Wild Flower

Innerspace

She lives within a soft rime world
Where the sun only appears far behind the mountains
SheÂ´s the hostess of a warm and humid cave
Constantly open to coldness

Perennial plant bred in manure
SheÂ´s infested by the old stench of the past
A wildflower growing in concrete
Withered petals that foreshadow the end of the trip

The flame in the sky dies behind the village
Pink and yellow clouds fade into the night
On the living room table snow mound, the throne
In her mind winter has reborn

Dressed in her anesthetic armor
She can play what they want

The spanks, the insults, a flood of degradation
Perverted cocktails that hoist him to the 7th sky

I wear a thousand masks but none of them are mine
Offering myself to strangers in the night
Caresses like salt on open wounds
The chronicles of sorrow that only result in pain

When she finds herself alone, within herself
The emptiness echoes like the wind at the bottom of a lost valley
Astray in the middle of a world out of reach
Only her sadness vibrates her broken heart

4-inch heels with a skirt wriggling on her hips
SheÂ´s without a doubt the queen of the street
Delivering a majestic parade on the sidewalk of paradise
She offers herself to the hungriest beasts of the forest

With her feline claws and eyes
She makes the vultures skew at her
She releases a smell of fresh meat

That awakens the instinct of muzzled wolves along their path

Your existence, your life erodes this way
Like a cliff at the edge of a violent sea
And if one of these springs you donÂ´t wake up
It would be the beginning of an eternal winter

Lyrics submitted by Roger Brown.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/