

On the Edge Of

Low

Soft from your lips to the rise of your stomach
Your long filthy fingers keep jamming words down my throat
Nothing to steal you've got nothing to love
Nothing to spill because oh, we're so innocent Oh, on the edge of
Oh, oh, on the edge of I could have built you a house on the ocean
The ocean repeating, receding in to the sun
So cut to you Daniel, now cut to the live feed
Cut through our bodies at last bleeding in to one Oh, on the edge of
Oh, oh, on the edge of

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