

Minsk

"The Orphans Of Piety"

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Fire dance of self deprecation dopamine receptivity
The orphans of piety we are birthed into sorrow and
shame
A truth to believe a thirst for reprieve
Our throats scorched with the sins of our fathers we
burn with the sins of our fathers
These sacred certainties floated right past me and I
cannot remember my name
Scandalous proclivity these orphans of piety
We cherish our reprimand pain in your shadow where I
stand
Draw a circle around me in the sand I have breathed in
but released your lungs
Of Ave Maria's from wombs of the one I have
wandered each day
From the alter to the grave in search of your name and
face
I have seen your shadow where I stand

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