

## Red Dust

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I will not cave under you  
for my heart is an unending tomb  
i will not trouble your rest  
for my heart is infinity blessed

ever a hard rot  
cut from an ancient cloth of old

someone is ringing a bell  
it chimes through this shimmering shell  
that once was my vision of birth  
now is my vessel and curse

heat from the tall lamp  
melting the outer wax that holds  
blood from a deep cut  
some of the reddest stuff to flow

sometimes my hands they don't feel like my own  
i need someone to love i need someone to hold