

Circle Of Dead Children, Return To Water

Philosopher Bastard head of the Eucharist
Seasons have counted backward
Return the baby to the river
Wooden raft
Upstream current of Yahweh's golden piss
Return the holy flesh of the Nazarene
Tabernacle of ash
My side bleeds too
Please wipe my face with the shroud of impiety
Are those my lungs in your grasp?
Because I can breath no more
With blood-soaked fingers I chisel away at stone
Uncover
Rediscover flesh like my own
Heal me Heal me
Emasculate
We have not eaten
We will not eat again
Shed the lice great leper lord, because we are blind now too
Drag the holy remains over my own body
The perfect fit
Piety, Euthyphro. Piety
Smile upon me now
Heal me