

There's a cult, there's a cult inside of me
From the salt, sprinkle it around me
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Sleep is a welcome gadget in our head-bind hood
The crawling animals will seek all things
From all things moist
And I will relentlessly shame myself in rest and waking
Find out my truly void, the rabbit freer
I lie in wait, hush little heart

Still my sweating lips wield my starving hips
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From the salt, sprinkle it around me

Into a blood-bound, cease rounded fury
Our bodies will return
Into a blood-bound, cease rounded fury
Our bodies will return
Into a blood-bound, cease rounded fury
Our bodies will return

The creeper's blood is seeping
From this undead wooden headboard
Punish my forehead red in evenings
Drift down over my jowls
Hither writhe and sprout their heavy feathers
Lift my drooping head

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