

# Love Like Blood, Brainchild

BRAINCHILD

RIDING THROUGH THE ENDLESS DESERT, WHITE GLARING AND FLAT EXCEPT  
THE HAZY POOR GLEAM OF MOUNTAINS AND THE DEVILS GRASS WITHIN  
SWEET DREAMS AND THE DEVILS GRASS WITHIN...

BUT TOMORROW IT COULD BE TO LATE  
YEAH TOMORROW MAYBE MY TRUST COULD FADE  
TOMORROW I COULD SEE THINGS THROUGH A KIND OF GREYNESS  
AND THEN I COULD CHANGE MYSELF INTO A KIND OF BIRD OF PREY

SWEET DREAMS DEATH AND NIGHTMARES  
ON THE NARROW PATH BETWEEN CRUSTS OF SALT  
THROUGH THE ENDLESS CRYING MONOTONOUS WILDERNESS  
GIVE ME YOUR WINGS BIRD I WILL SPREAD THEM OUT AND FLY  
TO THE WAY TO THE TOWER, WHERE I WILL SING ALL THEIR NAMES  
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