

Fiery

Daughters

We agreed this city was like a morgue

You said we should liven things up around here This is red when paint the walls with fire and pools of cream

This is my mouth with sharp silver teeth and our implausible dream

These are the blues when sung to you by blue lips the likes you've never seen Will the smoke leave us time?

Or has someone extinguished your fire?

Maybe you'd rather be left behind? This is how it sells when there is no product in the store

This is how we enter when there are no handles on the door

This is sleep when they remove the warmth from our little house

This is how you glow burning there as quiet as a mouse

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>