

I want the parts of you that you only show  
To the corner of your bathroom mirror  
I want the parts of your hand grenade heart  
That beat slowly with anger and fear  
I want the parts of you that you only show  
To the birds outside your bedroom window  
I want the teeth that you lost as a child  
That you hide in a box under your pillow

I want your quiet, your screaming and thrashing  
The salt on your lips and the hands that god gave you  
And I want your violence, your silent sedation  
Your moon eyes, your telescope, morbid fixation  
And I want your pyro, your born-again virgin  
Your hands on my insides, your fingertips crawling in  
I want your Jesus, your suicide mission  
Your lips on the microphone, soft disposition  
And I want your parties, the shark in your water  
The scrapes on your knees and the blood that spills over  
And I want your zeroes, your polluted marrow  
The sweat on your palms and your surveillance shadow  
I want your secrets, your clementine fields  
The ropes that you climb up, the parts that won't heal  
I want your safe word, your passive resistance  
The sickness you foster, your favourite addictions  
I want your nightmares, the ghost in your doorway  
Your paralyzed sleep and your  
I want you, butterfly, I want you sailor  
I am your lover and I am your jailor