

## 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  
Womb of Fire.