

Centipede

Wilson

Oh I wonder how you move
Your hundred little legs
I've never seen
Them spin with such a grace
Your pointing each and every step
It's like a thousand of the times
We could've changed
But we spent it in place
Give me ataraxia
The air is hardening around us
And it's making me shake
When thinking of
Inching close to your face
We're strangers at the exits
We're not like the others
Oh no wont you stay the night dear
And tell me I belong in the ataraxia
It's ataraxia 'Cause it fills, you fill me a little
Straight through the bottom
We're all fake in something 'Cause you fill, you fill me a little
Straight through the bottom
We promised we'd leave to live
We'd promised we'd leave to live
Oh I envy how you move
Those hundred little legs
I've never been
As fine without a name
So wont you stay the night dear
And tell me I belong in the ataraxia
'Cause you fill, you fill me a little
And straight to the bottom
Did you stay to prove you could

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