Blood Flower

Tilly and the Wall

I buried my blood years ago to encourage the vine
I waited for something to grow and flourish with time
I counted each hopeful raindrop as it fall to its death
I dusted the mournful frost and warmed it up with my breathYou'd better watch where you're walking
There might be somebody's blood flower growing
You'd better watch what you're doing
Don't go fucking around in the gardenYou'd better watch where you're walking
You'd better watch what you're doing
You'd better watch where you're walking
You'd better watch what you're doingOn the night of the hunter's moon
You might notice a quiet dread
Are your eyes playing tricks on you?
Yeah, maybe it's in your headEvery day a little more unsettled
You are starting to understand
You're sleeping with the lights on
With no one to hold your handYou'd better watch where you're walking
You'd better watch what you're doing
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