Coldsweat

The Sugarcubes

Meat meat blood blood
Sweat sweat meat!

I close the door
Shouldn't burn yet
The wires get hotter
Palms are glowing

This is hot meat
This is metallic blood
This is hot meat
This is open sweat

I'll show you with my fingers
Draw with the eye
With your own breath
I'll tear your lungs

Here is hot meat
This is metallic blood
Here is hot meat
This is open sweat

This side of the blackest meadows
I make my winter dwelling
And crush my bones

This is hot meat
This is metallic blood
This is ...hot meat!

I'll sail out the window
I'll walk down the edge
I will not finish
'Till I'm fully satisfied

This is hot meat
This is metallic blood
This is hot meat
This is open sweat

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