

## Batwings (a Limnal Hymn)

Coil

(The key to joy is disobedience  
There is no guilt and there is no shame)

A moon-piece to fetch up the golden cup  
A snow-piece to avoid the great heat of the sun  
Is kept in the night and by the light of the moon

An ice-piece so as they seem forever fallen  
A night-piece of the dismal supper and strange entertainment  
A rare chance-piece, a handsome piece of deformity  
The skin of a snake bred out of the spinal marrow of a man

With stones and illegible inscriptions found about great ruins  
Pictures of three remarkable steeples, or towers  
Built purposely awry, so as they seem eternally tipping and falling

A transcendent perfume made of the richest odorates  
Kept in a box of translucent scale

A glass of spirits made of ethereal salt, hermetically sealed up  
Kept continually in quicksilver, of so volatile a nature  
That it will scarcely endure the light  
And therefore only shown in winter  
Or by the light of a carbuncle, or a firefly

And batwings  
And batwings  
And batwings sing this limnal hymn  
A wideness opening and closing to keep the darkness sealed within  
To keep the darkness sealed within  
To keep the darkness sealed within

To keep the darkness sealed within  
A moon-piece to fetch up the golden cup