

Fevered

The Stills

Strange light skin that I believe in
It stretches over bone and smells like honey on the wind
Oh so strange I can't remember
Where the heartache ends and the fever ache begins
Scenes of Mary Magalinda
Shakes her lovers bones at all the demons in the window
Oh so strange the dreams of hoping and the
Heartache swells and quickens me in the end
And it slows down, it slows down
'Till I shut down, I will drown
Strange light skin that I believe in
It leaps out of the phone and spills like honey from the window
Warm and strange I can't remember
Heart break mends when the fever ache begins

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