

# Purity Ring, Fineshrine

Get a little closer FO  
Glide up in my sternum and hold  
My little ribs around you  
Those arms may be under, under you  
I'll take the \_\_\_ pockets gladly  
Over the rocky cliffs that you leave  
To come over, not forget where feet are  
spreading threads of thunder over me

But I must say it right  
Just and sink into the edges round you  
Into the lakes across that brink  
And on the edges round you, round you, round you

Get a little closer FO  
Glide up in my sternum and hold  
My little ribs around you  
The lambs will give me clams over you  
Get a little closer FO  
Caught up in my sternum and hold  
My little ribs around you  
Though arms may be under, under you

I'll take the \_\_\_ pockets likely  
Over the rocky cliffs that you leave  
To come over, not forget where feet are  
Spreading threads of thunder over me

Listen closely, closely to the floor  
Emitting all its graces through the pores  
You'd make a fine shrine to me  
You'll build a fine shrine to me

But I must see with my chest and sink  
Into the edges round you  
Into the lakes across the you  
And on the edges round you, round you

Get a little closer FO  
Glide up in my sternum and hold  
My little ribs around you  
The lambs will give me clams over you  
Get a little closer FO  
Caught up in my sternum and hold  
My little ribs around you  
Though arms may be under, under you