

Clay Kevin "Seed"

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At your table I am fed within though I go days without
food. But to your

fables I am dead again, though I know that they are
true. Of all the flowers

in your mothers eyes, I have only seed. In your
presence there is fulness,

though I feel that there's a hole. Cause in my spirit
there is dissonance and

there is numbness in my soul. Of all the flowers in my
mothers eyes, I have

only seed. Who in my religion needs communion? I do.
Unto you only I have

always sinned from Golgotha to the stars. Among your
children I have often

failed. It's a wonder I've come this far. Of all the flowers
in my mothers

eyes, I have only seed. Can it be enough? Or am I
needing more

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