

Into the Woods

The Queen Killing Kings

I've got infection turned to marrow in my bones
Transmitted sexually to thoughts of us alone
I can't pretend to live so comfortably
When the mess you lade left bitter tastes about my tongue and cheeks
Pushing up daisies and roses turning to
dust in our hands
Out in the woods is a place you can bury your dead
Where it gets so lonely
I've got something I need to show you alone
So long redemption there's no part that fits me best
I've jailed affection and have sentenced him to death
I won't defend the guilt your love is charged
A jury made of conscience reads the calling of their hearts

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