

## Joseph Arthur

### "Savior Of The Sun"

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(She became the servant of the moon)

She represents with binocular eyes all of the London  
croud  
The affectionate zombies weep and cry whenever she  
leaves town

Abused and fucked up  
Under the knife  
Wearing a mini skirt  
Painting her lips in the museum of her stripes  
Where she worships how she hurts

No one was waiting for her love  
She was the savior of the sun  
And through the thinnest needle slipped into her  
cocoon  
Where she became the servant of the moon

She was half starved up in her head  
With an inward gaze she could paint your portrait as  
you bled  
And expect your praise

Like a desert spider she will burn  
Burn in the sky  
She is more beautiful then anything when she cries

No one was waiting for her love  
She was the savior of the sun  
And through the thinnest needle slipped into her  
cocoon  
Where she became the servant of the moon

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