

Purity Ring "Ungirthed"

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The scent of my hands is familiar
To prostrated men in their coats
To guide me their spirits
From fire, fire, fire, fire
Whose speak was so tenderly
Whose speak was so tenderly coaxed

The tinge of my eyes is familiar
To prostrated men in their coats
To get close, close, close
To their closetly homes
Illuminate the worlds of the ghosts

Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ears ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ears ringing

The air is familiar
So is that smell
Dead voices cover their moans
Refill their quiet tones
With vessels of earth
And the cry of detritioning bones

Dust off my knuckles, familiar
To culminated piles,
To the culminated piles of bones
That shift when the earth quakes
And trembles, trembles
And call these men up to their,
And call these men up to their thrones

The scent of my skin is familiar
To prostrated men in their coats
To guide me their spirits
From fire, fire, fire, fire
Whose speak was so tenderly
Whose speak was so tenderly coaxed

The air is familiar
So is that smell
As dead voices cover their bones
And refill their quiet tones
With vessels of earth
And ladies that they have ungirthed

Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ringing, teeth clicking
Ears ears ring

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