

Span, Sister

Sister

Sister I asked for the world to stop,
life but the living has blown it up.
I give my prayer to you.
I cast my face in the deepest mud,
I killed our mother with the coldest blood.
But still I pray to you.

Dear sister, sister,
free me from our sins.
Touch these blisters,
heal them with thy kiss.

I tried to steal what was dear to me,
Only to find it was dearer where,
it once had had it's place.
Power and wealth was a pale disguise,
and what it betrayed has long sins demised.
I wrecked the highest praise.

Dear sister, sister,
free me from our sins.
Touch these blisters,
heal them with thy kiss.

Sister, sister,
free me from our sins.
Touch these blisters,
heal them with thy kiss.

Sister, sister.

Sister, sister.

Motherly love is worthless, dead and gone.
Retrenched from the heart it was given from.
I shot myself.
I shot myself.
With her.

And sister, sister.
heal me with thy kiss.