

## 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

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I'm torn between an up-above and down-below

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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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