

Savior of the Sun

Joseph Arthur

(She became the servant of the moon)

She represents with binocular eyes all of the London crowd
The affectionate zombies weep and cry whenever she leaves town

Abused and fucked up
Under the knife
Wearing a mini skirt
Painting her lips in the museum of her stripes
Where she worships how she hurts

No one was waiting for her love
She was the savior of the sun
And through the thinnest needle slipped into her cocoon
Where she became the servant of the moon

She was half starved up in her head
With an inward gaze she could paint your portrait as you bled
And expect your praise

Like a desert spider she will burn
Burn in the sky
She is more beautiful then anything when she cries

No one was waiting for her love
She was the savior of the sun
And through the thinnest needle slipped into her cocoon
Where she became the servant of the moon