

Swans, Surgical Saviour

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 me in a pool of your own blood.
Now I'm still a child, but I'm closer to death.