

# Cocteau Twins, Blood Bitch

Blood woman  
Blood bitch  
There's a corona  
A corona swelling  
Pressing hands  
Against this scar  
There's no warmth  
There's no warmth to be felt  
Don't damage my altar  
Don't damn this cold flame  
Neither one or the other  
Has much form or shape  
Cold burns powerful  
Has powerful needs  
Holds back  
What's my worth?  
There's a fire  
I'll paint the blood bitch  
The blood bitch black  
Lift or carry us (curious?)  
Your the same old song