B Is For Bethlehem

The Promise Ring

Your neck is craned a lazy quarter of the distance down your back
creating a reason for the blood to go there.
To know now my only veins are your hands across my back where you're resting.
Where you rest broke from the sins of our shoulders to struggle and end.
Run its motors to waters and everything follows.
Cried at the funeral because you can go anywhere to be hallowed by thy name
and mine name ours.
I'm dying to try to stop the wind,
leave the leaves left and leave to be hollowed by thy name and mine name ours.
It's hours to be where b is for Bethlehem where Jesus was a fisherman.
I know he starts and finishes men but I Don't know why.
Jesus was a fisherman,
fishing men from the devil hands,
so the devil was made red to live a damned life.
And the red in your face is touchable to the blues and the Muscles in a memory.
Where I have lost my voice
and I smell like paste again where we'll be resting,
when we rest.
My bends bend my anchor to pull people out of the bible
to stand in the rain and be where b is for Bethlehem.

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