

Perfume

A deadly hush falls as a lady pushes her way to the front of the crowd.
She walks along a tightrope of tension, and her steps are small.

And her tears are her perfume,
And her hair prepares the tomb,
And her clean heart reaches out.

He makes no apology for her,
Allows this outsider to pour her heart out in front of the crowd of
insiders,
While he seems to enjoy her.

And her tears are her perfume,
And her hair prepares the tomb,
And her clean heart reaches out.

She whispers please don't break me,
Please don't make me walk that road I've been down before,
Please accept me, don't reject me.

She goes in peace, in pieces... in peace... pieces...