

Blood Bitch

Cocteau Twins

Blood woman
Blood bitch
There's a corona
A corona swelling

Pressing hands
Against this scar
There's no warmth
There's no warmth to be felt

Don't damage my altar
Don't damn this cold flame
Neither one or the other
Has much form or shape

Cold burns powerful
Has powerful needs
Holds back
What's my worth?
There's a fire

I'll paint the blood bitch
The blood bitch black
Left or curious
Your the same old son