skin paling out,  
then the host in your mouth  
where the truth never seems to be. Now the burning branch never speaks to me.  
(It whispers like:) I don't wanna be a vessel any more.  
I don't wanna be a vessel any more.  
These are my words,  
this is my mouth.  
I don't wanna be a vessel now. And I may not see the future  
but I see its lonely architect  
at the door of my house. I don't want to be a vessel any more.  
I don't want to be a vessel every day. Truly I never dreamt  
of all the damn accoutrement,  
how it weren't for myself,  
for the shadow.  
I laid it all at your feet,  
on your neck and your cheek  
but the burning branch wouldn't speak to me I don't wanna be a vessel any more.  
I don't wanna be a vessel any more.  
These are my walls,  
this is my house.  
I don't wanna be a vessel now. And I may not see the future  
but I see its lonely architect  
at the foot of my hell. I don't wanna be a vessel any more.  
Didn't wanna be a vessel any way.

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