

Behind Crimson Eyes, White China Doll

I bear those tracks from our romance.
A small keepsake of your performance.
Anticipation grows as liberation flows from your fear.
Respiration slows as desperation knows you are near.
Sit tight don't worry now.
Sit tight and I'll make you proud.
My little china white where are you tonight comfort me just pretend.
My little china white don't make me fight for your love again.
My little china white where are you tonight comfort me just pretend.
My little china white don't make me fight for your love again.
Clear liquid pours from they eyes and this moth to butterflies.
So its wings have been grafted and its colours line my casket.
I'm ready for this place; I'm ready for your grace.
I'm ready for this place; I'm ready for your grace.
My little china white where are you tonight comfort me just pretend.
My little china white don't make me fight for your love again.
My little china white where are you tonight comfort me just pretend.
My little china white don't make me fight for your love again.