

How long must I wait  
How long must I wait  
Til the mountains of avarice turn blue?

How long must I wait  
How long must I wait  
Til the moleskin I pick becomes fused?

The avulsion whims its spurs in the pinches of my earth  
The dust I kick of animus shatters

Recorded on my reels of tape, the trauma stops my flow  
and in your suppression tastes sulfur

Hear the children say  
(Inexpressible innocence)

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As suddenly your avalanche  
reverses my polarity

And secretly come Sunday morning  
standing at the pulpit to an empty room

Hear the children say  
(Inexpressible innocence)

Tear of mended sails

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The drowning water you drink, passed on by birth  
I'm no longer willing to give you control