

Fall in
fall out
fall along

In the first of light
past the Noachide
bodies wrapped in white

Stranded every pain
baby, pasts are slain
I got outta La Grange?

In Hinnom

All this time
with your heart in mind
didn't you edit

In Hinnom

Go, the least
and the precious feast
the in-vetted

Sand it starts to steal
dirt and ice imbed in cheeks
in the potter's field

Solar peace
well it swirls and sweeps
you just set it

Strangers scattering
nether passage in the wind
off pennant tension ring

Armor, down
on the wettest ground
not to vet it