Raspberry Seed

PHOX

It was me,
that trimmed my teeth
on a bottle of red.
And then I feel the raspberry seed.How can this be
that I'd fear the ones who would hold me?
And inside fires, under those who would never chase me.I will recognize
one of these late nights,
all I've left behind.It was me,
bit the hand that feeds,
and slipped away,
without thought of the bleed.How can this be
that I'd fear the ones who would hold me?
And inside fires, under those who would never chase me.
I will recognize
one of these late nights,
all I've left behind.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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