tell me you need it
 cause it's too soothing to know
 there's no end
 can you separate it
 I know you want it
 to feel control

no traffic in these eyes
when veins in tantric change
it's slow pumping thought my legs
we'll try to carry on
with veins in tantric change
and yes we'll try
to stomp these days away

what if right now these heads rolled dead across the table who'd sew theirs back?

I'm slowing thinking of switching your head with my body we can start these days the same

comfort me on the floor with these bones
they're two mouths to feed
I am just a ghost

you think I'm rested
I am more shot than you know
I hear and chase them off the rooftops and the walls
it feels like there's something in the walls

no traffic in my eyes it takes the pain away