Buttered

Red Red Meat

Buttered and confessed, every stray
Wet behind the knees, change your mind

Holy waters low tide
In between bored and sin
Reeds and twine, heel and rose
Always mine, shallow tide
A crooked time to wake you

Falling sickness faked, unkind
Drawn to your sore lip, shallow
Holy water's low tide
Another fixture waiting

Badly grazed, almondine
Every stray, badly bent
Would forgive a crooked time
Reeds and twine, heel and rose
Always mine, badly grazed
Would forgive a crooked time

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