

When you catch the light
You look like your mother
It crushes me some,
Just right from the side

When you catch the light
There's a flash of wild creatures,
Before the Stone Age of the preachers,
And the husbands, and the wives

When you catch the light
The flood changes direction,
And darkens the lens
That projects my disguise

As you fight along-side,
You'll discover my weakness
I'm not fighting for your freedom,
I am fighting to be wild.

"Hey, little girl, would you like to be
The king's pet or the king?"
"I'd choose odorless and invisible,
But otherwise I would choose the king.
Even though it sounds the loneliest...
And my brother's hands would poison me."

"Hey, little girl, would you like to be
The king's pet or the king?"
"I'd choose odorless and invisible,
But otherwise I would choose the king,
Even though it sounds melodious...
There's no mother's hands to quiet me."