

# Feverbreak

Odette

Her hair ablaze with auburn strands  
Her eyes are glazed with worry  
Pale hands that reach from the water  
Cross-legged on the dock  
Moonshine upon the surface  
She's a body, not herself  
Not a lover but a service

Took too long to see that she was just a bosom for his cheek  
Just a pillow for his head  
Just a scream amidst the reeds tangled 'round and 'round her legs  
But she prayed that he would see that though the love was strong enough  
She was drowning

See here lay the problem  
Resting on the riverbed  
Smothered in sand and pyrite  
It's if her needs had died  
For he brushed them to the side  
As an old writer brushes paper from his desk  
But as you stare you see it's blank  
Two wrongs don't make a right  
Two hands stay intertwined  
These days turn into night with quick succession causing fright  
She can't control the time  
She can't escape the lime that tastes so goddamn bittersweet  
So she'll see him tonight

I'm burning can you help me break the fever?  
Never needed anything more than your real love  
We're moving our hands and our bodies like we're liquid  
I'm burning can you help me break the fever?

These days are very vague  
There's nothing I can say  
You took my joy along with the TV  
Are you kidding me?  
I walk alone at dusk  
When the bitter cold can cut  
Through tension on the shoulders  
Let the smoke fill up my lungs  
I'm looking forward to the evening  
Yeah I'm trying very hard to seem complete  
But I really hope secretly that you can see me  
Oh can you see what you've done to me?

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Never needed anything more than your real love  
We're moving our hands and our bodies like we're liquid  
I'm burning can you help me break the fever?  
Pour another drink, maybe seven, just to forget

I should've told you  
You were a cold man  
You were unfeeling  
Unknowingly broken  
But I'll see you tonight yeah

Yeah I'll see you tonight

A woman is not a bed  
A love is not a home  
Her heart would've walked barefoot on hot coals  
That's why he's now alone  
He never touched her words  
He barely touched her bones  
Before you lay with a lucid writer  
Ask, "Are you bold?"

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