

Fiery

Daughters

We agreed this city was like a morgue
You said we should liven things up around here
This is red when paint the walls with fire and
pools of cream

This is my mouth with sharp silver teeth and our implausible dream
These are the blues when sung to you by blue lips the likes you've never seen
Will the smoke
leave us time?

Or has someone extinguished your fire?
Maybe you'd rather be left behind?
This is how it sells when there is no product in the store
This is how we enter when there are no handles on the door
This is sleep when they remove the warmth from our little house
This is how you glow burning there as quiet as a mouse

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>