

# Fineshrine

## Purity Ring, Purity Ring

Get a little closer, let fold  
Cut open my sternum, and pull  
My little ribs around you  
The rungs of me be under, under you'll cut the soft pockets, let bleed  
Over the rocky cliffs that you leave  
To peer over and not forget what feet are  
Splitting threads of thunder over me That I might see with my chest and sink  
Into the edges round you  
Into the lakes and quarry's that brink  
On all the edges round you Get a little closer, let fold  
Cut open my sternum, and pull  
My little ribs around you  
The lungs of me be crowns over you Get a little closer, let fold  
Cut open my sternum, and pull  
My little ribs around you  
The rungs of me be under, under you'll cut the soft pockets, let bleed  
Over the rocky cliffs that you leave  
To peer over and not forget what feet are  
Splitting threads of thunder over me Listen closely, closely to the floor  
Emitting all its graces through the pores  
You make a fine shrine in me  
You build a fine shrine in me That I might see with my chest and sink  
Into the edges round you  
Into the lakes and quarry's that brink  
On all the edges round you Get a little closer, let fold  
Cut open my sternum, and pull  
My little ribs around you  
The lungs of me be crowns over you Get a little closer, let fold  
Cut open my sternum, and pull  
My little ribs around you  
The rungs of me be under, under you

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