

Antony And The Johnsons, Divine

Good-Bye, baby
Baby, good-bye
Divine, oh Divine
Falling like a picture of time
Oh he was the Mother of America
He was my self-determined guru
Myself, I hold your big fat heart in my hands
And I hold your burning heart in my hands
A supernova
A flame on fire
Shining in the darkness
Did someone mention a rapture
Well I turn to think of you
Who walked the way with so much pain
Who holds the mirror up to fools
And I'll murder the ingrates
Who stand in our way!
And I'll swallow shit, laughing
On my bed of hay!
And I hold your burning heart in my hands
And I hold your burning heart in my hands
A supernova
A flame on fire
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Divine
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A supernova
A flame on fire
Shining in the darkness