

## Face

## Christian Death

Let your eyes walk on his tongue  
His wife is dead she doesn't see  
Voices raise to emptyness  
Arms reaching back to face the face

Children stand shut to the length of his waist  
Dirt swept we shiver with our mouths to the ground  
Word dancers shout the dead language of thieves  
Dreams are omission, they fall deliberately

Let the sky scream suffocation  
If you can't move, you can't breathe  
Voices raise to emptyness  
Arms reaching back to face the face

Not me, dead girl dressed in white  
This is not healthy  
Eyes, sanitation sin, it could be you

Mouth to mouth, face to face  
you can't get out if you're already there  
It's always been you