

# Venke Knutson, Mary

If you're looking for Mary  
She's no longer here  
She left on a horseback  
Few minutes ago  
With her eyes catching fire  
And her hands were in the air  
And I think that she's forgotten  
That her bills were due  
Weeks ago

Clouds from hell  
Carry her away  
Fearless like  
Angel knights  
She rides into the darkness  
Of her dizzy world  
Arms and legs just floating  
Flowing in the wildness of her deep, blue dreams

The money was wasted  
In a businessman's brew  
The money was wasted  
Now she's wasted too  
With her eyes catching fire  
And her body turned cold  
And I think that she's forgotten  
The way she breaths

Clouds from hell  
Carry her away  
Fearless like  
Angel knights  
She rides into the darkness  
Of her dizzy world  
Arms and legs just floating  
Flowing in the wildness of her deep, blue dreams