

Lamya, Black Mona Lisa

But oh I am not afraid
To be a lone bohemian
I can paint a portrait of myself
I will call me a black Mona Lisa
Mona Lisa
Come to discover - I am your daughter
The sky above me is silent and empty
I am an island
A little freak of melancholy
But these hands
They unbead your rosary of wisdom

Bewitched, spellbound I'm found
And returned from superstition
You are my martyr
I'm a vestige of a revolution
My alma, my mater
And now I can let go
My old addictive solutions

CHORUS

I used to be a connoisseur
Of hate, self hate, paternal hate
Hate cum gratis
I connected every kind

Sipping it like red wine
The insecurity was mine
The ties that bind were
My design

But oh I am not afraid
To be a lone bohemian

The sun is still unkind
To those like you and me
Seekers of sanctuary
Though I'm not afraid
I'm sanctified and fortified
Because you sacrificed
I can call myself Mona Lisa
Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa,
Men have adored you