

Amos Tori, Blood Roses

Amos Tori
Boys For Pele
Blood Roses
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Back on the street now
can't forget the things you never said
on days like these gets me thinking
when chickens get a taste of your meat
chickens get a taste of your meat

you gave him your blood
and your warm little diamond
he likes killing you after you're dead
you think I'm a queer
I think you're a queer
I think you're a queer
Said I think you're a queer
and I shaved every place where you been

God knows I know I've thrown away those graces

the Belle of New Orleans tried to show me
once how to tango
wrapped around your feet
wrapped around like good little roses

Blood Roses
Blood Roses
back on the street now
now you've cut out the flute
from the throat of the loon
at least when you cry now
he can't even hear you
when chickens get a taste of your meat
when he sucks you deep
sometimes you're nothing but meat