

## Seance "Saltrubbed Eyes"

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oh Lord I shall not whisper of the sights you've showed  
me  
your humble servant bides - his time  
carried by the winds of death to face my maker  
I know now that haven - is mine

I walk the soiled path  
moon above me cut in half  
shake the mountains, stir the sea  
I - have come-to-let-you-see

dawn to dusk  
suffocating - naked, but for rust  
blind - of all lies  
saltrubbed eyes

I draw and burn the circle in the sand at midnight  
evoking friends not known - to man

born-by-none  
outcast of  
dirt-and-death  
leaving you  
soul-stained-black  
painting my face  
a deity grace  
saltrubbed eyes  
losing my  
soul-and-sight  
howl at  
false prophecies  
drenching the land  
drunk by the sand

holy God of grace and lies  
I never walked the path  
saltrubbed eyes from blasphemy  
and yet I'm still alive

oh Lord I barely see the sights of joy you show me  
but - your humble servant bides - his time  
I long once more to see the burning portal

all covers up with pearls - so white.

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