

Halo In Her Silhouette

The Virginmarys

She's mirror-balled
A cut glass dance on white-washed walls
These images of thoughts she cannot share
Two burning coals
Her eyes like light through bullet holes
This hippy girl with nettles in her hair

And as she's breathing in she's bleeding out
Breaks it down with a fist of anarchy
She's my anarchy

She's an angel with a cigarette
See the smoke rings gather round her head
Cast a halo in her silhouette
There's a halo in her silhouette
She soldiers on with no regret
Strips it down and makes a man of me
She's my anarchy

Lost in time
And treading water in our mind
Torn between the chaos and control
She's battle scarred
Packs a loaded gun with shooting stars
And fights for space within the prison walls

And as she's breathing in she's screaming out
Breaks it down with a fist full of anarchy
She's my anarchy

She's an angel with a cigarette
See the smoke rings gather round her head
Cast a halo in her silhouette
There's a halo in her silhouette
She soldiers on with no regret
Strips it down and makes a man of me
She makes a man of me
She's my anarchy
She's my anarchy

All will burn
All will burn
All you learn and all you earn
All will burn
All will burn

She's an angel with a cigarette
See the smoke rings gather round her head
Cast a halo in her silhouette
There's a halo in her silhouette
She soldiers on with no regret

Strips it down and makes a man of me