

# Limbs

## Widowspeak

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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