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 helpVisions 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 boldI 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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