

Jesse Sykes, You Are Not Gotten Here

No, you are not gotten here
We've been shut down for some years
You waited til the warmth of spring
To be let in

Oh, there's re on your tongue
Face of a forgotten one

No, you are not gotten here
Belle of the sea, carry me
There's a ghost across the room
In the afternoon

Oh, there's re on your tongue
Face of a forgotten one