

# Brutal Romance

Brooke Fraser

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

All shapes and colours  
Rolled and stained in aging hands  
Sculpted explosions  
Histories unfold  
Our Jackson Pollocked earth turns  
A silent witness Lonely asylumed  
Poets bequeath best attempts  
Romanticising  
The brutality  
Of the ages and of us  
Avarice and lust Love and death, and death and love  
Brutal romance  
The silver thread, the sharpened knife  
A spinning slow-dance  
I can't remember before  
Warmth in the veins, lead in the core  
Brutal romance You're dripping with gold  
Mine is more interior  
Yours is sinking you Men at attention  
Devouring a drowning fleet  
Epaulettes of charm Love and death, and death and love  
Brutal romance  
A silver thread, a sharpened knife  
In a spinning slow-dance  
I can't remember before  
Breath in the lungs, blood on the door  
Brutal romance And I want to sing  
Over them and into them  
What can't be unsung  
And I want to sing  
Over you and into you  
What can't be unsung Love and death, and death and love

Brutal romance  
A silver thread, a sharpened knife  
A spinning slow-dance  
I can't remember before  
Washing of wounds, won inner wars  
Brutal romance

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