Achilles' Heel

Marching Church

The raindrops falling on the taxi window
Looks like a thousand stars
Now I am running in and out of bars
Born so far apart
Yet now I find myself
Washed in on your shore
With eyes seeing the worldThrough the fact that it's here
It can't be love
But I'm longing for your body
So much, my hands feel like burning with desireSometimes my hands are grasping to steal
Sometimes my hands are grasping to steal
To steal, to steal, to steal, to steal
The passage of time eventually raise the heaviest of anchors
One night she flung to pieces, and the pieces hit the floor
With a spectacle they recoiled
Flung into my skin
Somewhat candescent
Somewhat thereinIn the fact that it's here
It can't be love
But I'm longing for your body
So much, my hands feel like burning with desireSometimes my hands are begging to grab
Sometimes my hands are begging to grab
To grab, to grab
Sometimes my hands are yearning to hold
Sometimes my hands are yearning to hold
To hold, to hold, to hold, to hold
Charging like a bull into Achilles' heel
Charging like a bull into Achilles' heel
If somebody owns you just got to steal
Charging like a bull into Achilles' heel
Blacked out restraints are dying away
Forgotten concerns of rate of pay
If somebody owns you just got to steal
Charging like a bull into Achilles' heel
Feel it
Feel it
Feel it
Feel it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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