

**William Fitzsimmons****"The Tide Pulls From The Moon"**

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So like your  
Father in the face and blood  
Terrified and cold  
And whispers  
The coming of a cleansing flood  
For you

You hide your  
Filthy hands from all of us  
Still unseen and tied  
What water  
These killing hands could ever clean  
Still you run

I want to be changed from  
The shadow and the tomb  
Like water rushing over us  
The tide pulls from the moon

Your mother  
The passing of a silver ring  
Oversized and cold  
This specter  
Will walk the halls of every seed  
From you

I want to be changed from  
The shadow and the tomb  
Like water rushing over us  
The tide pulls from the moon  
The tide pulls from the moon  
The tide pulls from the moon.

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