

Left Hand Solution, Thorns

(words & music: Barthold)

Dressed in white
Stained with blood
On her naked feet
A silent dance she dances

In the forest where the trees
Scream out in agony
As they reach for
A faded and dying sky

Stung by the poisoned thorn
She walks the world

She kisses the ground
Where the flowers turned all gray
And their scents were forever forgotten
Together with her name

Stung by the poisoned thorn
She walks the world