

I'm getting caught in the corners
Of her Vermilion Borders
She's moving backwards and forwards
And she's ugly when she's insecure
That makes her beautiful
Low Country Days
There's batgirl picking her hands and ready to burst on her face
A Rose-colored freeway
There's fat curve, covered in sand and dying of thirst
I'm water to the slaughter
I'm getting caught in the corners
Of her Vermilion Borders
She's moving backwards and forwards
And she's ugly when she's insecure
That makes her beautiful
Low Country War
There's a demon she's drinking and thinking of running away,
I'm listening
Again, again, again and she's calling
And the Sirens, screaming behind me, are drawing me in
I'm losing, or am I winning
I'm getting caught in the corners
Of her Vermilion Borders
She's moving backwards and forwards
And she's ugly when she's insecure
That makes her beautiful.