

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

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