

Daughters

Wild Beasts

I'm taping up the windows and the doors.
I'm nailing all my pretty things to the floor.
Eyes like fire, a tempest in the water.
Eyes like mine, a temper like your mother's. Daughter please, it's me.
Tell me what you've seen.
Daughter please, spare me.
All men's voices screaming.
Soon we'll see what you really mean.
All the pretty children sharpening their blades,
when my daughter passes, only ruins remain. She's walking through the cracks in the walls,
she's walking across the chicken bones on the floor.
Just a little girl, Jesus was a woman.
Just a little girl, and - who knew his daughters. Daughter please, it's me.
Tell me what you've seen.
Daughter please, spare me.
All men's voices screaming.
Soon we'll sleep in pieces in the street.
All the pretty children sharpening their blades,
when my daughter passes, only ruins remain. From the edge,
broke my little girl,
destroyer of worlds.

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

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