

## Frida Of Blood And Gold

All About Eve

Slowmotion driving through the fall  
I feel the steel as you recall  
It's like your house  
It's built to never be sold  
It's like your clothes  
Made of blood and gold  
Rise up black angel to the sky  
And bleed your raindrops from on high  
It's like your wings  
They never attempted to fly  
It's like your beauty  
Made of blood and gold