

# 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 enemy You are mine, penny royal wine  
Fly like an innocent child  
That followed every line  
Back to my enemy Beautiful, 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 grace You are mine, penny royal wine  
Fly like an innocent child  
That followed every line  
Back to my enemy Beautiful, 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 story You are mine, penny royal wine  
Fly like an innocent child  
That followed every line  
Back to my enemy Enemy  
Enemy  
Enemy  
Enemy

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