

Your Owls Are Hooting

Showbread

This letter wont make it to you in time
Introverted by your distance from me and by mine
But for chameleons who sift through the trees
Are garnering a bouquet in my heads faculties And it's filled with scales and perfumes wearing thin
There is no flaw in you, there is no sun on your skin
Where have you been all of my life?
I hear a lizard tongue above my head
Will you be my wife? Skin and bones and things that make my heart beat
My possession, my obsession, everything to me
The sound of your voice and all your fingertips
Is like a bible verse spilling right across your lips Waiting for my bride, no longer taking its toll
Like a great horned owl swallowing fruit bats whole
Now that youre here I feel the presence that I didnt before
I feel your love, I feel the warmth, Im feeling so much more No more stiff joints, no more skin dry and rigid
Youre like a funnel in my heart, no longer arctic and frigid
Im indebted to you, you are my only one
Straight from the breath of the almighty Father, Spirit and Son Skin and bones and things that make my heart beat
My possession, my obsession, everything to me
The sound of your voice and all your fingertips
Is like a bible verse spilling right across your lips Skin and bones and things that make my heart beat
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