

# 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  
All will burn  
All will burn  
All will burn  
All will burn  
All will burn  
All will burn  
All will burn

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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