

Reliquary (feat. Benoit Pioulard)

Benoit Pioulard

I can feel the movement of the ramble
as a number, I will sit,
and I can see the dancing of the candle as tallow gathers on its dish.
In servant time and consecration, homebooks enliven the fervency, pray for some
transfiguration, lost momentum or eave.
I can feel the features of my visage, it's as though they were yours.
We conceal the creatures in the cages, loose the ropes and keep the oars.
In servant time and consecration, see the momentum and sweet.
Pray for some transfiguration, and a fervent futility.

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