

Red Velvet Wound

Swans

And what do I do
With the gift you held me as entered me
The one no one else would buy
They would not accept the filthy premise of your most terrible
innocence
Oh, oh ho ho
So let them say, how were you wild
For what you really were was tender
Yes how you screamed, all through the night
Yet silent tears streamed down in morning light
Most beautiful, my lonely sinner