

Slave

David Garza

black orange white and red
dresses hanging off your bed
from now until you reach your grave
 baby I will be your slave
 ask for your hand to hold
you know I could never be so bold
 I could never be so brave
 baby I will be your slave
 lying words like overflow
they'll rule your heart - before you know
 they'll cover you - from head to toe
 they'll never mean a word they say
 they just go
I'll bring your mother back to life
I'll bring your father back his sight
 back float in a tidal wave
 baby I will be your slave
I had a dream of bleeding skies
 crippled legs and static eyes
 open land and quiet cave
 baby I will be your slave
I love you, don't you trust me?
Do you love me, like I love you?
 I'm broken, lost in misery
but you don't have to worry about me
 I have no more soul to save

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