

Drown

The Golden Palominos

I am sick with this His scent swims around me
Like a perfume too heavy for summer
Me lost thing
Intoxicated
Curled within him
Drowning over and over Charmed disarmed
He comes when least expected
Sits too close
Lingers too long
Stares too deeply
And claims me with something I cannot name Lightheaded and clean
This is a gift
Biting tongue until blood
I am sick with him Talk goes no deeper than tonight
Words are tickets to spend time
Skin is talking to skin
Loud I know not to go too deep
But when his hands stop
Tremble, temptation
I thrill back
Open up
Crawl walls This woman is no man's
This man is no one's
This one is mine In a full room, alone on a couch
He is throned
Doesn't move
Knows I will come Smitten
It vibrates
Makes drinks tremble
Food wastes time
Cigarettes are for curling smoke
And drawing me in This is bloody business Guilt makes for poor postcards
So he comes in for a while
What do we know of this? Doesn't know if he'll be allowed to stay
But he looks a while too long
And stirs the close air
Dragging me to the bottom of the lake Couches are for excuses
And temptation
Crushed in too deep to breathe

Swoon again skin you do not know
With hands that know too much
Of what you must never sayFlesh to curl to grind
To feign sleep to balance wishes
On tongues and wait for the time
NowCozy he calls me
Says I smell like sweet cream
Closed eyes bring on a luscious film
Of time and silenceHe tastes like stars
He feels like thunderRegret makes you bitter
He says
Come in and swimWe disappear into a dusk
We'll never own
And never quite shakeA luscious slice
Of water
Lack of sleep makes me drift
Lake of sleep makes me wonderHe will exist
He will evaporate
I am sick with him, goneIn regret dreams he is low and sweet
Dark like a drift storm
Holding me down under the waves
Telling me not to talk
Not to move
This will only take an hour
Or two

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