

Chelsea Wolfe, The Warden

the saw in the hands it's white as snow
the heavy endless weight on my heels it's cold
the water on my head but I won't speak of you
the hall and the rack and the wheel, it's true

and when it turns the hole in my vision fills with you

the cold and the loud and they won't let me sleep
i've been dragged on the floor and my blood earns my keep
my body holds a picture of the sun - it's you
the warden bore a hole in my skull, it's true
tore off my limbs and my breasts
the heart it's a heavy in the chest

and when it turns the hole in my vision fills with you

hole, rack, wheel, time
heart, thorn, knees, blight
hand, hold, bright white
whole head feels light

tore off my limbs and my breasts
the heart it's heavy in the chest
pulled out my tongue so i can't speak the truth
the picture in my vision it's the sun, it's you