

# Lucyfire, As Pure As S.I.N.

She's a tiptoeing black cat in a limousine Cadillac  
A re-animation after a heartattack  
A bloodred carpet under my feet  
A taste of magic under bloodred sheets

As pure as the rain that's falling  
She is as pure as S.I.N.  
And all the sins are burning  
All fires from within

With a russian stew and a pile of the dirtiest rags  
In a fivestar hotel where black men carry my bags  
I slept all days away but I only dreamt of her  
Who rides the milky way in a cheap fake bluefox fur

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And all the sins are burning  
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Caviar for breakfast and death in the afternoon  
We rode the sunset and made love under the moon  
And all the angels watched silently as we passed  
And painted skies in red, love's iconoclast

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