

Do your flirting in my other ear
A vague little clue as to how you feel
But where will you be when the lights go out?

(Digging up bones that reveal what you're all about!)

Before i touch you i would like to think
Of black hair and butterfly milk
Ingredients of your gift

Did you know that angels go to war
And that it's you that they're killing for?
So where will you be when the lights go out?

(Banging my drums with your bones as you scream and shout!)

Before i touch you i would like to think
Of black hair and butterfly milk
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