

Child Of Dust

Thrice

Dear prodigal you are my son and I
Supplied you not your spirit, but your shape.
All Eden's wealth arrayed before your eyes;
I fathomed not you wanted to escape.

And though I only ever gave you love,
Like every child you've chosen to rebel.
Uprooted flow'rs and filled the holes with blood;
Ask not for whom they toll, the solemn bells.

A child of dust, to mother now return;
For every seed must die before it grows.
And though above the world may toil and turn,
No prying spades will find you here below.

Now safe beneath their wisdom and their feet
Here I will teach you truly how to sleep.