

She Lives In Man

Support Lesbiens

Lipstick, a face mask.
The shaved calves and forearms. Shaved to bone.
The seams lined, a fox fur.
On high heels, the shape matter.
Topped with a swan feather.

But she lives in man.
Although she's radical.

A painting, a flower.
It's rather a bit harder.
Report is radical.
She's shaking her bones.
As if she was a dancer.
Without a way, as any other day.
It's just another day.

But she lives in man.
Although she's radical.
The clothes won't make herself a person.

Chained her feelings tight in a firm core.
Sold the trust in tales for a firm core.
Thin lips, squeezed jaws.
The trained flirt, the game slows.
Then late note.
She's shaking the bones.
Yet the life's so cruel.
She's shaking the bones.
Thought, she'd make it through she'd make it through.

But she lives in man.
Although she's radical.
The clothes won't make herself a person.
But she lives in man.
Although she's radical.