

Ben Christophers, River Song

She came round here like ravens
Little diamonds on water
There's blood on your lips
Kissed by the ruin glow of your lust

Captured in your arms
Dead city dreamer
Creep from your hair like vultures do
Deep inside your skin
Ride pretty shadow
Finger tips crawl from you

Wrecking ball swings over us eye's shut
Bicycle spokes
Innocent spin
As lonely as addiction you're it
Tenderness lost