

# Annals, Confessor

Pack up and leave every day  
I plant the seed to rip the roots away  
And I believe every word you say  
Calls the thunder and spooks off the pain  
And through the windows in the chapel  
Is laying in the morning light  
Every wick and every candle  
Is laying in the morning  
I'm here with your dress at night  
I confess  
At the hem of your dress  
I confess  
To spook off the pain  
Is when I always catch you laughing  
At the cusp of every day  
Is when I always catch you grinning  
It suits you well