

Wildest Wind

IAMX

You're the wildest wind
The electric moon
Sunday morning photographs will only open
Sunday morning wounds
When the melody ends
I will be waiting here for you
My wildest wind
Come blow into my room

You're with me
Walking the fields of perversion and mockery
But we're changing
Piecing together our jigsaw of failures
I miss you
Even in your four day therapy vacation
But the light here
Is brilliant enough to help me focus

You're the wildest wind
You're the home beneath the ruin
Self-loathing or the darkest drug will never keep me
From loving
You make my heart sing
Every time you brush against me
My wildest wind
Come make me smile again

You're with me
Walking the fields of perversion and mockery
But we're changing
Piecing together our jigsaw of failures
I miss you
Even in your four day therapy vacation
But the light here
Is brilliant enough to help me focus