

G.NA

"If My Head Hurt A Hair's Foot"

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If my head hurt a hair's foot
Pack back the downed bone. If the unpricked ball of my
Breath
Bump on a spout let the bubbles jump out.
Sooner drop with the worm of the ropes round my
throat
Than bully I'll love in the clouded scene.

All game phrases fit your ring of a cockfight:
I'll comb the snared woods with a glove on a lamp,
Peck, sprint, dance on fountains and duck time
Before I rush in a crouch the ghost with a hammer, air,
Strike light, and bloody a loud room.

If my bunched, monkey coming is cruel
Rage me back to the making house. My hand unravel
When you sew the deep door. The bed is a cross place.
Bend, if my journey ache, direction like an arc or make
A limp and riderless shape to leap nine thinning
Months.'

No. Not for Christ's dazzling bed
Or a nacreous sleep among soft particles and charms
My dear would I change my tears or your iron head.
Thrust, my daughter or son, to escape, there is none,
None, none,
Nor when all ponderous heaven's host of waters
breaks.

Now to awake husked of gestures and my joy like a
cave
To the anguish and carrion, to the infant forever
Unfree,
O my lost love bounced from a good home;
The grain that hurries this way from the rim of the
Grave
Has a voice and a house, and there and here you must
Couch and cry.

Rest beyond choice in the dust-appointed grain,
At the breast stored with seas. No return

Through the waves of the fat streets nor the skeleton's
Thin ways.
The grave and my calm body are shut to your coming
as
Stone,
And the endless beginning of prodigies suffers open.

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