

Porcelain

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Porcelain windows sit above center of plants swing an axe in the
abyss of sunlight
Twilight dreams in an obscene dimension
Of leather heels and cigarettes
White Porsche and a Las Vegas motel
Looking through the pink glass over the black mountains where goats
run free and bats hang upside down on the chandeliers
Chandeliers

Alright, sorry, let me do it again
Black Finnish roses, circling white roses
Forming across in this untamed ravishing yard
Not any cross, but the cross of hate, a cross of shattered dreams
and innocent tomorrows
Never came
Black Finnish liquor
Swirls around his goblet as a fat one dines in his hall with the
fascists of Europe
The night was becoming morning and the smell of wet grass and burnt
cigarettes pick up on them
As they march out for the yearly hunt

Under your wings
Under your wings
Under your wings
Under your wings
It's a lonely desire
You saw my fire
Treble rests in the spider
I don't wanna fall
No, no, no
I don't wanna fall
No, no