

# 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 cheeksPushing 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 aloneSo long redemption there's no part that fits me best

I've jailed affection and have sentenced him to death

I wont defend the guilt your love is charged

A jury made of conscience reads the calling of their hearts

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