

## Swollen and Halo

Baroness

The steel that sleeps the eye  
Needs nor tax nor toll  
The kings with men might lie  
Swollen and halo'd

Her sweetest skin burns

Now I've buried all the gold beneath my hide  
Now I'll swallow breath with blood

Of pole and anchor  
Of stone and mitre  
Of god and beast and  
Wine and fish and man

The virgin ground stains

Now we've wandered through the polestar's dusty floe  
And my crown is breath and blood