Red Velvet Wound

Swans

And what do I do,
With the gift you present to me,
The one no one else would buy?
They would not accept the filthy premise of your most terrible innocence.
So let them say, how were you wild,
For what you really were was tender.
Yes how you screamed, all through the night,
Yet silent tears streamed down through morning light,
Most beautiful, my lonely, sinner.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/