

Tower of Lament

Beady Belle

I make my eyes water
And my sight blurs
There's no one to blame
And that's what makes it worse
You offer a solution
And I will complain
My mourning has turned
Into worship of my pain
I pile on the agony
Stack every inch of sadness
I build my tower of lament
I rub the salt properly
Deep into the wound
And I will love heart
Very, very soon
The hurt cuts deeper
And I start to fall
You ask me how to come
But there's no reason at all
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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