

# Drip

Bryce Fox

Whispers are calling  
Falling down my neck  
The parasitic charm that's  
Moving to my chest  
Wide awake from all these fevers you'd call dreams  
Seal it with a kiss  
Dressing those wounds clean

Cuz your desire burns the fire in my scream  
The cure to my way out is the proclivity  
To dress you down with me

Yeah I feel the drip  
Yeah I feel the drip  
Yeah I feel the drip, drip, drip

The stain of my pride  
Growing black inside  
Lie with abandoned eyes to keep the blinded lonely  
Oh shove my head below  
From coming up for air  
Slow down my wayward soul  
From ever even knowing I was scared

Cuz your desire burns the fire in my dreams  
The cure to my way out is the proclivity  
To dress you down with me

Yeah I feel the drip  
Yeah I feel the drip  
Yeah I feel the drip, drip, drip

Only if the drips tight move your lips  
Baby if it hits right, lose your head  
Only if the drip's tight, move your lips  
Yeah I feel the drip  
I feel the drip