Enemy

Jesca Hoop

Beautiful, alone with my enemy
And share a bitter cup of poisoning
My countenance to see his face in mine
And follow every line back to my enemyYou are mine, penny royal wine
Fly like an innocent child
That followed every line
Back to my enemyBeautiful, falling fast from a state of grace
And trusting there's a light in darkest place
My dirty knees hold the ground till it's done with me
I've come to see that beauty is a thing that is without graceYou are mine, penny royal wine
Fly like an innocent child
That followed every line
Back to my enemyBeautiful, at home with my history
And run the scarlet ink with the tears of mercy
My battle wounds lay to rest in a treasure box
And thinking of the scars as the jewels of my storyYou are mine, penny royal wine
Fly like an innocent child
That followed every line
Back to my enemyEnemy
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