

Black Thorn

Natalie Duncan

My head is in a black frame
got your words all over my grave
He was a picture like no one would believe.
With a hit flask and a white mask,
a flame head and an empty bed, I
walked a mile out of town just to see.
Gravel 'neath the portrait,
your paint covering up the crack, so cracked up
if your coming back to visit me.
He was the wealthiest poor man
and he was the emptiest tunnel,
'neath the dark, darkest river to the sea.

You were my black thorn.
Underneath my ground and now my,
My shaking hands forever bleed.
Forever bleed.
Forever bleed.

With a flat hat and a sharpened
nose a body that crumbled under
the cold and the wind and hail
and rain of our bitter streets.
He called me sweetheart,
I sold him my soul in return
for his charm and he used
my pain to suck my blood,
to suck my blood.
He came back twice and
I wore him like an old shirt.
Wrapped me up and cut up my
skin and made me weep, weep, weep weep.
Oh, my head is in a black frame,
got your words branded on my brain
I went insane so he could feel like a man again.

You were my black thorn.
Underneath my ground and now,
My shaking hands forever bleed.
Forever bleed.
Forever bleed.

And,

You were my black thorn.
Underneath my ground and now,
My shaking hands forever bleed.

Oh and I say it to you,
You were my black thorn.
Underneath my ground and now,
My shaking hands forever bleed.
Forever bleed.
Forever bleed.
Forever bleed.
Forever bleed.
Forever bleed.

Forever bleed.