

Savage Saint

Emma Ruth Rundle

For every son that was not met
And cry for every one that that set
Bury in shade
that we'll never notice
Carry the weight on your tiny shoulders Don't be ever forgotten
Savage saint
Quiet
Never come talking
little faint
Oh and how we begged for you
For all those things you can't undo
Quiet the blade that moves through daughters
Heavy the braid that breaks on your shoulders Don't be ever forgotten, Savage Saint
Never draw blood in the garden, Faint
Don't be the name that's drawing shame and
Never let your heart harden
Little flame I held him, his short life
In my hands, in my heart
I held him, his whole life
In my hands, in my heart
Don't be ever forgotten, Savage Saint
Never draw blood in the garden, Faint
Don't be the name that's drawing shame and
Never let your heart harden
Little fame

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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