

# The Wound

Noir Désir

Hello sneaking man  
You want to fix my mind  
But I don't care for you  
Your smile and the other lies

You were crawling around my bed  
Sure I was afraid  
Lord could you see my blood  
And could you hear my prayer  
Ooh let them burn  
Ooh let them burn  
Lost in your coldness  
I couldn't know the rest  
when the fear is a jaw  
Have you ever been drawnd ?  
Oh yes I'm falling  
I always fall down  
Ooh let them burn  
I know you never doubt  
But the day will come I hope  
You gonna get the rope  
You gonna have the snake around your sweet neck...  
Lying in a place for nobody else  
Words won't pass your mouth  
I'm gonna bury your sufficiency  
Deep in my own south  
Well, I've tried to be patient  
Oh Lord my prayer can't  
I can't hear you any more  
You're nothing more and more

Ooh let them burn  
Ooh let them burn

Can't you feel the wound ?  
And did you see the bounds  
Have you ever heard a big breath ?  
Hurricanes of skin  
Torrents of frailness  
Can't you feel the wound ?

An indian fury  
An indian Riot

I feel the wound that's all  
I feel the wound that's all.