

Trance To The Sun, Heart Transplant

Tied to the fray at the end of a lullabye
This little doll's at the end of her rope
How many bodies can hang from a fig tree?
Over the thistles at the end of the road
I can smell chamomile through blackening nostrils
Isn't there a space in the garden for me?
Give me ribbon to cover the burn
My dolls are off limits to you and your dirty hands
No you
I won't let you play you don't play nice
Tied to a line at the end of the eye
Is there another way to spell disinterested?
Where does the subline stop?
Get me out of here!
Let me out of here
Where's the door to the psych ward?
Prescription interference
Mama told me not to play with you
She says you're not nice and I think that is true
Oh sweet child
Too many years in the root cellar
I've waited 18 to be 18
It will be time for shut down soon
Will you buy me another?
Oh look!
My clothes have gotten clean
How will I ever get them dirty again?
Smile sweet for me your candy smile's on my mind
I taste your lips a thousand times
You don't look so sweet today my poor little darling
How sad for you