## 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

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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
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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