

The scent of my hands is familiar
To fosterly men in their coats
Who guard not their spirits from fire
Who speak with some tenderly
Who speak with some tenderly coax

The tinge of my eyes is familiar
To fosterly men in their coats
Who fiend close to their closetly homes
And ruminate the walls up with ghosts

Ears ring and teeth click
And ears ring and teeth click
And ears, ears
Ears ring and teeth click
And ears ring and teeth click
And ears ring and teeth click
And ears ring and teeth click
Ears, ears ring

The air is familiar, the sound is not still
Dead voices cover their moats
They fill the cloth totes with
The rustles of earth
And the crying detritioning bones

The dust of my knuckles familiar
To culminated piles
To culminated piles of bones
That shift when the earth quakes and trembles, trembles
And quarries men up to their
And quarries men up to their thrones

The scent of my skin is familiar
To fosterly men in their coats
Who guard not their spirits from fire
Who speak with some tenderly
Who speak with some tenderly coax

The air is familiar, the sound is not still
Dead voices cover their moats
They fill the cloth totes with
The rustles of earth
And the ladies that they have ungirthed

Ears ring and teeth click
And ears ring and teeth click
And ears ring and teeth click
And ears ring and teeth click
And ears, ears ring