

Acceptance

"Bated"

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On bated breath i wait
And the scent i smell
Anticipated death from
The windowsill
Beg the rains flow
Give the wind your will
Pray the gods you serve
Get their greedy fill

Pass the cup you spill
At the demons will
Unwanted speech did preach
Through the fishes' gill
But the boughs quaked
And the waters flowed
And the stones you threw
Stood up to tell

I wondered the state
Of the cross, and again
I wondered the state
Of the cross, and again

Derived to find if i'd
Open wide my lips
And touch your
Burning fingertips
That honey you've fed me
But you've led me
To my grave
Monday did show
That the city'd glow
The ashes rose up high
And the rains did flow

I wondered the state
Of the cross, and again
I wondered the state
Of the cross, and again
And again

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