

Queen Adreena, Weeds

There is an anger comes off this girl
That she can't find an origin
The things I plant won't grow
Yet the wild weeds flower in wind and snow

Nothing to be, nothing to prove
Nowhere to go, nothing to lose
Nothing to lose

When will my season come
Was I born of infertile soil
Is my seed without song
Can I not see the woods for these forests in my head
Can I not see the sunlight as I play dead?

Nothing to be, nothing to prove
Nowhere to go, nothing to lose
Nothing to lose