

Viza

"Made In Chernobyl"

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I feel woven to the ground,
disguised in a gown you dream up.
Eyes sowed shut right down to the bone
but the chalice reminds me of home, let me out.

Why did you flinch?
When all I have been asking
is to steer me from your fears my love.

Once, twice, thrice isn't enough.
The devil grins in my cup and my soul.
I fall right down to the floor,
there's blood in the drawer and it's yours.

Why did you flinch?
When all I have been asking
is to steer me from your fears my love.

Wait by the door!
Face me you whore!
What did you say to love?
What would you pay for love?

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