

Must "Freechild"

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Embellish mine wayward soul
Blast it with your vicious beauty
I know I've been perverted like a man
Who has not shagged in years

Mama loves me, yes, she does
But she's a thief
She done her best she didn't know
They got her too

Now I know you're coming home to me
Freechild baby be
Lucid and in harmony
A wildflower pretty

And speaking in tongues, she casts her spell
Vodka still wet on her lips
I'm quantum flung into a place
I've always needed to be

An angel of the darkest night
Has sung to me
And though my heart is breaking
My wounds cease to bleed

Yeah, we ride the golden skyway
Now spread those wings
Into the heart of a mad
And impassioned sun run

Through all the days and all the years
Right there you'll be
In shining braided glory
You were made, made for me

I know you're coming home to me

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