

# The Leavers Dance

## The Veils

Berenice

My hands my feet are worn  
As much as yours are  
And though my head my hands my heart are forming  
They still feel worlds apart

Berenice

Beneath it all you're golden  
And that's all I'm feeding on  
And though my head my hands are growing colder  
We move circles now

Berenice there's no release at all  
That's not worth dying for

Berenice

My hands my feet are worn  
As much as yours are

Berenice there's no release at all  
That's not worth dying for  
And it's not for our desires but our design that we all fall apart

Berenice there's no release at all  
It's worthless crying for  
And though my 'cause we all fall down