

Promise Ring, B Is For Bethlehem

Your neck is craned a lazy quarter
of the distance down your back
creating a reason for the blood to go there.
To know now my only veins
and your hands across my back and where you're resting when you, when you rest

broke from the sins of our shoulders
run its motors to waters to struggle and end.
now my only veins
and your hands across my back and where you're resting when you, when you rest

Cried at the funeral cause you can go anywhere
to be hallowed by thy name and mine name ours.
I'm dying to try to stop the wind,
leave the leaves left leave and leave
to be hollowed by thy name and mine name ours.
It's hours to be where
b is for Bethlehem where Jesus was a fisherman.
I know he starts and finishes men but I don't know why.
Jesus was a fisherman,
fishing men from the devil hands,
and the devil was made red to live a damned life.

The red in your face is touchable
to the blues and the Muscles in a memory.
Where I have lost my voice
now I smell like paste again and again and again.
My bend to bend my anchor
people out of the bible
to stand in the rain
and be where

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