

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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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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