

Womb Of Fire

Wolves in the Throne Room

She draws her weapon elegantly and places it upon her lips
Now her words shine the Red and the scent of roses
Come let her take you by her little white hands
And guide you to the fields of calla lilies
Let the fiery reds muffle your eyes
Inspect her neck and see all the precious ornaments
You know you're going to be the one in the middle of her chest

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The one between her breasts as she stands over you in complete confidence.

There is no need for knights in shining armor
They'll only rust in her water
See the pilings at her feet
We are expendable bags of meat
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