

# Seekers Who Are Lovers

## Cocteau Twins

Brush by gracefully  
A love as big as a risk  
Fills you up  
And you can't look on The breath of God in my mouth  
A love you can taste  
Got get some paste  
He and I, breath to breath Clothed in saliva  
Healing through your arm  
I can't stop hungering for otherness I forgot the use  
My head fall out of the sky  
And crashed into my palms  
Jesus God, valentine Love on the tip of it  
The old rivers lack of other sweet scents  
So sweet  
You are a woman just as you are a man Creeping on the gas is a magic love like  
Like a flights, clouded peak  
I was choking on the blood  
Whose camouflages, lack of soul  
Whose misty fire, muses soul Kneeling by the harm  
Which is promising the way  
His poor essence, under the truth Love and heart polish itself  
I slid my heels but slowly ran  
So send Lucifer into hell Love on the tip of it  
The old rivers lack of other sweet scents  
So sweet  
You are a woman just as you are a man Love on the tip of it  
The old rivers lack of other sweet scents  
So sweet  
You are a woman just as you are a man Love on the tip of it  
The old rivers lack of other sweet scents  
So sweet  
You are a woman just as you are a man

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