

Dust Hymn

Purity Ring

water spills down o'er
the glass left always full
there's a dew under the bed where
sweat and dreams hath tread
your feet would touch the floor
and drift around like boards
hang you like a lullaby little voices left to rot and plot
the clenching of your teeth
might help you sleep
it will not lift you
you always wished you'd walk
through and o'er the salt
but it hangs you like a lullabye
dear lie still along my old web
cursed by your dust filled head

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>