

Breath Control

Recoil

Who wouldn't want a good girl, a soft hand,
A gentle woman for a gentleman?
He said, 'It's been fine so far but after a while
I want more than a soft style.

I want some slashes
To go with those long eyelashes.'
And so the bedroom became the black room
But a year later he wanted something more,
Something I wasn't quite prepared for.

He said, 'Every woman has an itch
And every nice girl secretly wants to switch.'I like how the skins look on your white hands.
I'd like you to deliver one of my demands.'

He said, 'Every woman has an itch
And every nice girl wants to switch.'

He led me in and lit the room with a hundred candles
And said 'God never gives you more than you can handle.'I sat astride his chest, 'It's just a thrill,' he said,
As he relaxed on the dark, dark bed, 'it's just breath control.'
He whispered 'Hold me here' and I did and his head fell back.
He whispered 'Press harder' and I did and his eyes rolled back.

It's just breath control. Just breath control.I saw him go pale. I saw him seize up,
I felt something creep up like a taste for this.

Like a reward.
A kind of love,
A kind of lustmord.

It was a minute then three then five then ten,
He wasn't coming up again.

I held on for twelve.

I saw him seize and thrash and twist
And when he was still, I lifted away my wrists
And looked at my hands

And tried to understand.'It's just a thrill' I said
As he relaxed on the dark, dark bed.

I sat aside his chest,
'It's just a thrill,' he said,

'just a thrill. It's just breath control.'When it was over, I slipped off the skins
And drowned them in the river where we used to swim

And a year later in a shop, I was stopped by a man.

He said, 'I know you're looking for something that's hard to find
And I think I have what you have in mind.'

And he led me to a glass case
And looked deep into my face...
'It's just... control.'

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