

Fever

Iwan Rheon

Break the crystals into one
Tie my shoes to yours
It has begun
Fever

Ruffle up the sheets, appease
Every single line
And every crease
Fever

How the hell are you?
This is fucking mental

Entwined insides in one pot
Melted cheese and beans
The iron's hot
Fever

Happy sighs and pained delight
Reds to fly and green
To dry my eyes
Fever

How the hell are you?
This is fucking mental

Pour our fevers into one
Swirl them round and pray
It has begun
Believer

As the temperatures all drop
Time must fly so roots
Can feed the crops
Believer

How the hell are you?
This is fucking mental

Fix the madness till it's gone
Fill this hole
And feel the half-person
Believer