

Purify

Placebo

Spacial awareness. So much confusion.
And it's so difficult to harness,
But then I look at you, nimble and righteous
And then I look at the floor: we made a fine mess. My kiss, can you feel it yet? In the back of your legs?
And on the nape of your neck? Are you a temple? Are you a temptress?
There's too much choice, the possibilities are endless.
So wash away my sins, give me catharsis!
We magnetize my moral compass. My kiss, can you feel it yet? In the back of your legs?
And on the nape of your neck? Your touch, I cannot regret!
I love the shape of your mouth and the back of your head. You're so my kind.
Erotic and divine!
I gotta testify to how you purify. To me you're more than a human.
You're more complex.
You're like a fallen angel.
Who use its god as a hat! My kiss, can you feel it yet? In the back of your legs?
And on the nape of your neck? Your touch, I cannot regret!
I love the shape of your mouth and the back of your head. You're so my kind.
Erotic and divine!
I gotta testify to how you purify.

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