

The scent of my hands is familiar  
To fosterly men in their coats  
Who guard not their spirits from fire  
Who speak with some tenderly  
Who speak with some tenderly coax

The tinge of my eyes is familiar  
To fosterly men in their coats  
Who fiend close to their closetly homes  
And ruminate the walls up with ghosts

Ears ring and teeth click  
And ears ring and teeth click  
And ears, ears  
Ears ring and teeth click  
And ears ring and teeth click  
And ears ring and teeth click  
And ears ring and teeth click  
Ears, ears ring

The air is familiar, the sound is not still  
Dead voices cover their moats  
They fill the cloth totes with  
The rustles of earth  
And the crying detritioning bones

The dust of my knuckles familiar  
To culminated piles  
To culminated piles of bones  
That shift when the earth quakes and trembles, trembles  
And quarries men up to their  
And quarries men up to their thrones

The scent of my skin is familiar  
To fosterly men in their coats  
Who guard not their spirits from fire  
Who speak with some tenderly  
Who speak with some tenderly coax

The air is familiar, the sound is not still  
Dead voices cover their moats  
They fill the cloth totes with  
The rustles of earth  
And the ladies that they have ungirthed

Ears ring and teeth click  
And ears ring and teeth click  
And ears ring and teeth click  
And ears ring and teeth click  
And ears, ears ring