

# Saints

## Gravenhurst

At seventeen I heard my calling  
To suffocate with my embrace  
Murder ten to save a hundred  
Drown the whole world in my faith From a long line I descended  
Immaculate, an empty womb  
And the spur is desperation  
Maybe God is desperate too In watermarks and lonely places  
A private measurement of time  
In made up names and blacked out faces  
I will trace my blood line

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