Fineshrine

Purity Ring

Get a little closer let it fold
Cut open my sternum and pull
My little ribs around you

Those arms may be under, under you
I?ll take the South pockets gladly
Over the rocky cliffs that you leap
To peer over and not forget what feet are
Splitting threads of thunder over me

But I might see with my chest and sink
Into the edges round you
Into the lakes and quarries that brink
On all the edges round you, round you

Get a little closer let it fold
Cut open my sternum and pull
My little ribs around you
Through arms that may be crowns over you
Get a little closer let it fold
Cut open my sternum and pull
My little ribs around you
Though arms may be under, under you

I?ll take the South pockets likely
Over the rocky cliffs that you leap
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 ?ores
You?d make a fine shrine in me
You?ll build a fine shrine in me
But I must see with my chest and sink
To the edges round you
Into the lakes and quarries that brink
On all the edges round you, round you

Get a little closer let it fold
Cut open my sternum and pull

My little ribs around you
Through arms that may be crowns over you
Get a little closer let it fold
Cut open my sternum and pull
My little ribs around you
Though arms may be under, under you

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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