

Trance To The Sun, Virgins With Scissors

Some gray cityline
Or a rooftop gasping for fire
Just something that burns
Give you anything to take the edge off
Some skin to cover the nerves
(New skin to cover you)
Way below in the thorns
In a maze no one admits to making me chase like virgins with scissors
Cutting down anything that moves
Or that seems as a way to the edge
What pretty flowers!
They'll never rot