

# Tilly And The Wall, Blood Flower

I buried my blood years ago to encourage the vine  
I waited for something to grow and flourish with time  
I counted each hopeful raindrop as it fell to its death  
I dusted the mournful frost and warmed it up with my breath

You'd better watch where you're walking  
There might be somebody's blood flower growing  
You'd better watch what you're doing  
Don't go fucking around in the garden

You'd better watch where you're walking  
You'd better watch what you're doing  
You'd better watch where you're walking  
You'd better watch what you're doing

On the night of the hunter's moon you might notice a quiet dread  
Are your eyes playing tricks on you?  
Yeah, maybe it's in your head

Every day a little more unsettled, you are starting to understand  
You're sleeping with the lights on, with no one to hold your hand

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