

The Concubine

Black Lips

Within
A wilderness of stars
But for the absence of flowers
You know that nothing will change

How
Gracious you were
Is how gracious I'll be
At the top of the hour when

They pass her to me
Takes her place on my knee
We'll be something to see

Look out
Not careful
You'll be smothered by lust
Enticed by rocks
Scraped barren by wait
My love
Is slowly transforming to hate

Within
A wilderness of stars
But for the absence of flowers
You know that nothing will change
There's still no one who calls
There's still nothing to see
Though there's something for me

Look out
Not careful
You'll be smothered by lust
Enticed by rocks
Scraped barren by wait
My love
Is slowly transforming to hate

Feel it now it's a fading sensation
I never knew which doors you've strayed through
You settle just like dust that's been landing on me

Within
A wilderness of stars
How lucky we are
That there's nothing between
All the ones we can see
Though there's nothing for you
There's always something for me