

The Queen Killing Kings "Into The Woods"

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I've got infection turned to marrow in my
bones

Transmitted sexually to thoughts of us alone

I can't pretend to live so comfortably

When the mess you laid left bitter tastes about my
tongue and cheeks

Pushing up daisies and roses turning to dust in our
hands

Out in the woods is a place you can bury your dead

Where it gets so lonely

I've got something I need to show you
alone

So long redemption there's no part that fits
me best

I've jailed affection and have sentenced
him to death

I won't defend the guilt your love is charged

A jury made of conscience reads the calling of their
hearts

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