

Hozier, Cherry Wine

Her eyes and words are so icy, but she burns
Like rum on a fire
Hot and fast and angry as she can be
I walk my days on a wire
It looks ugly, but it's clean
Mamma, don't fuss over me

When she tells me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

Calls of guilty thrown at me all while she stains
The sheets of some other
Thrown at me so powerfully
Just like she throws with the arm of her brother
But I want it, it's a crime
That she's not around most of the time

When she tells me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

Her fight and fury is fiery, but she looked
Like sleep to the freezing
Sweet and right and merciful
I'm more than washed
In the tide of her breathing
And it's worth it, it's divine
I have this some of the time

When she tells me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine