

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