

“TRADE”

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“My, you’re a bear of a man. Ever been to Alaska?”

**Butterflies with no blemish transcend all the scenes
Child beauty queens keep coming.
Dark family trade falls apart at the seams,
Reasons that mean, mean something.
She’s been opening door, crossing borders and swords,
Learning languages caught on bedroom ceilings.
She’s been scratching pimps eyes with her naked relies,
Sucks her thumb as she cries and tries dealing the....**

**Blows of a storm on her way.
Wherever she goes her price tag’s on display
Till she makes up her mind.
It’s a matter of time
Just a matter of time.**

**Beauty sold as a slave, wears every trace,
A warrior’s face obeying.
Habits and whores hanging out of side doors,
Well, one thing’s for sure – she’s not staying.
Keyhole’s blinking away, watching her till the day
She’ll escape and she’ll turn up missing.
Maybe get her revenge as a means to an end
And on all of our graves she’ll be pissing the...**

**Blows of a storm on her way.
Wherever she goes her price tag’s on display
Till she makes up her mind.
It’s a matter of time.
She’ll be dealing the blows of a storm on her way.
And everyone knows it’s goodbye to her yesterday.
She’s made up her mind.
A matter of time.
Just a matter of time.**