

Ungirthed

Purity Ring

The scent of my hands is familiar
To prostrated men in their coats
To guide me their spirits
From fire, fire, fire, fire
Whose speak was so tenderly
Whose speak was so tenderly coaxed
The tinge of my eyes is familiar
To prostrated men in their coats
To get close, close, close
To their closetly homes
Illuminate the worlds of the ghosts
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ears ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ears ringing
The air is familiar
So is that smell
Dead voices cover their bones
Refill their quiet tones
With vessels of earth
And the cry of detritioning bones
Dust off my necklace, familiar
To culminated piles,
To the culminated piles of bones
That shift when the earth quakes
And trembles, trembles
And call these men up to their,
And call these men up to their thrones
The scent of my skin is familiar
To prostrated men in their coats
To guide me their spirits
From fire, fire, fire, fire
Whose speak was so tenderly
Whose speak was so tenderly coaxed
The air is familiar
So is that smell

Dead voices cover their bones
And refill their quiet tones
With vessels of earth
And ladies that they have ungirthed
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ears ring

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