

## What About The 37°?

Methyl Ethel

It began with a mistake  
A bribe, a pressure release  
To drive toward liberty  
Cursed into a vague goodbye

It ended with subtlety  
Not exile, more devolving  
Meanwhile, your metamorphosis was unfolding  
I'm holding onto anything I find,  
Alright, alright

Sew me back into your garden  
Open your hand, I want to try  
Too late to be what you harvest  
Too tough to cut it with a knife

What about the 37°?  
We shared between the sheets  
And beneath our skin?  
Our bodies are vessels for poisoning  
But I won't do  
What I would do to survive  
Alright, alright

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My thoughts I perish too  
In a room of my design  
Good luck to all of you  
Alright