

## Doors

# "The Severed Garden"

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Wow, Iâ€™m sick of doubt  
Live in the light of certain  
Souths Cruel bindings.  
The servants have the power  
Dog-men and their mean women  
Pulling poor blankets over  
Our sailors

Iâ€™m 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  
For the plant thatâ€™s plowed.

They are waiting to take us into  
The severed garden  
Do you know how pale and wanton thrillful  
Comes death on a strange hour  
Unannounced, unplanned for  
Like a scaring over-friendly guest youâ€™ve  
Brought to bed  
Death makes angels of us all  
And gives us wings  
Where we had shoulders  
Smooth as ravenâ€™s  
Claws

No more money, no more fancy dress  
This other kingdom seems by far the best  
Until itâ€™s other jaw reveals incest  
And loose obedience to a vegetable law.

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

