

Shattering Sea

Tori Amos

That is not my blood on the bedroom floor
That is not the glass that I threw before

He gets his power from tide and wave
The grains of sand are my domain
His tempest surged and angry flesh
And through my arms formed a sea of glass

Shattering Sea
Closing my eyes
[Repeat 2x]

Every line
Every curve
Every twist
Every turn
Of every brutal word

Every turn (every line)
Every line (every curve)
Every twist (every turn)
Every curve
Of every brutal word

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