

## **Marilou Bourdon**

### **"Valentine's Day"**

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She was the color of TV  
Her mouth curled under like a metal snake  
Although Holy Wood was sad  
They'd remember this as Valentine's day

Flies are waiting

In the Shadow of the Valley of Death  
In the Shadow of the Valley of Death

Slit our wrists and send us to heaven  
The first flower after the flood

I saw that pregnant girl today  
She didn't know that it was dead inside  
Even though it was alive  
Some of us are really born to die

Flies are waiting

In the Shadow of the Valley of Death  
In the Shadow of the Valley of Death

Slit our wrists and send us to heaven  
The first flower after the flood

In the Shadow of the Valley of Death  
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