

Blow, The "Lily Pink"

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Lily Pink what do you think of in your head
Well I suppose I'd like to know what's in your heart and
how it grows
Coil rows of things I threw up in your face
Sharpened pain again and again in your face
It's only cause I like to make a slide slow into your warm
insides
Bright and thick your head it sits up at the top
Taking swings I try to bring you down
Knock you off your balance
Your logic attracts
You break apart and find your bloody heart
Lily Pink what do you think of
Lily Pink what do you think of

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