

# Toni Childs, Wild Bride

The wild bride lives  
In the back of a forest  
On a black dark path  
Her feet are like tree roots  
Her hands of vines  
And she holds you and she will entwine

Dreams, she finds out are shattered like a knife  
And she hopes that somewhere along the line  
And she might find--she has thorns and she scars  
And she will leave her mark  
She's the wild one  
She's the wild bride

The wild bride asks  
And hopes for the future  
And children, an abundance of them  
But a ball and a chain and war, her domain  
She wants them no longer this way  
Dreams she finds out are shattered like a knife  
And she hopes that somewhere along the line  
She might find--  
Can I tear back the veils that are here?  
Resisting the white gown I fear

For the wildness in me wants to exist

Why must I wear these tattered old dresses  
And white lace over my gown  
And why must I be a barbie doll figure  
Like on a cake, on a crown

Why does it have to be?  
Can I change the loop on the wild bride  
Underneath? and her dreams  
She finds out are shattered by life  
And she hopes that somewhere along the line  
She might find--love

The wild bride falls to the earth  
A sacrifice  
No one can break from this ball and chain  
Of this wild bride  
The thorns in her hands  
And a rest for her skins  
And belly filled with gold  
And seed like a pomegranate  
And roots for her limbs  
And telling you she'll wrap you with sin