

Seance, Saltrubbed Eyes

oh Lord I shall not whisper of the sights you've showed me
your humble servant bides - his time
carried by the winds of death to face my maker
I know now that haven - is mine

I walk the soiled path
moon above me cut in half
shake the mountains, stir the sea
I - have come-to-let-you-see

dawn to dusk
suffocating - naked, but for rust
blind - of all lies
saltrubbed eyes

I draw and burn the circle in the sand at midnight
evoking friends not known - to man

born-by-none
outcast of
dirt-and-death
leaving you
soul-stained-black
painting my face
a deity grace

saltrubbed eyes
losing my
soul-and-sight
howl at
false prophecies
drenching the land
drunk by the sand

holy God of grace and lies
I never walked the path
saltrubbed eyes from blasphemy
and yet I'm still alive

oh Lord I barely see the sights of joy you show me
but - your humble servant bides - his time
I long once more to see the burning portal
all covers up with pearls - so white.