

## Sex Concept

SOFIA ISELLA

Do you like that?  
I hold his throat in my pocket  
He tries to bite back  
I'm sleeping deep in his lungs  
He wants to deny that  
And he's on the edge of his seat  
And he's trying not to break, but I give it bout a week

Cause I'm the backyard heathen  
The girl he's dreaming  
I'll bend him over backwards give him something to believe in

No end, no completion  
He says stop teasing  
We'll play the game, both go insane, and then we'll call it even

Cause his chest is heaving  
His knees got weakened  
All strong and rough and tough but I ruined that in an evening

And I sunk my teeth in  
And by next weekend  
You're admitting I'm the only God that you'll ever believe in

Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah

I'm made of linen and salt, my blood is made up of feathers  
He runs on language and laughter he's made of leather and pepper  
Our limbs walk over to each other, the bodies are shoving  
And I grab him by the tie and oh God, I think he's blushing  
And the tactics, accents, rip my seem  
He's a hopeless, focused, fucked up dream  
And he's trying not to crawl  
Cause he won't say he needed me  
And he's trying not to sleep  
Cause all he does is dream of me

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His family's scared of me 'cause the concept of sex is stronger than the concept of God

And when he's missing on Sunday, they know who's at fault  
And I return him home, sick with a fever  
'Cause he's still on the ground, on his knees, in a theater

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