

Number Twelve Looks Like You, Blue Dress

Dragged to the burial where witches flew overhead.
Roses drip black and children weep in awe at their mother's side
And tissues break. shows your ample wit.
To get back at your bastards lust.
Razor proof veil and an odor less scarf bring the day to rust.
Blue dress at a black grave.
Razor proof veil and an odor less scarf bring the day to rust.