

## Dust Hymn

Purity Ring

Dear lie still along my old web  
Cursed by your dust filled hymn  
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Cursed by your dust filled hymn

Water spills down o'er the glass, left always full  
There's a dew under the bed  
Where sweat and dreams have dread  
Your feet would touch the floor  
Drift around our board  
Hang you like a lullaby

Hang you like a lullaby  
Hang you like a lullaby

Little voices left to rot and plot  
The crunching of your teeth might help you sleep  
But will not lift you  
Always wished you'd walk  
Through another song  
Hangs you like a lullaby