

Euphoreador "Belladonna Moans"

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Belladonna Moans
Her hull shivers and groans
I'm sailing on the open sea
In a galley made of stones

Belladonna Moans

Red sky tonight
This sailor he does fight
For the last piece of bread
For the peach there holed
In only lead

Belladonna Moans

Belladonna Moans
Rocked down to her bones
Shaking onto whatever knee
Neither held in hands or our phones
Searching for a better of my clones
The one who knows much more than I know

Sweet Belladonna Moans
Rocked down to her bones

Figuring for clones
I'm staggering for who them
Bram Bones
Why ever own

The quicker we will see
The failures lying in this one of me
The faster it will expiate us
To plea for our tranquility
On open sea
On a ship made of stone

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