

Wash the blood from your feet

Where should we go and what should we do
When every road is scattered
With the thorns of our fallen loves?
When the friendships of centuries
Have broken, one by one?

Whatever path we take, whatever direction we choose
Our feet come away bathed in blood.

And the onlookers say:
What is this ritual you have devised?
Why have you tattooed yourself with these wounds?
Who are you to question
The barrenness of faith?

Wash the blood from your feet.

When the night has passed
A hundred new roads will blossom.
You must steady your heart,
For it has to break many, many times.