

# Daughters

## Wild Beasts

i'm taping up the windows and the doors  
i'm nailing all my pretty things to the flooreyes like fire  
a tempest in the water  
eyes like mine  
a temper like your mother's daughter, please  
it's me  
tell me what you've seen  
daughter, please  
spare me  
old men's voices screaming  
and soon we'll see  
what you really mean  
all the pretty children sharpening their blades  
where my daughter passes only ruins remainshe's walking through the cracks in the walls  
she's walking across the chicken bones on the floorjust a little girl  
and jesus was a woman  
just a little girl  
and lot who knew his daughtersdaughter, please  
it's me  
tell me what you've seen  
daughter, please  
spare me  
old men's voices screaming  
and soon we'll sleep  
in pieces on the street  
all the pretty children sharpening their blades  
where my daughter passes only ruins remainfrom the egg  
broke my little girl  
destroyer of worlds

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