Fevered

Vivek Shraya

Strange like skin
That I believe in
It stretches over bone
And smells like honey on the wind
All so strange
I can't remember
Where the heartache ends
And the fever it begins

Scenes of Mary Magdalena
Shakes her lover's bones
At all the demons in the window
All so strange
The dreams that haunt my bed
The heartache swells
And quickens near the end
And then slows down
It slows down
'Till I shut down
And I won't try to run

Strange like skin
That I believe in
It leakss out of the phone
And spills like honey
From the window
Warm and strange
I can't remember
How the hearbreak mends
When the fever it remains

And I'm so down
So down... (5X)
And I lay down
And I won't try to run...

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