

Olivia Ruiz, I Need A Child

I need a child
Into my middle
I need a child
a wild one

under my skin
a little bone
a speaking tree
is growing on me

I've got flowers exploding on my swinging tit's
So many flowers exploding on my swinging tit's
I need a child

My heart is a dead frog haunting on my broken throat
with the red lipstick stuck and his bleeding mooth
I can't breath

It's so cold, warm me up, feel me up, build me a child
I'm in bloom "boom" into my middle
I'm in blue boom into my heart
I'm in bloom "boom" into my middle
I'm in blue boom into my heart

Since the day of my brothers' birth
Oh brothers'-bird, I've understood
there's a mother exploding on my swinging tit's
So many flowers exploding on my swinging tit's

I need a child