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 meI 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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/