

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