

Jane Child

"Sworn"

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I dream on tip-toe murmuring
I drink the cold, brave night
And peel back the stars

Sworn, I lock the door behind me now
Sure, I dive into the restless pools of light

Ooh I stand before you now
Ooh, dare you to take my pulse
And tell me that I don't mean it

With insect ears I listen for
A sound of you tonight
Yes I'll be merciless

You rush in clear and loud
Your Cheshire ghost appears
I taste the gorgeous tide

Ooh, I don't pray anymore
Ooh, I take your hand and know
The scent of my own skin

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