

Dust Hymn

Purity Ring

Dear lie still along my old web
Cursed by your dust filled hymn
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Cursed by your dust filled hymn

Water spills down o'er the glass, left always full
There's a dew under the bed
Where sweat and dreams have dread
Your feet would touch the floor
Drift around our board
Hang you like a lullaby

Hang you like a lullaby
Hang you like a lullaby

Little voices left to rot and plot
The crunching of your teeth might help you sleep
But will not lift you
Always wished you'd walk
Through another song
Hangs you like a lullaby