

The Warden

Chelsea Wolfe

The saw in the hands, it's white as snow
The heavy endless weight on my heels, it's cold
The water on my head, but i won't speak of you
The hall and the rack and the wheel, it's true
And when it turns, the hole in my vision fills with you
The cold and the loud and they won't let me sleep
I've been dragged on the floor and
My blood earns my keep
My body holds a picture of the sun, it's you
The warden bore a hole in my skull, it's true
Tore off my limbs and my breasts
The heart it's heavy in the chest
And when it turns the hole in my vision fills with you
Hole, rack, wheel, time
Heart, thorn, knees, blight
Hand, hold, bright white
Whole head feels light
Tore off my limbs and my breasts
The heart it's heavy in the chest
Pulled out my tongue so I can't speak the truth
The picture in my vision it's the sun, it's you