

This Perfect Dress

[Maria McKee](#)

You send me color
Pulled through the needle of you
Torn up I'm wearing it
What I wouldn't give To change the weather around you
I'm never cold
I'll never cold Lost as we spin
I'll sew you in
This perfect dress
Skin of our skin Woven our hands
Silk is our breath
Wear it for you
This perfect dress This perfect room
This little death
Birth without womb
What I wouldn't give To tear riddle from riddle for you
But all I know
It's all I know Lost as we spin
I'll sew you in
This perfect dress
Skin of our skin Woven our hands
Silk is our breath
Wear it for you
This perfect dress Lost as we spin
I'll sew you in
This perfect dress
Skin of our skin Woven our hands
Silk is our breath
Wear it for you
This perfect dress

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