# "Love of My Flesh, Living Death" 

## Subtitle

Izaak Thoms



To be the dove is to bear the
A.
T.
B.

fal - con on your chest your nights your seas


bove a flare of etch-ings
a li-neage in let-ters My sud-den stare it's you

т.

B.


4

T.

B.


