

Love Like Blood "Brainchild"

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BRAINCHILD

RIDING THROUGH THE ENDLESS DESERT, WHITE
GLARING AND FLAT EXCEPT
THE HAZY POOR GLEAM OF MOUNTAINS AND THE
DEVILSGRASS WITHIN
SWEET DREAMS AND THE DEVILSGRASS WITHIN...

BUT TOMORROW IT COULD BE TO LATE
YEAH TOMORROW MAYBE MY TRUST COULD FADE
TOMORROW I COULD SEE THINGS THROUGH A KIND OF
GREYNESS
AND THEN I COULD CHANGE MYSELF INTO A KIND OF
BIRD OF PREY

SWEET DREAMS DEATH AND NIGHTMARES
ON THE NARROW PATH BETWEEN CRUSTS OF SALT
THROUGH THE ENDLESS CRYING MONOTONOUS
WILDERNESS
GIVE ME YOUR WINGS BIRD I WILL SPREAD THEM OUT
AND FLY
TO THE WAY TO THE TOWER, WHERE I WILL SING ALL
THEIR NAMES
I WILL SING ALL THEIR NAMES

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