

ÒSugarlight, weÕre addictsÓ
Why do you think we came
HeÕs pasting gold leaches
(On my arm)
We sharpen up our teeth
White sugar
He speaks French
Memorizing torsos
HeÕs open throated
In the corner
Hands arrive at hands
My arm is tied off waiting
To burn it down
 (Sugarlight, sugarlight)
 (I canÕt believe)
Swallowing one bulb after another
In the (city of electric light)
 (Sugarlight, sugarlight)
 (I canÕt believe)
Swallowing one bulb after another
In the (city of electric light)
 (Sugarlight, sugarlight)
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Swallowing one bulb after another
In the (city of electric light)
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Swallowing one bulb after another
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