Swans, Surgical Saviour

Now I'm still a child, but I'm closer to death.

The day I was born, your shadow fell across my mother's breast. When I opened my eyes, you coloured my mind. Every move I make, is by your desire. Every move I make, is by your hand only. Now I'm still a child, but I'm closer to death. Cover me in roses, gently touch me while I sleep. When I dream I'll dream of drowning in a pool of scented blood. Now I'm still a child, but I'm closer to death. You said "take this it's yours" so I've kept it locked away. Now you're curled up beneath tme in a pool of your own blood.