

Loudermilk "Anthema"

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Love you, she said as though it were true
Falling, head over heels into you
Now I, am pregnant with our baby boy
Forever, your lover, and sufferer.

Giver of life, and the nail in my soul
Misses Anthema, the story grows old
Still the same boy, that was sewn from your ground..
It's the weight of you pulling me down

Love you, he said and knew it was true.

I can't be in this marriage with you
Now this is our second child in my womb
No longer, your lover, and sufferer.

Rivers of love, and a trust so betrayed
Misses Anthema, the bed that we've made

Still the same boy that was sewn from your ground...
It's the weight of you pulling me down

And you lie as the vultures surround
The height that I push up my halo
Could come crashing
It come crashing..
Like a wave.

Giver of life, and the nail in my soul
Misses Anthema, the story grows old
Still the same boy, that was screaming inside
Pushing my youth, through that years of my life

Forever we trust in
Forever this sound
It's the weight of you pulling me down.
It's anthema, my voice, and this sound.

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