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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