

# 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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