

Jewel, Flower

She dreams of the country
her eyes go far away.
She wishes for flowers
He says, "Perhaps in May."

The city always was gray
the reflections of his eyes.
And she knows he liked it that way
And that way he shall die, well...

She's always known,
that there was something more.
There's this hunger in her belly
like an instinct it tells her that there's something more.

This living shouldn't be called living
'cause it's really only half a life.
She's a flower that grows despite cement holes
And she will survive, she will survive.

She's a rare breed with violet eyes
and leafy limbs.
In conversations she looks for cracks
to dig her roots deep in.

And her ways come up like daisies,
she pushes her head to the sun.
She says "I am content here to grow
despite the steel frost that consumes everyone."

She's always known,
that there was something more.
There's this hunger in her belly
like an instinct it tells her that there's something more.

This living shouldn't be called living
'cause it's really only half a life.
She's a flower that grows despite cement holes.
And she will survive, she will survive.

In the end these steel cages will consume us
and like coffins ignorance will take us in and
fashion don't mean anything
'cause fashion cannot be our friends.

And when all else fades away
and the city falls into its sleep.
We'll still have flesh, blood, bones and
our soul to deal with so we should
dig our roots deep.

Always known,
that there's something more.
There's this hunger in our bellies
it's like an instinct it tells us that there's something more.

This living shouldn't be called living
'cause it's really only half a life.
She's a flower that grows despite cement holes.
And we will survive, we will survive, we will survive, we will
survive.