

# Swans, Blood On Your Hands

(Gira, Jarboe)

I found you lying where I drowned you  
I found you lying where I lay with you  
Where I threw you in the water  
Where I drowned you in the river  
Where I watched you roll away  
Where I watched your body roll away  
Roll away  
Roll away  
From everything we think we know  
We'll lie down in the warm green grass  
And the sun will shine on our pale shape  
Our blood will flow black in the dirt  
And a black rose will grow where we laid