

# Anathallo, Cuckoo Spitting Blood

Oh, night set on when I fell down  
In the corner of the field.  
Cuckoo, I too sang,  
Spit the blood of welling thoughts.

Waking with a hundred grains.  
Salt stains ringing 'round my legs.  
I could not face you.

Since I don't know my father,  
I won't be a son.  
In morning when words rise up  
Like the echo of a stone axe,  
Some demon in me wants to rise up  
And walk away.

When I am alone in the day.  
At night when I am going without clothes  
I see your knees where I would sit,  
The purple chair,  
Golden trim hedged 'round.

I hid myself underneath my father  
With the robes of a son.  
In the morning when words rose up  
Like the echo of a stone axe.  
Some demon in me crawled out  
And ran away.

I remember when I took the gifts  
Asking you for everything,  
Throw your name in the well.  
i sink, and sink.  
Sink.