

# Shannon Wright, Black Little Stray

Bring yourself up to the light  
You shall be burned senselessly  
Bring yourself up to the light  
You shall be rinsed out of your state  
Confine yourself to the light  
And burrow your tepid shame

Bite down on your tongue  
What does not wither will pry away  
Bite down on your tongue  
That black little stray has come for your taste  
That black little stray has come for your taste

Confess all that you've seen  
Confess with one of all your tragic misdeeds

See the sun wrestle with your door  
See the sun wrestle with your door  
Trembling stray, this is now your home  
See the sun wrestle with your door