

Anathallo, Don't Kid Yourself, You Need A Physician

For days and weeks I made the parting call.
I cupped my hands, my mouth in "O";
I shouted saying,
"Brothers, hold my fading arms in the air, I am weak!"
They just faded there, my voice was gone.

Who will rescue me from this body,
not the arms, the fingers still yes,
they feel what they touch as well,
cut the cords. Let the ancient Adam go.
I've been dancing with this corpse for nineteen years.

And when I said, "Who will shave my head, and on the night, reveal me in my skin?"
All the secrets of fitness: all the fitness He requires is to feel your need for Him.
And in my room, in my room, in this gospel I have made,
salvation is a broken cistern in a handmade frame.
I cut the sheets into a flag, paint it red, self-pity hangs over the doorway in.

From seven times seventy scraping knees, blood lets, deficiencies,
these are the layers of bandages, protection from the sting.
In this great lacking, I've found a way.
And when I said, "Who will shave my head, and on that night reveal me in my skin?"
All the secrets of fitness: all the fitness He requires is to feel your need for Him.

Who will rescue me from this body,
not the arms, the fingers still yes,
they feel what they touch as well,
cut the cords. Let the ancient Adam go.
I've been dancing with this corpse for nineteen years.