

Rebecca Clements - Love Child

Tom: **Db**

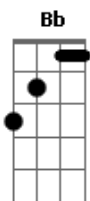
Missiles of two-faced, sweet hate
 Cutting the sky that you turned grey
 You sing a cold, cold hymn from your bittersweet reservoir
 Oh, why is the reason, reason?
 Shaking and freezing, freezing
 You let a cold, cold, cold love-reign when you judge so hard
 So you are right, the world is wrong
 Let me get on the telephone
 I'll break the news, I'll tell them all
 You're the one that we follow
 Love child
 Love child of delusion
 Love child of confusion
 Self proclaimed messiah girl
 Oh, love child
 Daughter of illusion
 Master of exclusion
 Self proclaimed messiah girl
 You take it ten steps too far
 Face to the floor, you're still seeing stars
 You're telling cold, cold lies
 From your heart of a rusted gold
 You are right, the world must bow
 Let me get on e-mail

I'll break the news, I'll tell them all

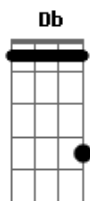
You're the one we follow

Love child
 Love child of delusion
 Love child of confusion
 Self proclaimed messiah girl
 Oh, love child
 Daughter of illusion
 Master of exclusion
 Self proclaimed messiah girl
 Call our names and we will follow
 Show us how to feel that hollow
 And we'll march like soldiers after you
 Love child
 Love child of delusion
 Love child of confusion
 Self proclaimed messiah girl
 Oh, love child
 Daughter of illusion
 Master of exclusion
 Self proclaimed messiah girl
 Messiah girl (messiah girl)
 Messiah girl (messiah girl)
 Messiah girl
 Messiah girl
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 Messiah girl

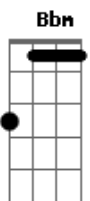
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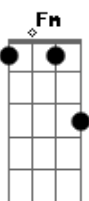
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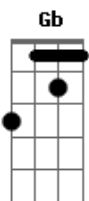
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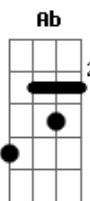
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