

Woven Hand, Aeolian Harp (Under The World)

now is the end of the gentile
pluck aeolian harp my child
beyond the lust of this moment
thin as a pine slat
it does no good to call you mine

you're a big brown bull
button up and button down
now grim pilgrim
he come around
as he did he will roll
drivin like there aint no god at all

he digs his hole

do you see the day far on
brothers it is a line
there is no buffalo outside rifle child
it is more than hunger
that betrays my heart