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 youI'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 meThat 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 youGet a little closer, let fold
Cut open my sternum, and pull
My little ribs around you
The lungs of me be crowns over youGet a little closer, let fold
Cut open my sternum, and pull
My little ribs around you
The rungs of me be under, under youI'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 meListen 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 meThat 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 youGet a little closer, let fold
Cut open my sternum, and pull
My little ribs around you
The lungs of me be crowns over youGet 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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