

Violet Burning, The "Song Of The Harlot"

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In the night, the harlot moves across the floor
She turns the handle on the door
A hundred eyes seem to look right through her
Why she's there they're not sure
Behind her love, she falls down to her knees
Without a word, se begins to weep
And her tears, they fall down upon his feet
She smothers them with kisses
And she dries them with her hair

In my life, sorrw has kissed my lonely heart
Fear of man tears me apart
And I try, but many times I've loved the world
So many times I've been the whore
And I cried a million tears, or maybe more
So many times I have been the whore
I will fall down on my knees
And I will sing "I love you"

I will sing "I love you, my love"
And my tears, they fall down upon your feet

Let me smother them with kisses
Let me dry them with my hair
Cos if I could be anyone at all
Well, if I could be anyone at all
Let me be the whore at your feet
The whore at your feet

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