

## Shattering Sea

Tori Amos

That is not my blood on the bedroom floor  
That is not the glass that I threw before

He gets his power from tide and wave  
The grains of sand are my domain  
His tempest surged and angry flesh  
And through my arms formed a sea of glass

Shattering Sea  
Closing my eyes  
[Repeat 2x]

Every line  
Every curve  
Every twist  
Every turn  
Of every brutal word

Every turn (every line)  
Every line (every curve)  
Every twist (every turn)  
Every curve  
Of every brutal word

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