

Incantation

The Subways

I hear a banging, banging, banging on the door
Resonating to the rhythm of your name
A touch, a tingle, I can feel you through the floor
And in the air a deathly elemental taste

If this is so, I'd better go
I'm torn between an up-above and down-below

You're so complex and free, come cast your hex on me
And sing an incantation
Make me your voodoo doll, pinprick my cursed soul
This is a witchcraft, give me your witchcraft

I'm writing, writing your description on my wall
Eternity will have to wait until I'm done
Boy, am I buried, am I dust, am I enthralled
Boy, with a finger am I caught under your thumb

If this is so, I'd better go
I'm torn between an up-above and down-below

You're so complex and free, come cast your hex on me
And sing an incantation
Make me your voodoo doll, pinprick my cursed soul
This is a witchcraft, give me your witchcraft

And in the Harvest Moon, you gather thieves and fools
And sing an incantation
Burning my heart in Hell, kill me with one last spell
This is a witchcraft, give me your witchcraft

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