

# Wild Gardens

## Magneta Lane

We're children, we're dancing in gardens  
Her heart rests on him with the stillness  
Of lights in the night time she's dancing  
Waiting for his hearts twin rythym  
I'm tired of loving you...Now darling she can't keep on waiting  
Till you give a fuck that she's fading  
Her blood it flows softly inside her  
Spinning awaiting her lover  
So kiss her lips tonight  
Please make her feel alive...Now a man stands with his palms  
Offering what she wants  
from her true lovers arms  
Stranger will you kiss her lips tonight  
Please make her feel alive  
again, again, again...There's hair in my palms from patience  
I hate you admire my patience  
Her heart is conflicting with reason  
Her temper is changing the season  
So kiss her lips tonight  
Please make her come alive....Now a man stands with his palms  
Offering what she wants  
from her true lovers arms  
Stranger will you kiss her lips tonight  
Please make her feel alive  
again, again, again...So you stand their with your palms  
Offering what I want  
from my true lovers arms  
Stranger will you kiss my lips tonight  
Please make me feel alive  
again, again, again

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