Little Miss Take

Skyclad

Thought I'd got it right - for once I'd sought and found perfection.
when you said "I love you you addressed your own reflection.
I'd prayed up to the heavens for a goddess of desire,
the best they had on offer was one devil of a liar!
You can't be accused of procrastination
one brief separation - the dream went stale
You sever all ties with a swift laceration
leave so many loose-ends- (thereby hangs my tale)Were you scared that the truth could have made you fatter?
The Oueen of Hearts - you dealt me a pack of lies
then laughed in my face like it didn't matter
that you'd crossed my heart and I hoped to die.Licked my wounds and hugged my chains
believing you pre-menstrual
unaware love could be blind to torture cruel and mental
stn regret I must confess I realised too late
you re-define endearment as 'the tender side of hate"I'm already broken - so don't kick me better
What colour's the sky in your world - is it green?
It seems I'm not even worth one paltry letter,
cast off like a tampon - you stamp on my dreamWere you scared that the truth could have made you fatter?
The Queen of Hearts - you dealt me a pack of lies
then laughed in my face like it didn't matter
that you'd crossed my heart and I hoped to die.Could it possibly be that In your dictionary "Love' and "Lies" are defined
both the same?
I know how you can catch your ideal man
join a singles-club for the insaneThe prize for my stupidity' - a noose about my neck
Nest time that she says "Good day" make sure you go and check
Mislay your smile - this dacryphile is turned on by sighs
When she has her eye on you - good fortune and good fliesYou can't be accused of procrastination,
one brief separation - the dream went stale,
You sever all ties with a swift laceration.
leave so many loose-ends- (thereby hangs my tale).Were you scared that the truth could have made you fatter?
The Queen of Hearts - you dealt me a pack of lies,
then laughed in my face like it didn't matter,
that you'd crossed my head and I hoped to die
Both sickened to learn (and yet glad to discover).
that Venus once held me with (ch) arms so fake
I'd have once sold my soul for this faithless lover,
now I couldn't give a damn for my little Miss Take.

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