Conjure Me

Afghan Whigs

I smell your blood, my love But I can't taste it yet I have your mind, my love But I can't waste it yet

Please understand, my love I find this sickening but My head is ice, my love My skin is thickening

But oh my love We could still be friends And oh my love With me you must contend

I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me I'm gonna turn on you, can you conjure me? And walk the mile into this web of my conspiracy, oh I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me

I'm in a hole But I don't feel the safety net I have your soul But I am wasting it

But oh my love We could still be friends And oh my love With me you must contend

I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me I'm gonna turn on you can you conjure me? And walk the mile into this web of my conspiracy, yeah I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me

I'm gonna turn on you I'm gonna turn on you Before you turn on me Before you turn on me I'm gonna turn on you Before you turn on me Before you turn on me I'm gonna turn on you I'm gonna turn on you Before you turn on me Before you turn on me