

Ballydowse, Sails

Like pirates off your shores of waste
our kiss you can forget
a newborn sense of smell and taste
for things you've never met
our nose no longer knows the heel of
give it more and give it faster
our pleasures still retain their feel for honor is their master
three winds fill the sails of my sisters and my brothers
grace from beyond, scorn from behind,
and love for each other

God of all gods father of each holy one
God of all gods father of each lowly one
God of all gods like a mother to the orphaned ones
God of all gods wholly other to the broken half of me

dim memory brings the shade of lesser days around me
back before the waking, the time of my founding
dark was the heart with but its own desires
when a god will not be tamed, man will serve a liar
from the shores i saw the sails of my
sisters and my brothers
left behind the old life, born into another

eighteen years upon these waves storm, salt, and pounding
i wouldn't trade a minute of the seeing or the doubting
alive i am in the teeth of faith, few answers i have found
but the call that brings me back to life, to it i am bound
three winds fill the sails of my sisters and my brothers
grace from beyond, scorn from behind,
and love for each other