

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.