

Abandon

"Cuckoo"

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In the morning he burst to tears
The cuckoo had taken a look of Woe
I have robbed myself in your presence darling
I have robbed myself in your presence darling

I wear my Woe with a blood stained nose
As I stand up here I am barely formed
Just dust and lust now measure my bones
Just dust and lust now measure my bones

A fur I wear upon my back
Come in search of you on a pilgrim track
Fur I wear upon my back
Come in search of you on a pilgrim track

Bones a-jingle when we fall
But little red drops are no obstacle
For I would bury myself to hold you darling
I would bury myself to hold you darling

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