

Brainchild

Love Like Blood

BRAINCHILD RIDING THROUGH THE ENDLESS DESERT, WHITE GLARING AND FLAT EXCEPT
THE HAZY POOR GLEAM OF MOUNTAINS AND THE DEVILS GRASS WITHIN
SWEET DREAMS AND THE DEVILS GRASS WITHIN...BUT TOMORROW IT COULD BE TOO LATE
YEAH TOMORROW MAYBE MY TRUST COULD FADE
TOMORROW I COULD SEE THINGS THROUGH A KIND OF GREYNESS
AND THEN I COULD CHANGE MYSELF INTO A KIND OF BIRD OF PREY SWEET DREAMS DEATH
AND NIGHTMARES
ON THE NARROW PATH BETWEEN CRUSTS OF SALT
THROUGH THE ENDLESS CRYING MONOTONOUS WILDERNESS
GIVE ME YOUR WINGS BIRD I WILL SPREAD THEM OUT AND FLY
TO THE WAY TO THE TOWER, WHERE I WILL SING ALL THEIR NAMES
I WILL SING ALL THEIR NAMES BUT TOMORROW IT COULD BE TOO LATE
YEAH TOMORROW MAYBE MY TRUST COULD FADE
TOMORROW I COULD SEE THINGS THROUGH A KIND OF GREYNESS
AND THEN I COULD CHANGE MYSELF INTO A KIND OF BIRD OF PREY BUT TOMORROW IT
COULD BE TOO LATE
YEAH TOMORROW MAYBE MY TRUST COULD FADE
TOMORROW I COULD SEE THINGS THROUGH A KIND OF GREYNESS
AND THEN I COULD CHANGE MYSELF INTO A KIND OF BIRD OF PREY

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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