

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