

Blood Bitch

Cocteau Twins

Blood woman, blood bitch
There's a corona, a corona swelling
Pressing hands, against this scar
There's no warmth, there's no warmth to be felt
Don't damage my altar, don't damn this cold flame
Neither one or the other has much form or shape
Cold burns powerful, has powerful needs
Holds back, what's my worth? There's a fire
I'll paint the blood bitch
The blood bitch black
Lift up your heels
You'll see black soles

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