Fiery

Daughters

We agreed this city was like a morgue
You said we should liven things up around hereThis 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 seenWill 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.

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