

## Thrice "Child Of Dust"

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Dear prodigal you are my son and I  
Supplied you not your spirit but your shape  
All Eden's wealth arrayed before your eyes  
I fathomed not you wanted to escape

Though I only ever gave you love  
Like every child you've chosen to rebel  
Uprooted flowers and filled the holes with blood  
Ask not for whom they toll the solemn bells

A child of dust to mother now return  
For every seed must die before it grows  
And though above the world may toil and turn  
No prying spade will find you here below

Now safe beneath their wisdom and their feet  
Here I will teach you truly how to sleep

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