```
Her mother said that she couldn't love
The physical way a woman should
Then where else could she go?
Where the sisters and the fathers can't save her soul
Send them in, see them on
She can't find a lover, she'll fashion one
Imaginary men
Like the burned out poets in the hinterland
The phoenix says,
The devil says,
The serpent says,
The siren says,
Why use the word, when the word it means to believe?
Why use the word, when the word it means to believe?
Why...
The hourglass sees what shelf life does
She asked, exactly tell me
"what is love but grieving life alone?"
Just the words from prophets and religious shows
Imagine hurt, imagine tears
She opened up until she disappeared
Vanished, hand in hand,
With all the long-lost children locked in Neverland
The phoenix says,
The devil says,
The serpent says,
The siren says,
Why use the word, when the word it means to believe?
Why use the word, when the word it means to believe?
The phoenix says
The devil says
The serpent says
The siren says
Oh, the phoenix says
- Burn for me
The devil says
- Lie for me
The serpent says
- Beg for me
The siren says
- Die for me
Oh, the phoenix says
- Burn for me
The devil says
- Lie for me
The serpent says
- Beg for me
```