

All About Eve, D For Desire

See the roses growing purposely
Dreaming of the vase
Blood-stained poet calls it vanity
I'd call it yearning
Rarest butterfly, steal his charm away
Stab him under glass
From within it grew
Ink tattooed in you

D stands for Desire, for desire
First I want the prize then I have the prize
Give stranger jewels
Little boy lost, little girl lost
Found, smashed their shrine
Medal on your breast only half as precious
As when your head
Medal on your breast only half as precious
As your Desire, your Desire

Severed roses drawn, in their vases, decay away
How they want pain, need pain, crave pain, love pain
D is for Desire
D stands for Desire