

# Blush

## Chet Faker

I try not to reason with myself.

Should be calling,

Calling for your help

The question stands is there somebody else?

Or am I falling?

Falling far from help Visions run across my scalp like insects in the night

The only thing to lose their way is the reason they're in flight

Repetition breaks the room I'm living in a hole

How does one remove the thoughts that dig a deeper hole? I kiss you blush

Some kind of lust

I want to feel my head overthrown

I've got enough

It's in the touch

I kiss your knees and I try to be bold I kiss you blush

Some kind of lust

I want to feel my head overthrown

I've got enough

It's in the touch

I kiss your knees and I try to be bold

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