

Doors "Severed Garden"

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Wow, im sick of doubt
Live in the life of certain, south, cruel bindings
The servants have the power
Dog men and they're mean women
Pulling poor blankets over our sailors

Im sick of dour faces staring at me from the tv tower
I want roses in my garden bower, dig?
Royal babies, rubies must now replace aborted
strangers in the mud
These mutants blood meal, the plant that's ploughed

They are waiting to take us into the severed garden
You know how pale, wanton, thrillful comes death
In the strange hour
Unannounced, unplanned for
Like the scary over friendly guest you bought to bed

Death makes angels of us all and gives us wings
Where we had shoulders smooth as ravens claws

No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the best
Until it's other jaw reveals incest
And lose obedience to a vegetable

I will not go
Prefer a feast of friends to the giant family

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