

# Fevered

The Stills

Strange like skin  
That I believe in  
It stretches over bone  
And smells like honey on the wind  
All so strange  
I can't remember  
Where the heartache ends  
And the fever it begins

Scenes of Mary Magdalena  
Who shakes her lovers bones  
At all the demons in the window  
All so strange  
The dreams that haunt my bad  
The heartache swells  
and quickens near the end

And then slows down  
It slows down  
Till I shut down,  
I won't try to run

Strange like skin  
That I believe in  
It leaks out of the phone  
And spills like  
Honey from the window  
Warm and strange  
I can't remember  
How the heartbreak mends  
When the fever it remains

And I'm so down,  
So down  
So down  
And I lay down  
And I won't try to run