

She bargains with the world
So everything she wants
Will come to her
With no greed inside her mind
She knows what she deserves

We fell from sky with grace
And lathered in her soft and warm embrace
She gave her love
Her gift of life
So we could live with her

That is why we live like heathens
Stealing from the trees of Eden
Living in the arms of freedom
And everything we touch is evil
That is why we live like heathens

The stone, the dirt, the dust
The unforgiving promise made to us
Unworthy of your light
Your god, your touch
We're guided by the lust

We cry the fallen names
We cry for those you burned
Beneath the flame
We stand besides the good and brave
The broken and enslaved

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Everything you touch
Will be hers
A mother with no heart
Will give love

Her love is yours
But only if you give
Your heart to her

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