

Daughters

Wild Beasts

i'm taping up the windows and the doors
i'm nailing all my pretty things to the flooreyes like fire
a tempest in the water
eyes like mine
a temper like your mother'sdaughter, please
it's me
tell me what you've seen
daughter, please
spare me
old men's voices screaming
and soon we'll see
what you really mean
all the pretty children sharpening their blades
where my daughter passes only ruins remainshe's walking through the cracks in the walls
she's walking across the chicken bones on the floorjust a little girl
and jesus was a woman
just a little girl
and lot who knew his daughtersdaughter, please
it's me
tell me what you've seen
daughter, please
spare me
old men's voices screaming
and soon we'll sleep
in pieces on the street
all the pretty children sharpening their blades
where my daughter passes only ruins remainfrom the egg
broke my little girl
destroyer of worlds

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