

# Jewel, Flower

She dreams of the country  
her eyes go far away.  
She wishes for flowers  
He says, &quot;Perhaps in May.&quot;

The city always was gray  
the reflections of his eyes.  
And she knows he liked it that way  
And that way he shall die, well...

She's always known,  
that there was something more.  
There's this hunger in her belly  
like an instinct it tells her that there's something more.

This living shouldn't be called living  
'cause it's really only half a life.  
She's a flower that grows despite cement holes  
And she will survive, she will survive.

She's a rare breed with violet eyes  
and leafy limbs.  
In conversations she looks for cracks  
to dig her roots deep in.

And her ways come up like daisies,  
she pushes her head to the sun.  
She says &quot;I am content here to grow  
despite the steel frost that consumes everyone.&quot;

She's always known,  
that there was something more.  
There's this hunger in her belly  
like an instinct it tells her that there's something more.

This living shouldn't be called living  
'cause it's really only half a life.  
She's a flower that grows despite cement holes.  
And she will survive, she will survive.

In the end these steel cages will consume us  
and like coffins ignorance will take us in and  
fashion don't mean anything  
'cause fashion cannot be our friends.

And when all else fades away  
and the city falls into its sleep.  
We'll still have flesh, blood, bones and  
our soul to deal with so we should  
dig our roots deep.

Always known,  
that there's something more.  
There's this hunger in our bellies  
it's like an instinct it tells us that there's something more.

This living shouldn't be called living  
'cause it's really only half a life.  
She's a flower that grows despite cement holes.  
And we will survive, we will survive, we will survive, we will  
survive.