

# TEMPLE

ionnalee

To get this think tank running  
I must suffer this drought  
You're nothing but made of water  
My brain is flooded with my doubt  
Now I draw in circles  
I saunter on and on  
To carry your daughter  
So you can show your unconditional love

Your love, your love, your love, your love, your love, your love

To get this blood bank pumping  
I want all of you out  
These bitches all make me ill and  
I do not bargain with self-love  
This is my temple  
This is my wailing wall  
And I will tell all  
As my legacy is echoed on repeat

Their armies be close on my heels  
Chase my shadow for nothing  
They hunting for all of my skin  
The walls of my shack to cave in

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Your love, your love, your love

To be the woman above all  
To be the man that you want  
It takes devotion and it takes affection  
To fit this consummated part  
Hollow perfection (Objection)  
You make me feel none, none  
All self-deception  
What you see, a mirage of ideals

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(Their armies be close on my heels)  
(Chase my shadow for nothing)  
To get this blood bank pumping  
(They hunting for all of my skin)  
(The walls of my shack to cave in)

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Your love, your love, your love, your love, your love, your love