

Bed Of Nails

Wild Beasts

I would lie anywhere with you,
Any old bed of nails would do,
Ink up the wound for a crude tattoo,
A big old red heart with an anchor stuck through

Like a sister Ophelia,
Tell me you're there!
Like a lifeline Ophelia,
Tell me you're there!

O Ophelia I feel yer fall...

Ah any old bed of nails for me,
Just so you're there when I fall asleep,
I'd lay all night in a lanky limbed heap

Surround me like a warm bath,
Sum me up like an epitaph,
Be blatant as a bailiff,
I want my lips to blister when we kiss

O Ophelia I feel yer fall...

Our love, Frankenstein in nature and design,
Like the Shelleys on their very first time,
When our bodies become electrified,
Together we bring this creature alive

It's alive... It's alive... It's alive!