London

Catman Cohen

She called herself London
On that day
She fell from the sky
Child of apple blossoms
Dancing wildly
Into your mindThe snake that hung from her neck
Bites your hand
Expels you from Eden
Tears into the cool flesh
Of your madness
Posing as reasonLondon
Kisses you like a sweet lover
As though she really cares
Lets you
Taste the passionate orchard
In her bodys secret lairLondon
Wrestles with all your demons
Nothing quite compares
To the pain
The indecent pleasure
In the waters that you shareHer name was London
Call her LondonShe called herself London
On that night
She prayed to the moon
Apollos lyre
Played darkly
In a portent
Of your own doomThe hell she hides
In her soul
Toxic drug youll never escape
You crave the milk of her touch
Her strange and dangerous waysLondon
Kisses you like a sweet lover
As though she really cares
Lets you
Taste the passionate orchard
In her bodys secret lairLondon
Wrestles with all your demons
Nothing quite compares

To the pain
The indecent pleasure
In the waters that you shareHer name was London
Call her LondonMy baby, London
Call her London
My moon-girl, London
Call her LondonI love her, London
Call her London
Forever, LondonI call her London

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