

# **Laundered**

**Foxing**

Sweet debility; the Macallan in my glass  
Honey beads from those ardent eyes  
So here I sit, flooded in molasses  
Every dollop of sweat swells in your light

So call me what you will, just calm me  
Call me what I am, I'm yours

Laundered each saccharine stain  
Every word until the purity burns  
The sugar drips until your name soaks in my brain  
I can't stand to be rid of you

So call me what you will, just calm me  
Call me what I am, I'm yours