

Enon, Grain of Assault

She took her bag and fell from the sky
Wanted to say "hi" or something, but you know there's always something for her
The waves applaud from the ocean, the wind that doesn't care

She fell asleep and went for a ride
On a homicidal path, when the blood dried
She awoke to find that nothing was there
The blood was gone, it's gone, and you swear something was there

But you take everything with assault, and of course, to fulfill every whim that you feel
And at home, that you do to your love
You needn't do it today

You took another bath in the sink
She washed her face and her hands so they won't think
That her skin was there for only for them
If things were not in a knot, then maybe we could share

But you take everything with assault, and of course, to fulfill every whim that you feel
And at home, that you do to your love
You needn't do it today