

# The Flowering

Better Lovers

The blossom needs her pollen  
The moth emerges eating from her seeds  
Your roots can tie you down  
Tell you you're not deserving  
Imprisoned underground  
Make sure it's you those roots are serving

A memory intoxicated  
Locked inside subconscious mind  
Infant emerges born into its sleep

A memory intoxicated  
Locked inside subconscious mind  
The child believes his new reality  
The child believes his new reality

Born sleeping

Your roots can tie you down  
Tell you you're not deserving  
A prison underground  
Make you it's you they serve  
No roots can hold you down  
No roots can hold you down  
No roots can hold you down  
Make sure it's you they're serving

The blossom needs her pollen  
The moth emerges eating from her seeds

A memory intoxicated  
Locked inside subconscious mind  
The child believes his new reality  
The child believes his new reality

(All the bodies are fuel for the fires)  
All the bodies are fuel for the fires  
All the flesh is the food for the flames  
All the bodies are fuel for the fires  
All the flesh is the food for the flames  
For the flames