

Towing Jehovah

Converge

Well worn wings crumble too tired to forgive,
and too battered to ever forget,
I am the labor,
I am this.

I hang as your beloved hex,
I'll bring the nails and fevers of bad dreams,
Nail him,
Burden her,
Kill you,
Bury them,
It's all the same.

Holding your rope,
Try to forget me now,
Great leveller the sky tries to forget my name,
On days like this.