## **The Orphans Of Piety**

## Minsk

Fire dance of self deprecation dopamine receptivity
The orphans of piety we are birthed into sorrow and shame
A truth to believe a thirst for reprieve

Our throats scorched with the sins of our fathers we burn with the sins of our fathers

These sacred certainties floated right past me and I cannot rem ember my name

Scandalous proclivity these orphans of piety

We cherish our reprimand pain in your shadow where I stand Draw a circle around me in the sand I have breathed in but rele ased your lungs

Of Ave Maria's from wombs of the one I have wandered each day From the alter to the grave in search of your name and face I have seen your shadow where I stand