Limbs

Emma Pollock

Dancing in the deep, Her body
Strengthens in a way, We don't see
In you and me
These limbs
They can take you higher
They can take you higher
Tailored by the moons, She mates so well
Perfected by the symmetry, Her body tells

Just you wait and see
These limbs
They can take you higher
They can take you higher
Sitting by the bed, I can see through her skin
She can hardly breathe a word, Her body is so thin
But I can still see
These limbs
They can break like branches
They can break like branches

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