

Gainsae, Purify

A rouge tide washes over her peach cheeks
Here, passion is never more
Than a passing whisper
Slowly evaporating
Into a chlorine gas

She is a black rose
Hung on a red stem
She is a red raven
Feasting on the dead
She is the leech that cures my disease
She is the saran that we breathe
She is the saran that I bleed

She wanted, needed me
I held her, helped her
To move, (to stand again)
Her satin sheets were sliding by the bedside
Where she (I know she) waits for me

She is a black rose
Hung on a red stem
She is a red raven
Feasting on the dead.
She is the leech that cures my disease
She is the saran that we breathe
She is the saran that I bleed

Rain purifies
Lust lets love die
Rain purifies
Lust lets love die

She is a black rose
Hung on a red stem
She is a red raven
Feasting on the dead.
She is the leech that cures my disease
She is the saran that we breathe
She is the saran that I bleed -
I bleed for you