

Hubris

Shriekback

Holy and separate
Fading as I fade
Sicky embellishment
Traitor at my gate
Is golden with my pain
Is sweeter than my breath
The spoilt child of my love
Could never detect love

My hubris, my hubris: what could ever dream like this
My hubris: what could ever sting like this

Hopeless possession
The splendour of nightmare
Sacred infection
Wholly indelible
Pure as my cruelty
All heart and silence
As weak as this cold light
It feels as I feel

My hubris, my hubris: what could ever dream like this
My hubris: what could ever sting like this

My hubris, my hubris: what could ever dream like this
My hubris, my hubris: what could ever sting like this

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