

# Belladonna

## A Barca do Sol

Oh, Belladonna, never knew the pain  
Maybe I'm crazy, maybe it'll drive me insane  
The open letter just carelessly placed  
And your moving silence, the tea so delicately laced  
Out of reach, out of touch  
How you've learned to hate so much  
Out of reach, out of touch  
How you've learned to hate so much  
Came from passion and you gave it a name  
The fingers of poison like needles in the drivin' rain  
So smile discreetly as you watch with such grace  
Now I must slip away but can you forget my face  
Out of reach, out of touch  
How you've learned to hate so much  
Out of reach, out of touch  
How you've learned to hate so much  
Out of reach, out of touch  
How you've learned to hate so much  
Out of reach, out of touch  
How you've learned to hate so much

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